TABERNACLE HYMNS No. 2

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Tabernacle Hymns

No. 2

PAUL RADER, COMPILER

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Foreword

TABERNACLE HYMNS No. 2 is a large bouquet of splendid songs, singing forth in new and favorite melodies the great Fundamentals of the Faith. There are favorite songs, both new and old, from all the great writers. Ringing through the pages of the book are sterling evangelistic songs, and there will be found a great list of the favorites you have long longed to see between the covers of one book. Deeper life songs are here in abundance. There is a fine list of missionary songs. There are 351 songs in the collection.

We wish here to record our most heart-felt thanks to the music publishers and song owners, who have allowed us to freely select from their best new and favorite songs. They have disregarded financial advantage in allowing us this privilege, Through this generosity on their part, Tabernacle Hymns No. 2 becomes a large boiled down list of the best, both new and old.

No person or persons will profit from the publication of this book. The profits go into a fund to continue the spreading of the gospel message in song.

Yours singing His praises,

THE PUBLISHERS.

TABERNACLE HYMNS

No. 2.

1 O Worship the King.

Robert Grant. Franz J. Haydn.

1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.
2. Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tils in the dew and the rain.
3. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der! how firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.
4. Our Fa-ther and God, how faith-ful Thy love! While an-gels de-light to hymn Thee a-bove; The hum-bler cre-a-tion, tho' fee-ble their lays, With true ad-o-ra-tion shall lisp to Thy praise.

2 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.

A. S. R. Albert Simpson Reitz.

1. I was lost in sin when Je - sus found me, But He res- cued me, all
2. O the bells of heav- en now are ring-ing, For I hear their tones with-
3. O the joy when we shall meet in glo- ry, In the man-sions of my

glo - ry to His name! And the chords of world - ly pleas - ure bound me,
in my ransomed soul! And my heart is filled with joy - ful sing - ing
Father's home a-bove; And thro' end - less a - ges tell the sto - ry

CHORUS.

Till He saved me from sin and shame.
Since the Sav-iour hath made me whole. 'Twas a glad day when Je - sus
Of the Sav-iour's re-deem - ing love.

found me, When His strong arms were thrown around me, When my sins He buried

in the deepest sea, And my soul He filled with joy and vic- to- ry, 'Twas a

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'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.—Concluded.

glad day, O hal- le - lu - jah! 'Twas a glad day He claimed His own; I will

shout a glad ho - san-na in glo-ry When I see Him up- on His throne.

3 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa- ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick- ened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;

f

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou done for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

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No Night There.

John R. Clements. H. P. Danks.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four- square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four- square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close, To "the cit - y four- square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "that cit - y four- square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

mf CHORUS.

God shall "wipe away all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

f *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years,... For there is "no night there."
not time by years, by years, "no night there."

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Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a won- der-ful change in my life has been wrought, Since Je- sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je- sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead- fast and sure, Since Je- sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je- sus came
5, I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know, Since Je- sus came

in - to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart; And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a- way,
in - to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in - to my heart; And the gates of the Cit - y be- yond I can see,
in - to my heart; And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on- ward I go,

CHORUS.

Since Je- sus came in - to my heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came

heart, Since Je- sus came in- to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
in-to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart;

soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

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Ivory Palaces.

Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.

H. B. Henry Barraclough.

1. My Lord has garments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their tex- ture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor-rows sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. His garments too were in cas - sia dipped, With heal-ing in a touch;
4. In garments glo - ri-ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;

Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall en- ter my heav'n-ly home, To dwell for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.
DUET.—*Slowly, softly, and with much expression.*

Out of the iv - o - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,

FULL CHORUS. DUET.—*Very softly.*

On - ly His great e - ter - nal love... Made my Sav-iour go.

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He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre- cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.

When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;

rall.

For my Sav - iour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

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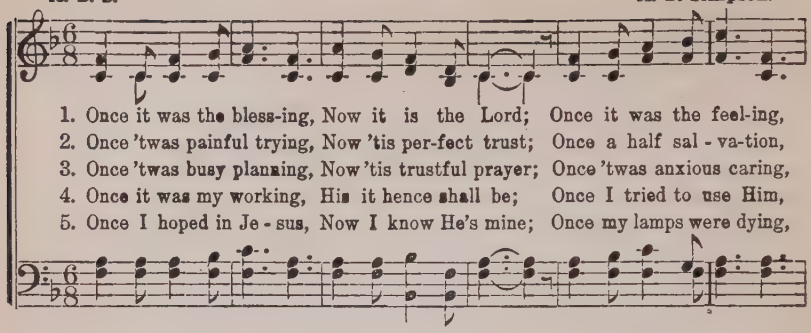
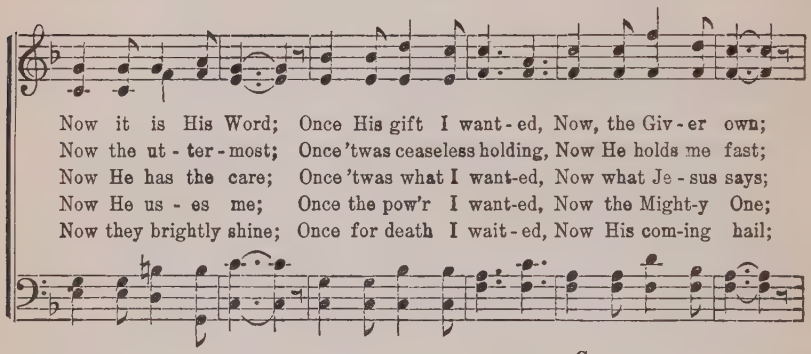
Himself.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.

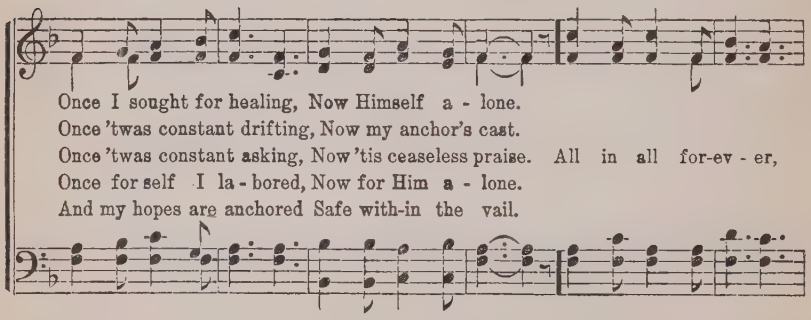


1. Once it was the bless-ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the feel-ing,
2. Once 'twas painful trying, Now 'tis per-fect trust; Once a half sal - va-tion,
3. Once 'twas busy planning, Now 'tis trustful prayer; Once 'twas anxious caring,
4. Once it was my working, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to use Him,
5. Once I hoped in Je - sus, Now I know He's mine; Once my lamps were dying,

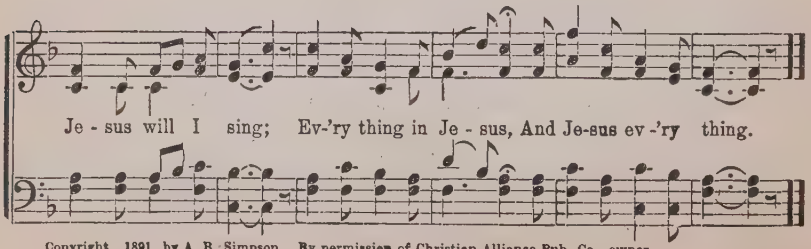


Now it is His Word; Once His gift I want - ed, Now, the Giv - er own;
Now the ut - ter - most; Once 'twas ceaseless holding, Now He holds me fast;
Now He has the care; Once 'twas what I want-ed, Now what Je - sus says;
Now He us - es me; Once the pow'r I want-ed, Now the Might-y One;
Now they brightly shine; Once for death I wait - ed, Now His com-ing hail;

CHORUS.



Once I sought for healing, Now Himself a - lone.
Once 'twas constant drifting, Now my anchor's cast.
Once 'twas constant asking, Now 'tis ceaseless praise. All in all for-ev - er,
Once for self I la - bored, Now for Him a - lone.
And my hopes are anchored Safe with-in the vail.



Je - sus will I sing; Ev-'ry thing in Je - sus, And Je-sus ev -'ry thing.

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Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink- ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus complete-ly saves; He will lift you

stained with- in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas- ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev- er His prais-es sing. Love so might- y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas- ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spairing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - it's my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!

1 2

When nothing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

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Christ Arose!

R. L. Robert Lowry.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

CHORUS. *Faster.*

com-ing day— Je- sus, my Lord!
seal the dead—Je- sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
bars a- way—Je- sus, my Lord! He a-rose,

might - y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic-tor from the
He a-rose!

dark do- main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

rit.

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

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Only a Sinner.

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Naught have I got- ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a-vail- ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin- ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Saviour, to

I have be- lieved; Boast- ing ex-clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
God to de - part, Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I
else I must die; Sin had alarmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace—I'm

CHORUS.

on - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!
now am a sin- ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!
now I'm a sin- ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!

On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to

God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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Resting, I Am Resting.

E. H. H. Chorus by P. R. Paul Rader.

1. My Sav-iour, Thou hast of-fered rest: Oh, give it then, to me;
2. This cru-el self oh, how it strives And works with-in my breast,
3. Now ma-ny sub-tle forms it takes Of seem-ing ver-i-ty,
4. O Lord, I seek a ho-ly rest, A vic-t'ry o-ver sin!
5. In Thy strong hand I lay me down, So shall the work be done,

The rest of ceas-ing from my-self, To find my all in Thee.
To come be-tween Thee and my soul, And keep me back from rest.
As if it were not safe to rest And ven-ture all on Thee.
I seek that Thou a-lone shouldst reign, O'er all with-out, with-in.
For who can work so won-drous-ly As the Al-might-y One?

CHORUS.

Rest-ing, I am rest-ing, I Thy-self would prove;

Rest-ing, I am rest-ing, Feast-ing on Thy love.

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He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.

1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je-sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri-als fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's coming back to wel-come me Far beyond the star-ry sky;

"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept a - cross the bro-ken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al- ways look-ing on His smil- ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flights to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,

Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go.

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Jesus, I Come.

William T. Sleeper. George C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail - ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;

In - to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless- ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of my home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness in- to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a - bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un- told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo-rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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Let the Tide Come In.

P. R.

Paul Rader.

1. Come in, come in, O tide of grace; Fill all the
2. 'Tis Thee, 'tis Thee I need, O Lord; With - out Thee
3. I die, I die, I take the cross; Thy death has
4. Come back, come back to earth a - gain, With all Thy

parch - ed va - can - cy; Flood o - ver all, fill ev - 'ry space:
all is van - i - ty; Thou art e-nough, O blest re - ward,
pur - chased life for me. I spurn the world all else is dross;
sov - 'reign maj - es - ty; Come, take Thy throne, with saints to reign;

CHORUS.

Come, tide of life, from Cal - va - ry.
All that I need from Cal - va - ry. Let the tide come in,
I reck- on now from Cal - va - ry.
Come reap the fruits of Cal - va - ry.

Let the tide come in, Let grace a - bound from Cal - va - ry, Such

pre-cious blood, the price of sin, He comes, He fills, from Cal - va - ry.

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Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh or a tear
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—

CHORUS.

And with all who will trust and o-bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o-bey.

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I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro- ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in heav- en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;

Noth - ing world- ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

world be like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

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One Day!

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, One day they
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -
rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down o'er His
stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be

born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is He!
spised and re - ject - ed: Bearing our sins, my Re - deem - er is He!
tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - iour is He!
death He had con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!
lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - iour, this Je - sus is mine!

CHORUS.

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He

car - ried my sins far a - way, Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

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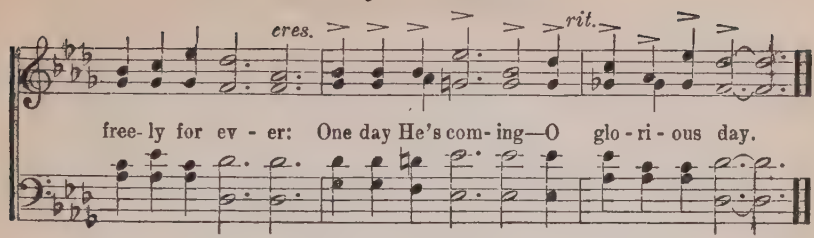
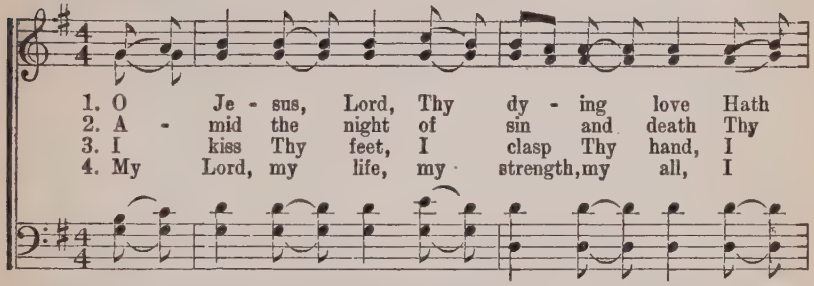
One Day.—Concluded.

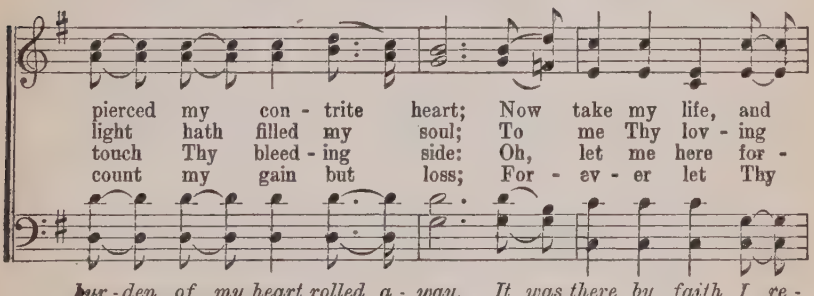


19 At the Cross.

R. Kelso Carter. From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

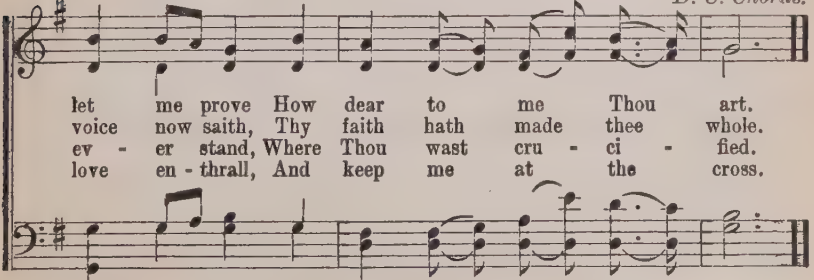


CHO.—*At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the*



bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re -

D. C. Chorus.



ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day.

Nor Silver Nor Gold.

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, No rich - es of
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The guilt on my
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The ho - ly com -
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The way in - to

earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my
con - science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my
mand - ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my
heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my

on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav-iour now mak - eth me whole.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav-iour could on - ly a - tone.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav-iour re - mov - eth my fear.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav-iour re - demp-tion hath wrought.

CHORUS.

I am re - deemed, ... but not with
I am re - deemed, I am re -

sil - ver, I am bought, ... but not with
deemed, but not with sil - ver, I am bought, I am

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Nor Silver Nor Gold.—Concluded.

gold; Bought with a price— . . . . . the blood of
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price—

Je - sus, Pre - cious price of love un - told!
pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

21 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound - ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield - ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

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I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en, To
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der, So

drew me with the chords of love, And thus He bound me to Him. And
not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Naught
guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en. Th'e -
wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er! From

'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er, For
that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er: My
ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or: So
Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er? Shall

I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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Saved By Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav-iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.

shall see to face, shall see to face,

rit.

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Sail On!

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus.

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sailing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do comrades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Hark ye! a voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS.

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al- ways last; Sail on! sail on!..... God

sail on! sail on!

rit. e dim. *pp*

lives and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!".....

sail on! sail on! sail on!

* May close here.

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In the Garden.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros-es, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy That He gave to me, With-
fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis-clos-es.
in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call-ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

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It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - our tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The

sor - rows like sea - bil- lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin— not in part but the whole,—Is nailed to His cross, and I
clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re- sound, and the

taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall de-scend,—"E- ven so"— it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well..... with my soul,..... it is well, it is well with my soul!
It is well with my soul,

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27 The Story of Jesus can Never Grow Old.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun-light is old, Tho' its new ev - 'ry
3. For what can we tell to the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal-
4. So with sor-row we turn from the wise of this world, To the wan-des - ers

preach something new; They say that the babe, and the Man of the cross,
morn all the same; As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light,
va - tion from sin? And how can we com-fort the souls that de-part,
far from the fold; With hearts for the mes-sage they'll join in our song,

BEFRAIN.

For the wise of this world will not do.
Kind-ling far a - way stars by its flame. It can nev-er grow old, It can
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain?
That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.

nev-er grow old, Tho' a million times o-ver the sto - ry is told; While sin lives un-

rit.

vanquished, And death rules the world, The sto-ry of Je-sus can nev-er grow old.

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Christ Returneth.

H. L. Turner. James McGranahan.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a- wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Ho - san- na, from heav'n descending, With glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy- ing, No sick-ness, no

dark - ness and shad- ow, is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an- gels at - tend- ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with the

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

turn- eth; Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal- le - lu-jah! A-men.

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Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. Gabriel — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Je-sus of-fers me, Con-fused at the
2. I mar-vel that He would descend from His throne di-vine, To res-cue a
3. I think of His hands pierced and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such

grace that so ful-ly He proffers me; I trem-ble to know that for me He was
soul so re-bellious and proud as mine; That He should extend His great love unto
love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no! I will praise and a-dore at the

rit.

cru-ci-fied—That for me, a sin-ner, He suf-fered, He bled, and died.
such as I; Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem, and to jus-ti-fy.
mer-cy-seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

rit.

Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me! E-nough to
won-der-ful!

a tempo.

die for me! Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me!
won-der-ful!

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If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burning
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgment of my Lord, It is but mine to

sun-shine that I, in peace a-bide; But this one thing I know— if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con-
fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or

it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour con-tent an-y-where!

CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-
I'll go

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here His
His cross, His

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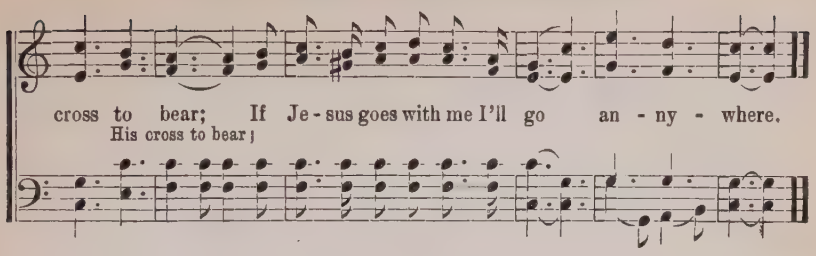
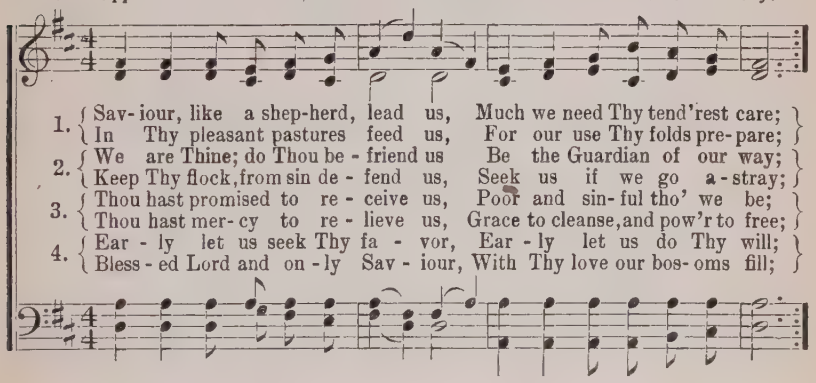
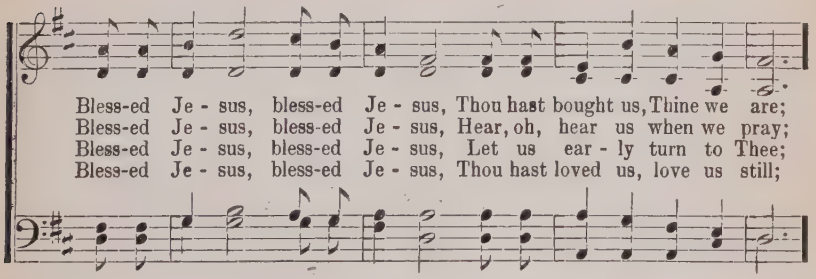
If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.

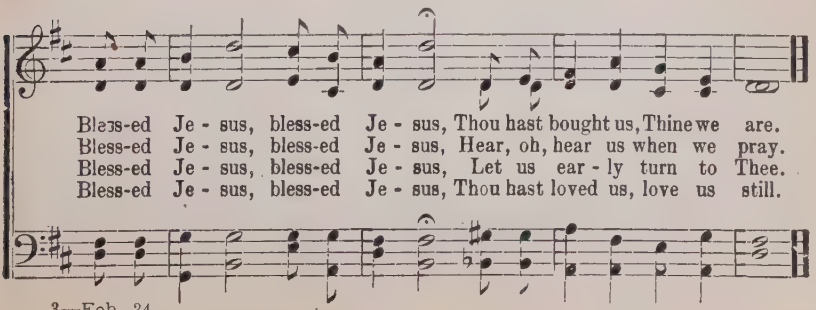


31 Saviour, Like a Shepherd, Lead Us.

D. Thrupp. W. B. Bradbury.







I Can Depend On Him.

"The Lord shall be thy confidence."—Prov. 3: 26.

ADA. R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. My con - fi-dence is in my Lord, My hope is not mis-placed
2. I look to Him for all I need For He a- lone can save,
3. In days of sor - row and of joy, I find Him such a Friend,
4. I can- not on my - self re - ly, Or on ex - pe-rience gain'd,

The trust of those who lean on Him, Was nev - er yet dis- graced.
I know that He can nev - er break The prom - is - es He gave.
For life, for peace, for need - ed grace, I must on Him de - pend.
By dai - ly lean - ing on Himself, Are peace and joy main-tained.

CHORUS.

on Him, on Him,
I can depend de - pend on Him, I can depend, de- pend on Him,

What- e'er as-sails, He nev - er fails, I can de-pend on Him.

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O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. Gabriel — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-iour, I know,

rit.

CHORUS.

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me..... O that will be
O..... that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me glo-ry for me,.....

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

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Blessed Be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. (Whiter Than the Snow.) H. S. Perkins.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - er than the snow,..... Whit - - er

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

Blessed Be the Fountain.—Concluded.

than the snow;..... Wash me in the Blood of the

whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.....

rit.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.

snow.....

35 Rev. A. D. Ackley. **Calvary.** B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. The ag - o-nies of Cal-va - ry, Could not His love dis - may;
2. He stood condemned in Pilate's Hall, He heard the rab-bles' cry;
3. Lo! Je-sus stands with bro-ken heart, With nail-pierced hands and feet:
4. The Saviour stands at thy heart's door Bruised for thy cru - el sin:

He would not yield, tho' God re-vealed The price that He must pay.
The King with none to own His cause, My cause would not de - ny.
He points un - to His cross of woe, Where love and mer - cy meet.
O why not o - pen wide the door And let Him en - ter in?

He would not yield, tho' God re-vealed The price that He must pay.
The King with none to own His cause, My cause would not de - ny.
He points un - to His cross of woe, Where love and mer - cy meet.
O why not o - pen wide the door And let Him en - ter in?

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Saved By the Blood.

S. J. Henderson. D. B. Towner.

1. Saved by the blood of the Crn - ci- fied One! Ransomed from sin and a
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! The an- gels re - joic- ing be-
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! The Fa-ther He spake, and His
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! And hail to the Fa-ther, all

new work be- gun, Sing praise to the Fa- ther and praise to the Son,
cause it is done; A - child of the Fa-ther, joint- heir with the Son,
will it was done; Great price of my par- don, His own precious Son;
hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the great Three in One!

CHORUS.

Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci-fied One! Saved!..... saved!.....
Glo- ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone! Saved!.....
Glo - ry, I'm saved!

saved!..... I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One!
glo - ry, I'm saved!

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He is Mine.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

Parts.

1. There is a Shep-herd who cares for His own, And He is mine;
2. Je - sus left heav - en my Sav-iour to be, And He is mine;
3. There is a Com- fort - er come from a - bove, He too is mine;

Tenor and Basses, or all in unison, or solo.

Noth-ing am I, He's a King on the throne, But He is mine;
I am not worth all He suf- fered for me, But He is mine;
Com- ing to me to re - veal Je - sus' love, And that is mine;

How He can love such a sin - ner as I, Tho' He is mine;
Tho' I'm not wor- thy He dwells in my heart, And He is mine;
Shep-herd and Sav-iour, and Com-fort - er, too, They all are mine;

:S: FINE.

I can- not fath- om tho' oft - en I try, But He is mine.
From Him I'll nev - er, no nev - er de - part, For He is mine.
That's why I know the old sto - ry is true, They all are mine.

D.S.–*Tho' it is won- der- ful, yet it is true, That He is mine.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

He is mine,..... He is mine;
He is mine, yes, He is mine:

Tho' all un - wor- thy I know He is mine, He is mine;

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The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

Solo and Chorus.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rugged cross, The em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous beau-ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
4. To the old rugged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rugged cross, the
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown. cross, the old rugged cross,

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I Know Whom I Have Believed.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc -ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why un - wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - a - ting faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have be-liev- ed, and am per-suad-ed that He is

a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un-to Him against that day."

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I Know I'll See Jesus Some Day.

Avis M. Christiansen. Scott Lawrence.

1. Sweet is the hope that is thrill-ing my soul— I know I'll see
2. Though I must trav-el by faith, not by sight, I know I'll see
3. Dark-ness is gath'ring, but hope shines with-in, I know I'll see

Je-sus some day!.....Then what if the dark clouds of sin o'er me roll,
Je-sus some day!..... No e-vil can harm me, no foe can af-fright—
Je-sus some day!.....What joy when He comes to wipe out ev-'ry sin;

CHORUS.

I know I'll see Je-sus some day!..... I know I'll see Je-sus some

day!..... I know I'll see Je-sus some day!..... What a joy it will
some day! some day!

be When His face I shall see, I know I'll see Je-sus some day!

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I'm Happy In Jesus To-day.

G. Houston Greene. C. Wesley Hicks.

1. I have a friend whose life is sweet to me, I'm hap-py in
2. He bore my bur-dens all up-on the tree, I'm hap-py in
3. His grace to me grows sweet-er ev-'ry day, I'm hap-py in

Je-sus to-day; His blood doth keep me clean and make me free,
Je-sus to-day; His pre-cious life He gave to par-don me,
Je-sus to-day; It helps to keep me from the e-vil way,

CHORUS.

I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day. I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-
so

day, I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day; For Je-sus goes
hap-py to-day, so hap-py to-day;

with me all the way, I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day.

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Saved!

Rev. Oswald J. Smith. Rodger M. Hickman.

1. Saved! saved! saved! my sins are all for - giv'n; Christ is mine! I'm on my way to heav'n; Once a guilt - y sin-ner, lost undone, Now a child of God, saved thro' His Son,
2. Saved! saved! saved! by grace and grace a - lone; Oh, what won - drous love to me was shown, In my stead Christ Jesus bled and died, Bore my sins, for me was cru-ci - fied.
3. Saved! saved! saved! oh, joy be-yond compare; Christ my life and I His con-stant care, Yield - ing all and trusting Him a-lone, Liv - ing now each moment as His own.

Chorus.

Saved! I'm saved thro' Christ, my all in all;..... Saved! I'm saved, what-ev - er may be - fall; He died up-on the cross for me, He bore the aw - ful

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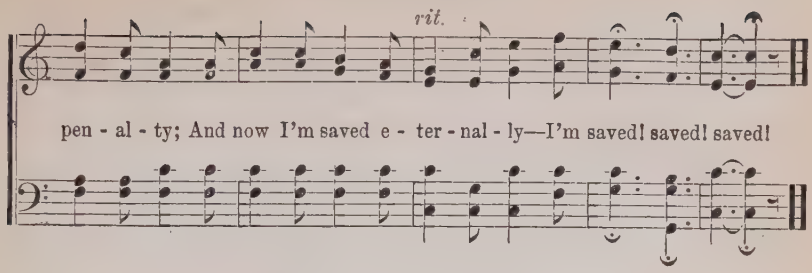
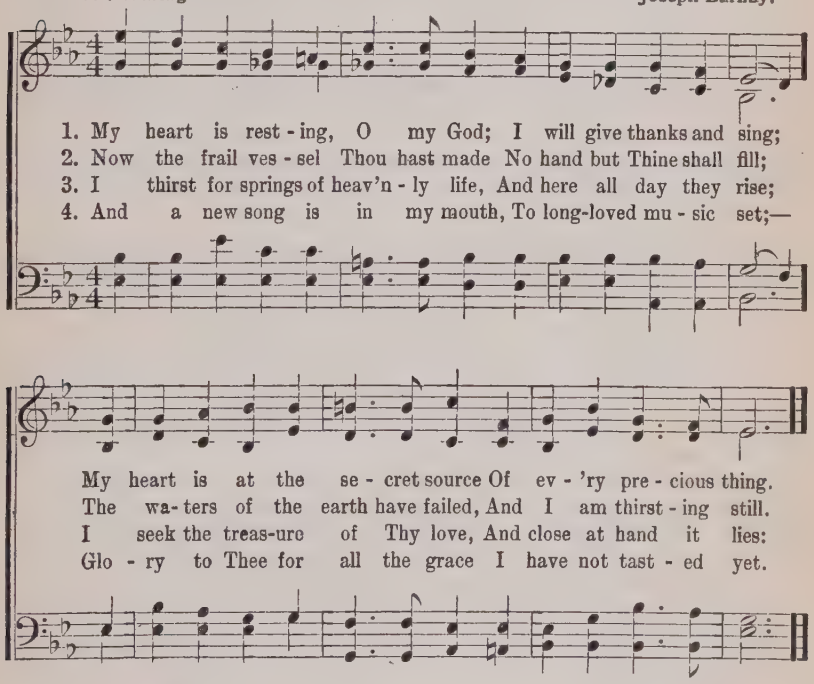
Saved!.—Concluded.



43 My Heart is Resting, O My God.

Anna L. Waring. Joseph Barnby.



5 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me:

6 My heart is resting on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine:
Who draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine;

7 My heart is resting, O my God:
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

8 'Thou art my Portion,' saith my soul,—
Ten thousand voices say:
The music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es- tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri- umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suf- fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing..... of my Re- deem - er,
of my Re-deem - er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem- er,

With His blood..... He pur- chased me,.....
He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me,

On the cross..... He sealed my par - don,
He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don,

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My Redeemer.—Concluded.

Repeat pp after last verse.

Paid the debt..... and made me free.....
and made me free, and made me free.

45 I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glo-ry, And all my tri-als are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri-ous dawning Breaks on the vis-ion so fair,
3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a - gain,

I shall be like Him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like Him at last.
Now we may welcome the heav-en-ly morning, Now we His im-age may bear.
Changed by His spirit from glo-ry to glo-ry, I shall be sat - is-fied then.

CHORUS.

I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beau-ty shall shine,

I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him, Je-sus, my Saviour di - vine.

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Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter

1. Standing on the promis- es of Christ my King, Thro' e- ter- nal a - ges let His
2. Standing on the promis- es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
3. Standing on the promis- es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e- ter- nal- ly by
4. Standing on the promis- es I can-not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the

prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the
fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre- vail, Standing on the
love's strong chord, O - vercom-ing dai - ly with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the
Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the

CHORUS.

prom- is - es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the prom-is- es, stand-ing on the prom-is- es,

Standing on the promis- es of God my Sav- iour; Stand - ing,
Standing on the promis - es,

stand - - ing I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand- ing on the prom - is - es,

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I Shall Dwell Forever There.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. When the night is o'er and the shad - ows past, And e - ter- nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sov'reign

pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
with fore- bod- ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a

rest at last, In the land of E - den I shall dwell for- ev - er there.
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for- ev - er there.
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for- ev - er there.

CHORUS.

I shall walk the streets of the Cit-y of God With its Tree of Life, so bright, so fair;

There will be no night— Je-sus is the Light—I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

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Let Us Crown Him.

Rev. E. Perronet. James McGranahan.

Allegro.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Let us crown Him,..... Let us crown Him,..... Let us
Him Lord of all, Him Lord of all,

crown the great Redemerer Lord of all;..... Let us crown Him,.....
Him Lord of all,

Let us crown Him,..... Let us crown Him Lord of all.
Him Lord of all, the great Redeem-er Lord of all.

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Jesus, I Am Coming Home.

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom - ise, With no righteousness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sins His blood will

Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a-way, now I am coming home.
throne I come; Je - sus opened up the way for me, now I am coming home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mercy, I am coming home.
call my own, Plead-ing nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am coming home.
still a - tone, Flow-ing o'er till ev-'ry stain is covered, I am coming home.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I am coming home to - day, Nev-er, nevermore from Thee to stray;

Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

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Jesus Pleads for Me.

T. O CHISHOLM. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. At the Father's throne a- bove Je - sus pleads for me,
2. When the E - vil One al- lures, Je - sus pleads for me,
3. In the hour of my dis-tress, Je - sus pleads for me,
4. This my rock, my sure de-fense, Je - sus pleads for me,

Pleads in pit - y, pleads in love, Pleads un- ceas-ing - ly;
This my vic - to - ry as-sures, Je - sus pleads for me;
In my want and help- less-ness, Je - sus pleads for me;
This my ground of con - fi - dence, Je - sus pleads for me;

He that suffered in my stead, Now is ris - en from the dead,
He was tempted, in His day, Like as I in ev - 'ry way,
Keen-er pain than mine He knew, He was sad and lone - ly, too,
Ho - ly hands that wrought but good, Stained with sac-ri- fic - ial blood,

Ev - er lives to in - ter - cede, Je - sus pleads for me.
Who like He for me can pray? Je - sus pleads for me.
Friend and Ad - vo- cate so true, Je - sus pleads for me.
Lift - ed, now, in pray'r to God, Je - sus pleads for me.

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I Do, I Do, I Do.

G. W. C. George W. Cooke.

1. They tell us that the Saviour, When on this plane be-low, Sought ev'rywhere to fa - vor The chil- dren He loved so; For when around Him pressing, He took each by the hand, And bade them seek His blessing In heaven's sun-ny land.
2. We bring no glitt'ring treasures, We bring no wealth of gold, We come with simple measures, Thy glo - ry to be - hold; We come to seek Thy fa- vor, Thy touch of love di- vine, That we may nev- er wav -er, And as the stars may shine.
3. The dear-est gift of heav-en, God's blessed Son of Truth, Is free - ly to earth giv - en, To guide our steps in youth; So with His fear pos-sess-ing, He helps us walk the way, That brings life's fullest blessing And joys that last for aye.

CHORUS.

I do, I do, I do, I ver - y oft - en do Long to see that land, Just be-yond the blue; Long to be with Je- sus, Where all is good and true.

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Over There.

P. R. Paul Rader

1. O - ver there where the heath-en are dy - ing, O - ver there where the
2. O - ver there where temp-ta-tion is call - ing, O - ver there where the
3. O - ver there they are call - ing and dy - ing, O - ver there in the

sin forc - es dwell, We must car - ry the great sal - va - tion;
vic - es, a - bound, We must tell of the One who con - quers,
dark-ness they roam, There are wait - ing to hear of Je - sus,

CHORUS.

We must go and the glad sto - ry tell.
We must tell of the Christ we have found. O - ver there where the millions are
They are call-ing to us, "Won't you come?"

dy-ing, over there, Over there where God's thot's are turning, o-ver there; O- ver

rit.

there darkened hearts are yearning, over there We will pray for the souls over there.

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My Saviour's Love.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed–"Not my will but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! How won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
O how O how

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me.
O how O how

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Hiding In Thee.

Rev. William O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In
3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe, I have

soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so
times when temp-ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem-pests of
fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en, when

wea - ry, Thine Thine, would I be; Thou blest "Rock of
life, on its wide, heav - ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of
tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in

REFRAIN.

A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee. Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in
Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

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Grace Greater Than Our Sins.

Julia H. Johnston. D. B. Towner.

1. Mar - vel- ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
2. Sin and de - spair like the sea waves cold, Threat-en the soul with
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
4. Mar - vel- ous; in - fi - nite, match-less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out-poured,
in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

CHORUS.

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace,
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day.
Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? Mar - vel-ous grace,

God's grace, Grace that will par-don and cleanse with - in; Grace,
In - fi-nite grace, Mar-vel- ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great- er than all our sin.
grace, In - fi- nite grace,

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Bring Your Vessels, Not a Few.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Are you look-ing for the ful-ness of the bless-ing of the Lord
2. Bring your emp-ty earth-en ves-sels, clean thro' Je-sus' pre-cions blood,
3. Like the cruse of oil un-fail-ing is His grace for-ev-er-more,

In your heart and life to-day? Claim the prom-ise of your Fa-ther,
Come ye need-y one and all; And in hu-man con-se-cra-tion
And His love un-chang-ing still; And ac-cord-ing to His prom-ise

come ac-cord-ing to His word, In the bless-ed old time way.
wait be-fore the throne of God, Till the Ho-ly Ghost shall fall.
with the Ho-ly Ghost and pow'r, He will ev-'ry ves-sel fill.

CHORUS.

He will fill your heart to-day to o-ver-flow - - ing, As the
He will fill your heart to o-ver-flow-ing,

Lord commandeth you, "Bring your vessels, not a few;" He will fill your heart to-
He will fill

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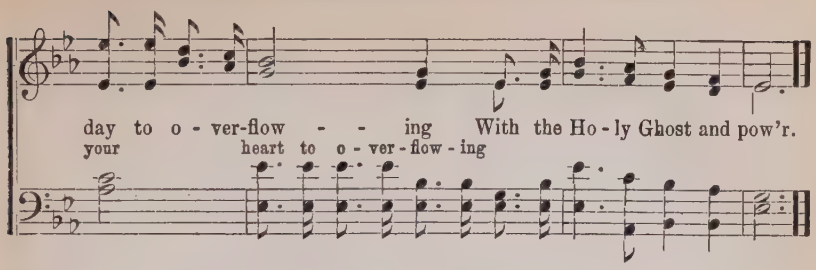
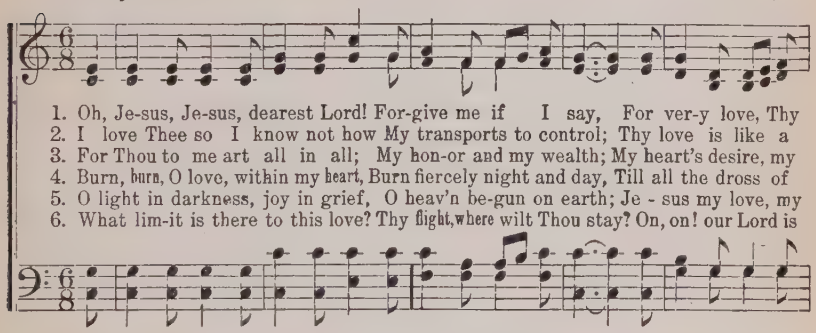
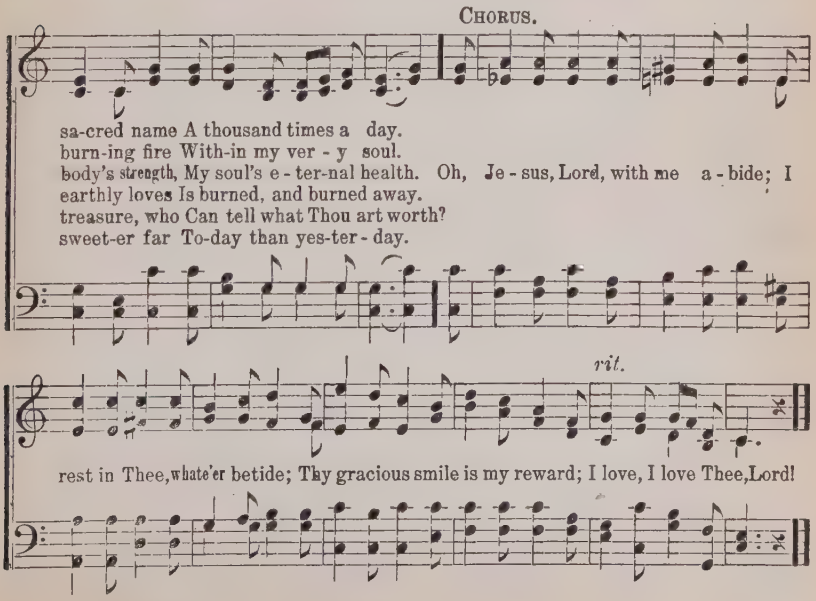


57 Oh, Jesus, Jesus.

Rev. F. W. Faber.
Chorus by R. K. C.

Arr. from Taubert by
R. Kelso Carter.





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Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Cates. Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a-way
2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau- ti - ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in- ter-venes Be -
Naz - a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He
sor - row and pain, With songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni- ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I
hold- eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The
meet one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an- oth - er a- gain; With

storms ev - er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
fan - cy but thin- ly the vail in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He. And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth- er a - gain.

The Kings's Business.

(Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.)

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land, My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev-'rywhere, Re-pent and turn a-way, from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ros-y plain, E-ter-nal life and joy throughout its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

CHORUS.

mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

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Whosoever Will, May Come.

P. R. Paul Rader.

1. Strug - gle not with tho'ts of fit- ness, Strug-gle not to hide your sin,
2. Bat - tle not with hu - man ef - fort, Bat - tle not a-gainst the night,
3. Wres - tle not a-gainst your weak-ness, Wres-tle not to gain re - lief;

You may come with-out con - di - tion, Take His cleans-ing, en - ter in.
Come to Christ, step out of dark-ness, Come to Him, He is the Light.
Let Him have the chance to save you, Grieve Him not with un - be - lief.

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will, may come; Who - so - ev - er will, may come;

As you are, He will re-ceive you: Who - so - ev - er will, may come.

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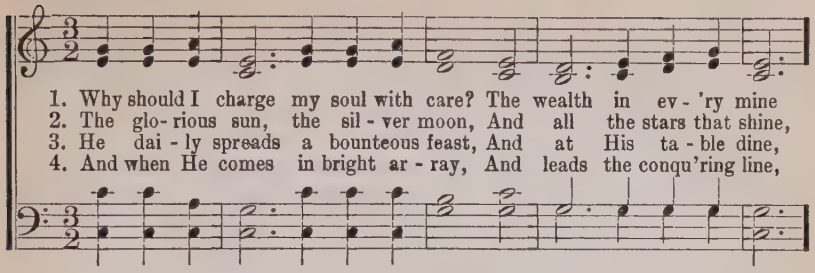
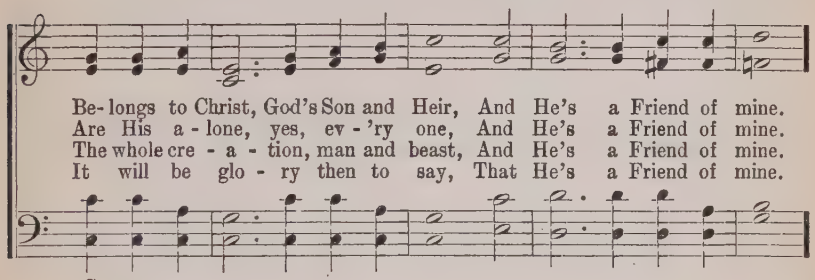
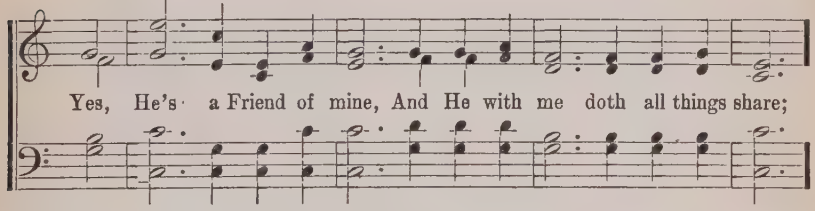
Jesus Is a Friend of Mine.

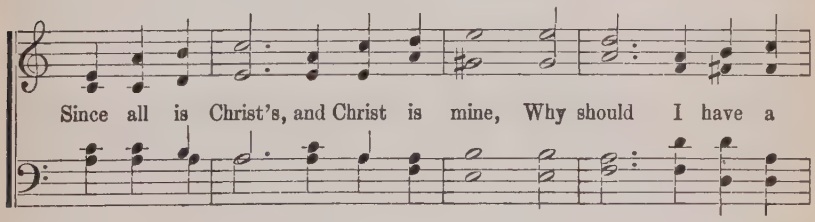
J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

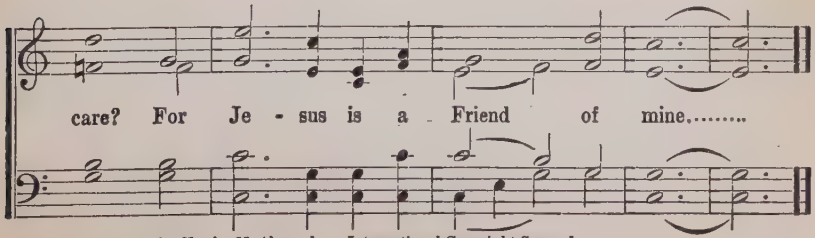




CHORUS.







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Face to Face.

Mrs Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ, my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the darking veil be-tween,
3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! oh, bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rapture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star - ry sky; . . .

Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

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Is It the Crowning Day?

George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus should come to - day.
I should go home to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.

day? I'll live for to- day, nor anx - ious be, Je- sus, my Lord, I

rit.

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

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Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je- sus' love that sought me When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's path-way long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf- fer loss— To bear with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain, Of heights and depths of
thronged a - bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro- ken
out a mur - mur The an- guish of the cross. With saints redeemed in

mer - cy Far deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heav-ens My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voic- es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech - o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev - er be: Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e - ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich- er, full - er, deep - er,
sweet - er as the years go by;

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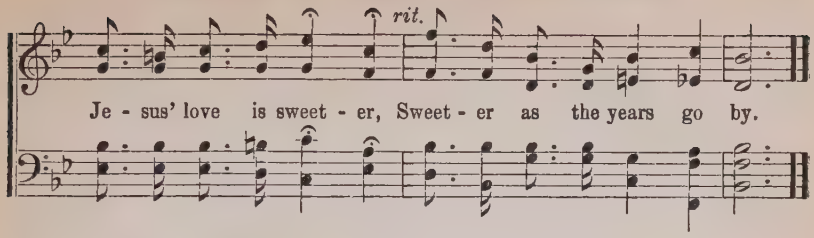
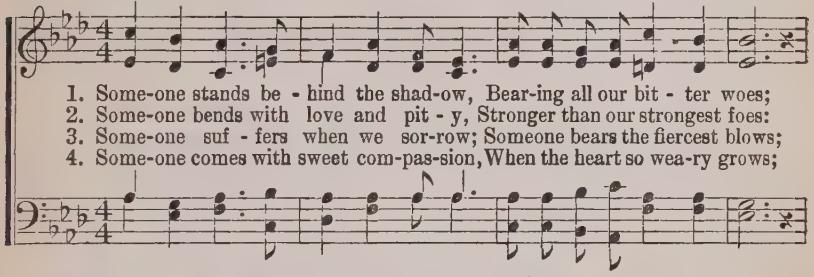
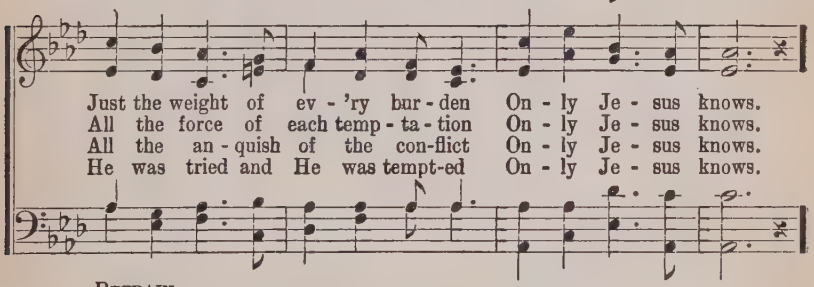
Sweeter As the Years Go By.—Concluded.



65 Only Jesus Knows.

Fred P. Morris. D. B. Towner.





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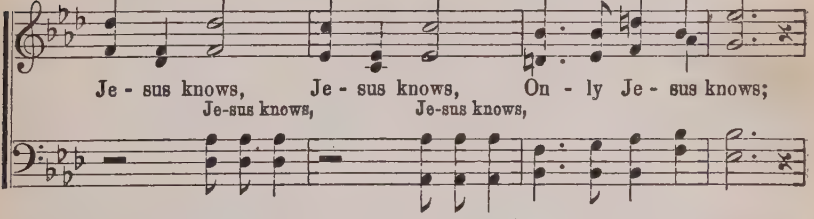

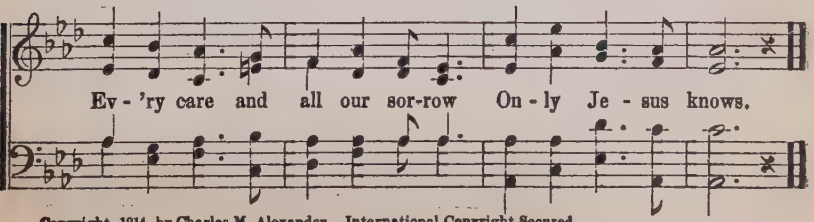

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Christ In Me.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.

1. This is my won - der- ful sto - ry, Christ to my heart has come;
2. Was there e'er sto - ry so mov - ing, Sto - ry of love and pain;
3. I am so glad I re-ceived Him, Je - sus my heart's dear King;
4. How can I ev - er be lone - ly, How can I ev - er fall;
5. Now in His bo - som con - fid - ing, This my glad song shall be;

Je - sus, the King of Glo - ry, Finds in my heart a home.
Was there e'er Bridegroom so loving, Seek- ing our hearts to gain.
I who so often have grieved Him, All to His feet would bring.
What can I want, if on - ly Christ is my all in all?
I am in Je-sus a - bid - ing, Je - sus a - bides in me.

CHORUS.

Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me, O won-der-ful sto - ry,

Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me the hope of glo - ry.

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Blessed Quietness.

Manie Payne Ferguson — W. S. Marshall. Adapted by James M. Kirk.

1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort-er has come;
2. Bring-ing life, and health and glad-ness, All a-round this heav'nly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav- en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Bless - ed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won-der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face;

He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad- ness, Changed our wea - ri-ness to rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow- ing, In the lone - ly wil-der-ness.
What a per - fect hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.

REFRAIN.

Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as- sur - ance in my soul!

rit.

On the storm-y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll.

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Dwelling In Beulah Land.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-plation, Hear-ing now His

sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e my with-stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
sheltered here pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin - ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way is planned; Dwell-ing in the spirit it, here I

vain to me are calling, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing then can reach me—'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev- er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal -va - tion, glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv - ing on the moun-tain un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!

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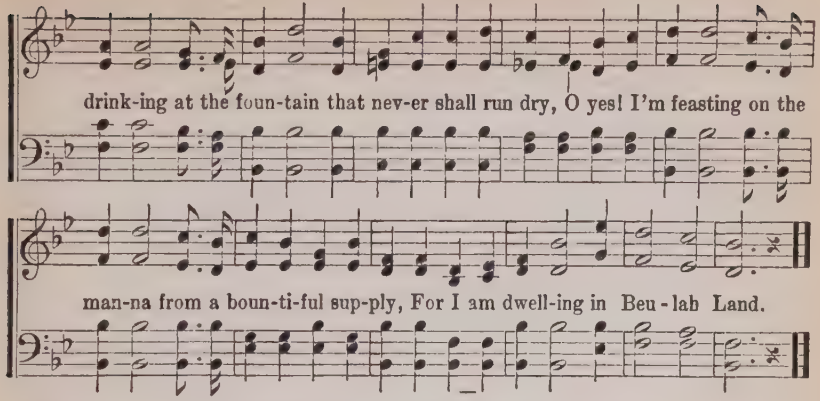
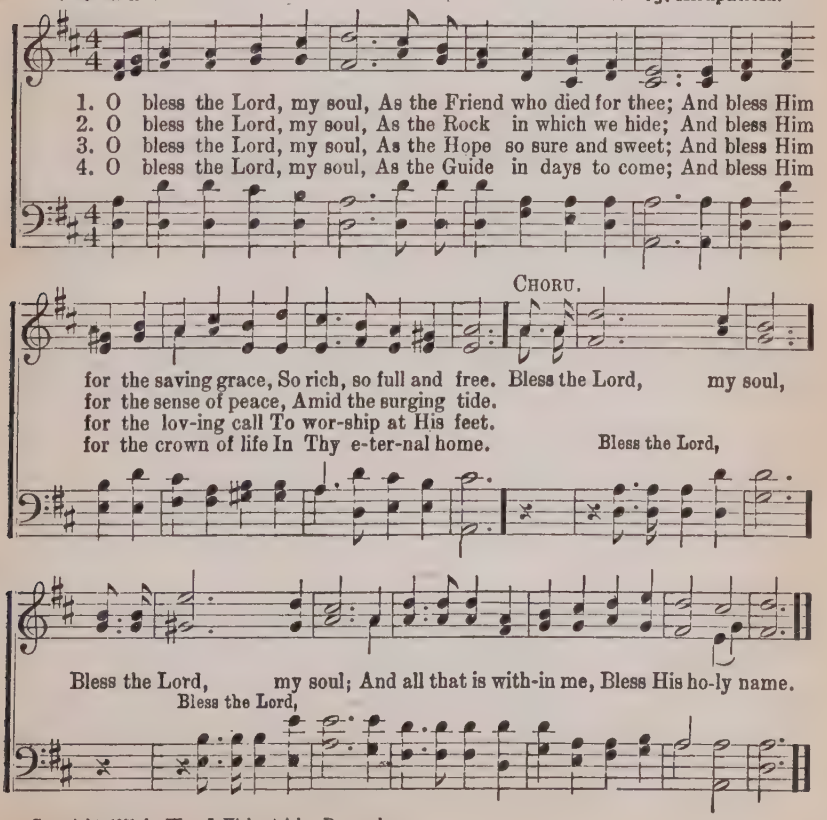
Dwelling In Beulah Land.—Concluded.



69 Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. Barnes — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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That's Why I Love Him.

S. L. Arr. Scott Lawrence.

1. Je - sus has prom - ised my Shep - herd to be, That's why I
2. He the weak lambs to His bos - om will take, That's why I
3. He has in heav - en pre - pared me a place, That's why I

love Him so;..... And to the chil-dren He said, "Come to Me,"
love Him so;..... Nev - er will He for a mo - ment for - sake,
love Him so;..... Where I may dwell, by His won - der - ful grace,

CHORUS.

That's why I love Him so..... That's why I love Him, That's why I

love Him, Be-cause He first loved me;..... When I'm tempt-ed and
loved me;

tried, He is close by my side, That's why I love Him so.

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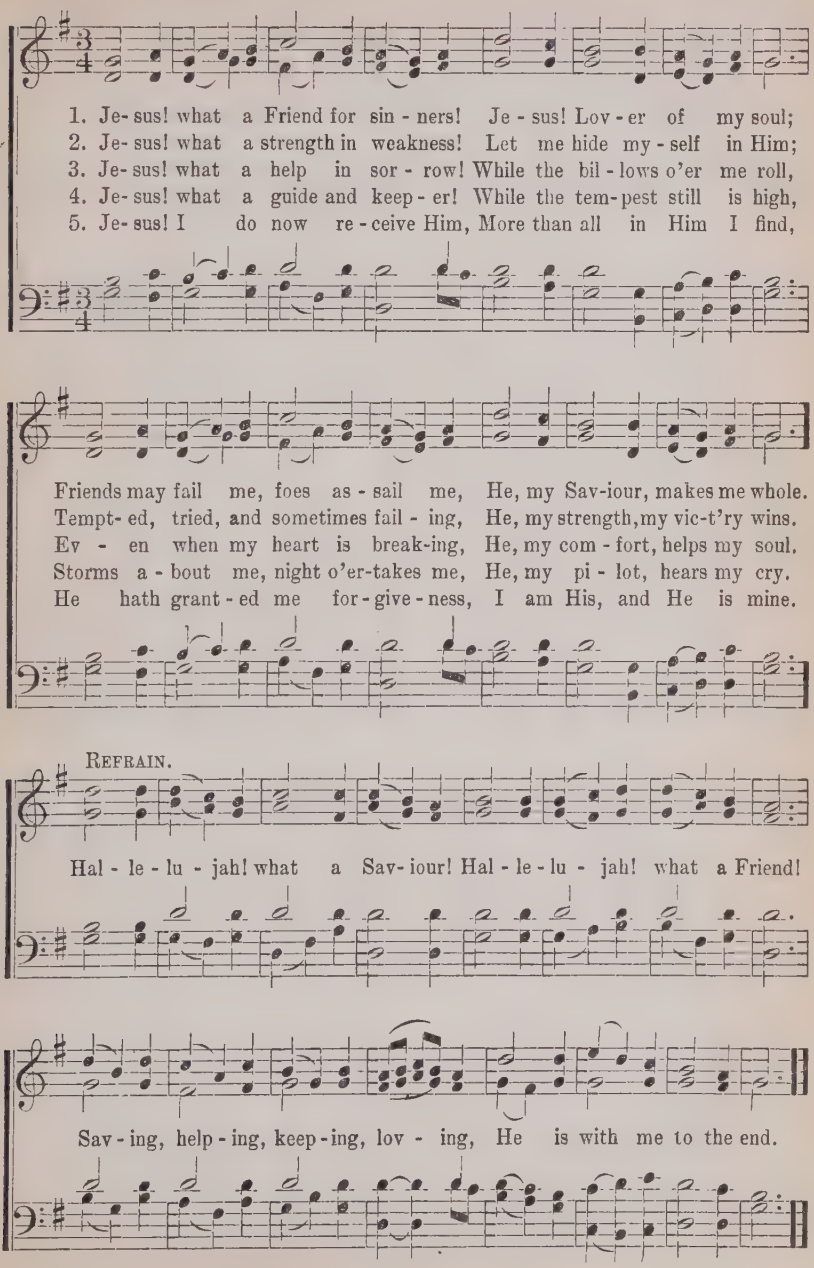
Our Great Saviour.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman. Arr. by Robert Harkness.



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Is My Name Written There?

Mary A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith-er sil - ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. O that beau- ti - ful cit - y With the mansions of light, With its

make sure of heav-en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy
blood, O, my Sav-iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is
glo - ri - fied be - ing, In pure garments of white! Where no e - vil thing

king-dom, With its pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus my Sav-iour,
writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
com - eth, To de-spoil what is fair, Where the an - gels are watching,

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name written there, On the
I will make them like snow." Yes, my name's written there, On the
Yes, my name's writ - ten there. Yes, my name's written there, On the

page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?
page white and fair; In the book of Thy kingdom, Yes, my name's written there.
page white and fair; In the book of Thy kingdom, Yes, my name's written there.

Count Me.

W. C. Poole. Haldor Lillenas.

1. When you count the ones who love the Lord, Count me, count me;
2. When you count up those who're saved by grace, Count me, count me;
3. When you count up those who do the right, Count me, count me;
4. When you count up those who forward press, Count me, count me;

Count me, count me;

When you count up those who trust His word, Count me, count me.
Who have found in Christ a hid- ing-place, Count me, count me.
Who are walk-ing in the gos - pel light, Count me, count me.
Who shall gain the crown of right-eous-ness, Count me, count me.

Count me, count me.

Chorus.

Count me with the chil- dren of the heaven - ly King, Count me with the ser-vants who would ser-vice bring, Count me with the ransomed who His prais - es sing, Count me, count me.

Count me, count me.

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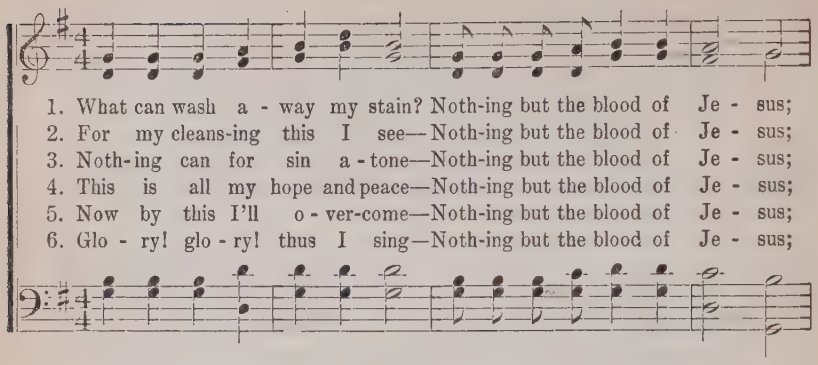
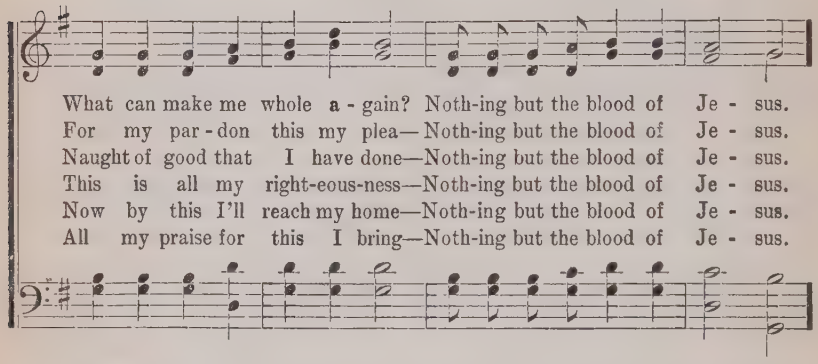
Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.





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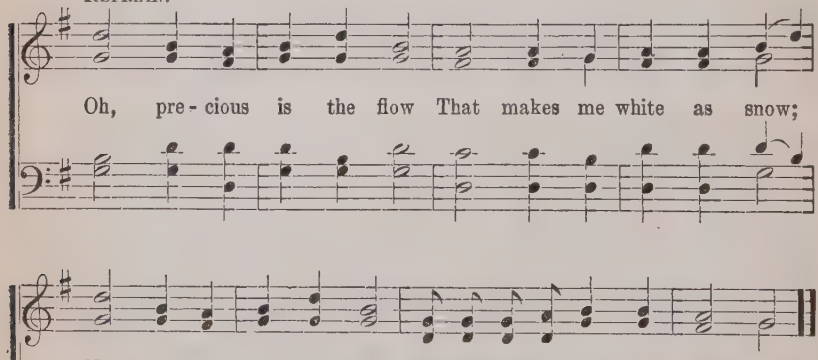

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He Gives the Power.

R. M. H. Roger M. Hickman.

1. Je - sus came to earth by a low - ly birth, Gave Him-self as an off -
2. Grace and par-don free, all for you and me, Ev - 'ry one who re- ceives
3. Not by works we come as the Fa-ther's son, To re-ceive as a wel -

'ring of matchless worth; To His own He came in His Father's name, But they
Him a son may be; For His blood He spilt to re-move our guilt, When He
come the words "well done;" Lest we fain would boast as a might-y host, Knowing

CHORUS.

scorned to re-ceive Him their King.
off - ered Him-self once for all. But as ma - ny as re-ceived Him to
not 'tis the free gift of God.

them He gave the pow'r, The pow-er to be-come the sons of God; But as

ma - ny as received Him to them He gave the pow'r to become the sons of God.

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I'm Abiding in Canaan Land!

Avis Burgeson. Haldor Lillenas.

1. I'm a-bid-ing to-day in Ca-naan land, In the sunlight of God's love;
2. 'Tis a foretaste of com-ing glo-ry yon-der In that Land beyond thy sky,
3. Won't you enter this Land of peace and blessing, And its rapture with me share?

And the Saviour's face ev-er shines before me As I journey to my home a-bove.
Where in bliss un-told I shall ev-er wan-der In the blessed home-land by and by.
All your sin and guilt to the Lord confessing, You will have a blessed welcome there.

CHORUS.

I'm a-bid-ing in Ca-naan Land!..... I'm a-bid-ing in Ca-naan Land! in Canaan Land!

1

Land! Since He washed my sin a-way, It is glo-ry all the way, in Canaan Land!

2

I'm a-bid-ing in Ca-naan Land! All my sins have been forgiv'n, Ca-naan Land!

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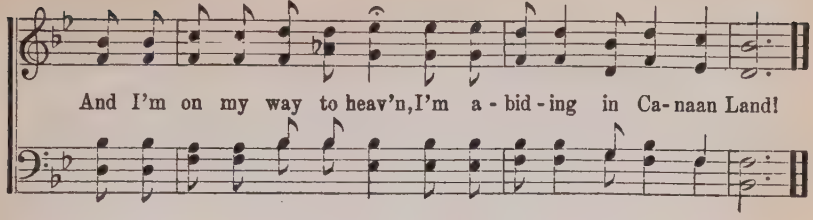
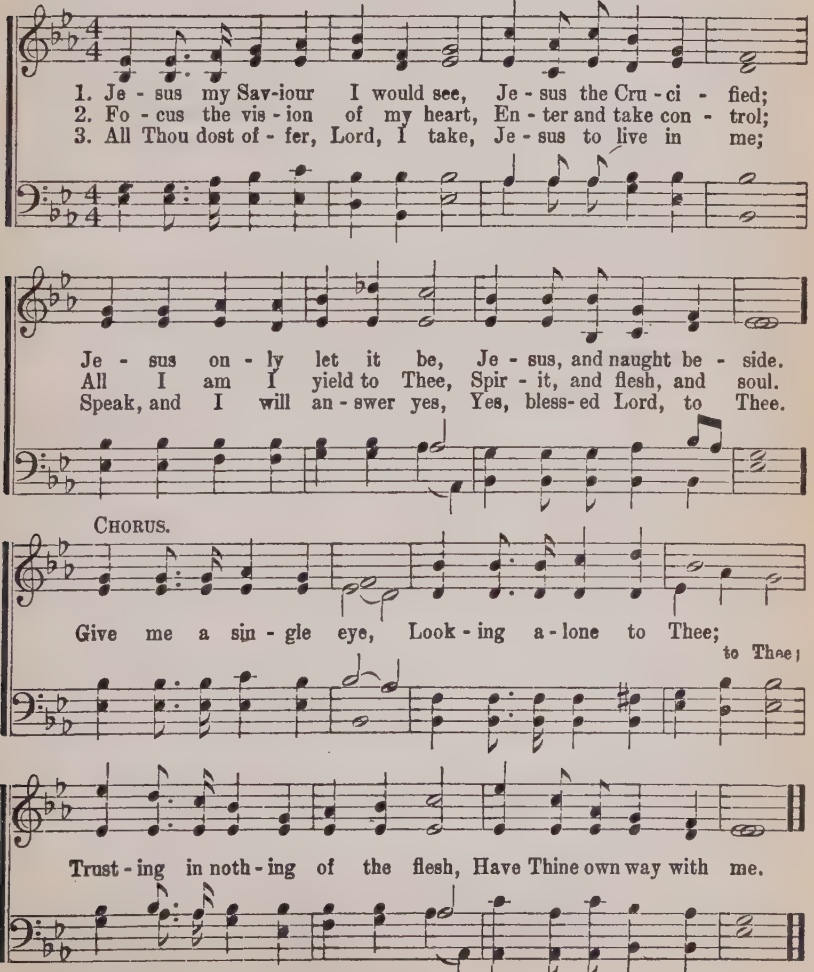


77 A Single Eye.

P. R. Paul Rader.



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Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. Adam Geibel.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey,
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day;
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
"Ye that are men now serve Him" A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each piece put on with pray'r;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

rit.

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
stand up

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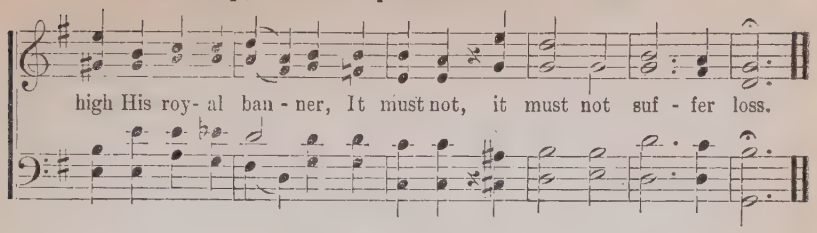
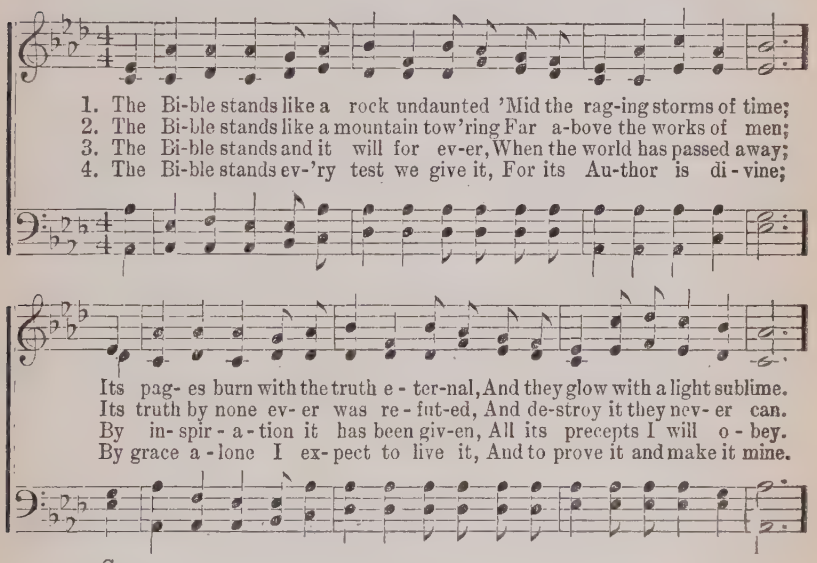
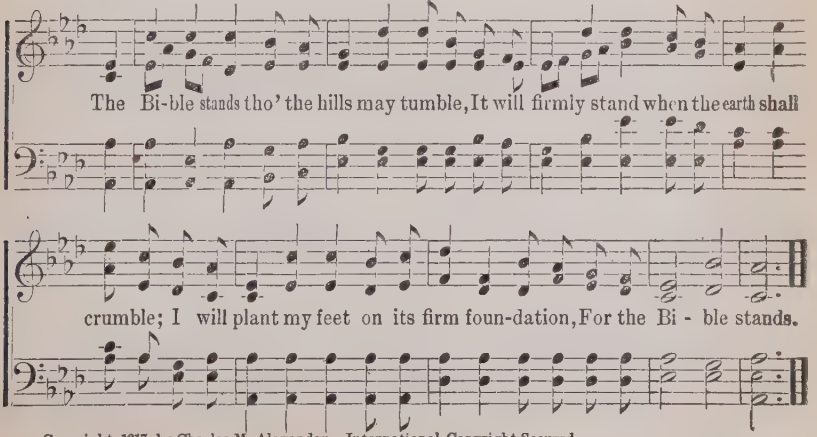


79 The Bible Stands.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.



CHORUS.



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How Can I Help But Love Him?

E. M. R. Elton M. Roth.

1. Down from His splendor in glo-ry He came, In-to a world of woe;
2. I am un-wor-thy to take of His grace, Won-der-ful grace so free;
3. He is the fair-est of thousands to me, His love is sweet and true;

Took on Him-self all my guilt and my shame, Why should He love me so?
Yet Je-sus suffered and died in my place, E'en for a soul like me.
Won-der-ful beau-ty in Him I now see, More than I ev-er knew.

CHORUS.

How can I help but love Him, When He loved me so?

Slower. *ff*

How can I help but love Him, When He loved me so?

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Jesus Only.

OSWALD J. SMITH. D. B. TOWNER.

1. For sal - va - tion full and free, Purchas'd once on Cal - va - ry,
2. He my Guide from day to day, As I jour - ney on life's way;
3. May my Mod - el ev - er be Christ the Lord, and none save He,
4. He shall reign from shore to shore; His the glo - ry ev - er - more—

Christ a - lone shall be my plea— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly.
Close be - side Him let me stay— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly.
That the world may see in me— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly.
Heav'n and earth shall bow be - fore— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly.

CHORUS.

Je - sus on - ly, let me see, Je - sus on - ly, none save He,

Then my song shall ev - er be— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly!

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'Tis Jesus.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1st verse and chorus—R. J. O. R. J. OLIVER.

1. Ye passers by, behold the Lord,... The road to Cal-va - ry pur - sue; .....
the Lord, to Calvary pursue;
2. His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear, With nails they fasten to the wood; .....
they tear, they fasten to the wood;
3. Behold His temples, crowned with thorn, His bleeding hands extended wide,.....
with thorn, hands extended wide;
4. O Thou dear suff'ring Son of God, How doth Thy heart to sinners move;.....
of God, heart to sinners move;

Our sins His load, by all abhorred He bears it all for me, for you..... .....
you, for me, for you.
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare, Are only covered with His blood .....
cover'd with His blood.
His streaming feet, transfix'd and torn, The fountain gushing from His side!...
gushing from His side.
Sprinkle on us Thy precious blood, And melt us with Thy dying love .....
with Thy dying love.

CHORUS.

'Tis Je - sus,..... He who came to die for me, 'Tis Je - He came to die for me, 'Tis Je - sus,..... By His blood from 'Tis Je - sus, ... 'Tis Je - sus,..... 'Tis Je - - sus,.... By His blood from sin I'm free, 'Tis Je - sus,.... 'Tis sin I'm free, 'Tis Je - sus,..... He who broke the tempter's spell, He - sus,.... 'Tis Je - sus,..... He who broke the spell, He

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'Tis Jesus.—Concluded.

'Tis Je - sus,..... 'Tis Je - sus.

He saves from death and hell, And He do-eth all things well, 'Tis Je - sus.

He saves from hell, 'Tis Je - sus.

83 God's Grace.

Richard J. Oliver — Folk Song

1. God's Grace higher far than the heavens, God's Grace deeper far than the sea,
2. God's Grace O the joy when I hear it! God's Grace is so rich and so free;
3. God's Grace far above earthly pleas-ure; God's Grace is for all,—taste and see.

God's Grace broader far than the o - cean, God's Grace is suf-fi-cient for me.
God's Grace —not my works nor my merit, God's Grace saves and keeps even me.
God's Grace is His gift with-out meas-ure; God's Grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

CHORUS.

God's Grace, God's Grace, God's Grace is suf - fi - cient for me, for me,

rit.

God's Grace, God's Grace, God's Grace is suf - fi - cient for me.

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When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la- bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set- ting sun, Let us

morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec- tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,

o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der. I'll be there,

roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is

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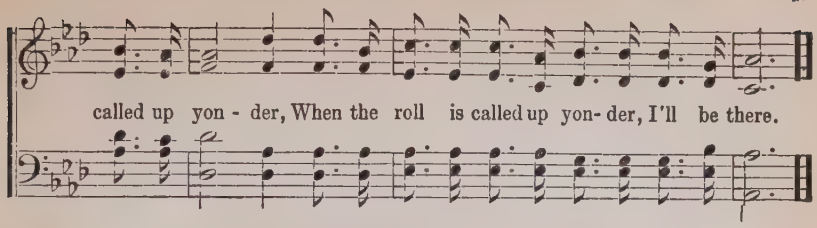
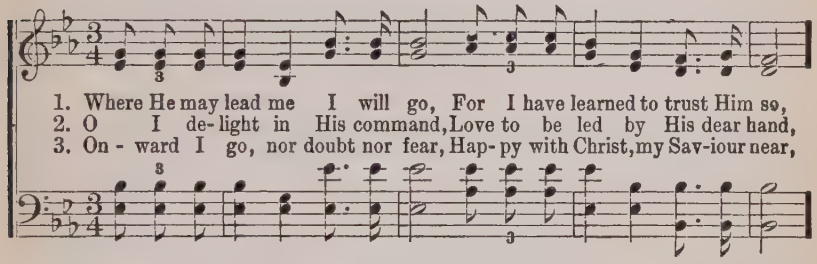
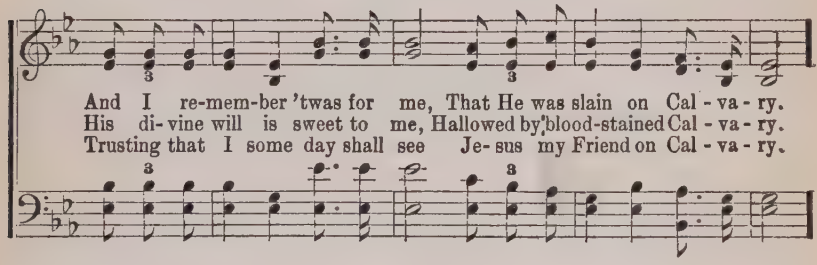
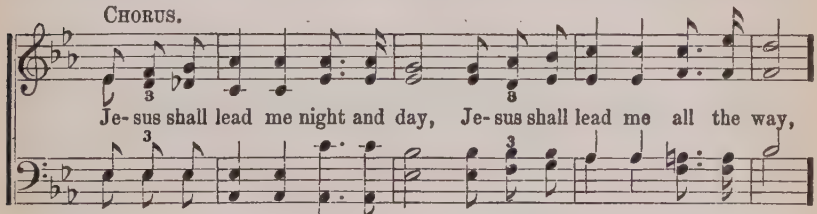


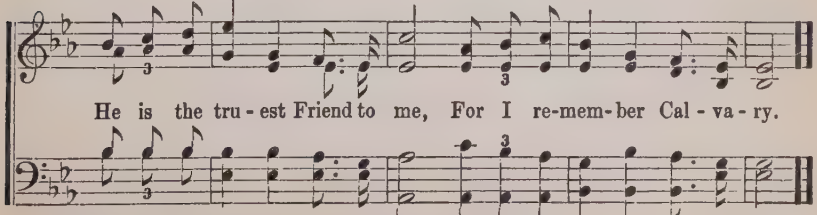
85 I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Martin. J. M. Black.









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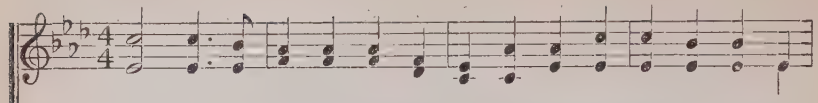
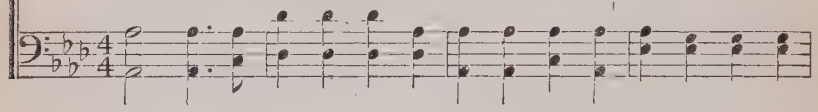
Pray, Pray.

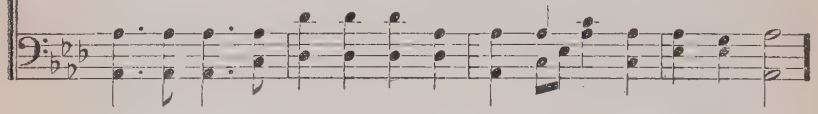
Lizzie DeArmond. Chas. H. Gabriel.



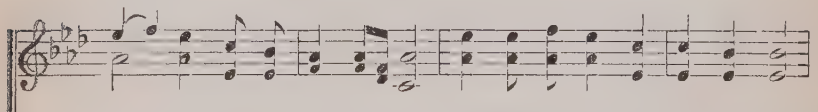
1. Pray, pray when things go wrong, And gloomy fears around you throng; The
2. Pray, pray be calm and still, What-ev - er comes must be His will; His
3. Pray, pray till faith grows strong, And in your heart rings heaven's song; Till



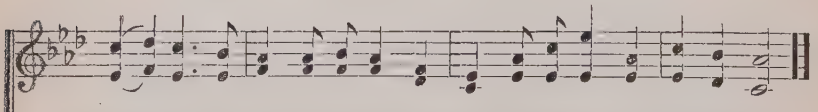
lov - ing God your voice will hear, Look up to Him, He's al-ways near.
prom - is - es like bud un-fold, Naught that is good will He with- hold.
self shall die in pure de- sire, And ev - 'ry tho't to Him as - pire.



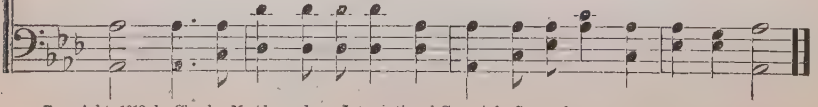
CHORUS.



Pray, pray tho' your eyes grow dim, Go with your troubles straight to Him;



Pray, pray for God understands; Have faith, leaving all in His dear hands.



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Anywhere With Jesus.

Jessie H. Brown and Mrs. C. M. Alexander. D. B. Towner.

1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go; An - y-where He
2. An - y-where with Je - sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-ta-tions
3. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er friends may
4. An - y-where with Je - sus o - ver land and sea, Tell - ing souls in
5. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning

leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him dear - est
gath - er round my path- way still; He Him-self was tempted that He
fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
dark-ness of sal - va - tion free; Read - y as He summons me to
shad-ows round a - bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak- en, nev - er

joys would fade; An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
might help me; An - y-where with Je - sus I may vic - tor be.
drear - y ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
go or stay, An - y-where with Je - sus when He points the way.
more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can - not know;

An - y- where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

* Verse 5 to be sung softly and slowly, omitting the Chorus

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Is It Not Wonderful?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Won-drous it seem-eth to me, Je-sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je-sus such peace could be-stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re-sist-ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleans-ing and keep-ing me whole,

Mer-cy re-veal-ing, com-forting, heal-ing, Bless-ing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me His fa-vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
But Jesus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen-i-tent seeking His face.
Ban-ish-ing sad-ness, with joy and gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won-der-ful, is it not won-der-ful Je-sus so
Yes, it is won-der-ful, strange and so won-der-ful (*Omit.*.....

gracious should be?..... That He should save e-ven me!.....
lov-ing and gracious should be? That He should par-don and save e-ven me!

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Moment By Moment.

D. W. Whittle. Mary Whittle.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv-ing with Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine, Moment by
2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur-den that He doth not bear, Nev-er a sor-row that He doth not share, Moment by
3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and nev - er a moan; Nev-er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Moment by
4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that He can-not heal; Moment by moment, in woe or in weal, Je-sus, my

CHORUS.

moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
moment I'm un- der His care; Moment by moment I'm kept in His love;
moment He thinks of His own.
Saviour, a-bides with me still.

Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a- bove; Look-ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine; Mo-mont by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

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You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full- ness you may know, And this love that
3. You may meet with tri - als as you jour- ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to

from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar- row way,
those a- round you sweet- ly show; Words of kind-ness al - ways say,
He will give to o - ver- come; Tho' un- seen by mor - tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win,

Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy - bells
Deeds of mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy - bells
He is with you, ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy - bells
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy - bells

CHORUS.

ring- ing in your heart, Joy - - bells ring- ing in your heart,
Ringing in your heart,

Joy - - bells ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here be-low
You may have the joy-bells

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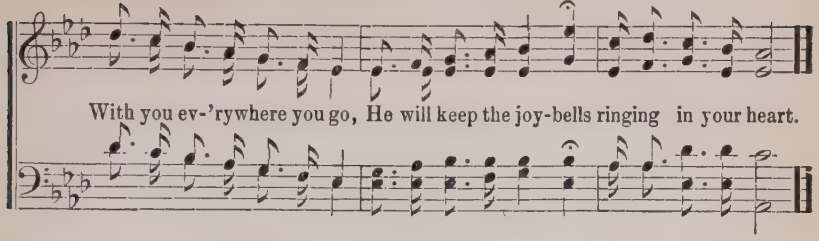
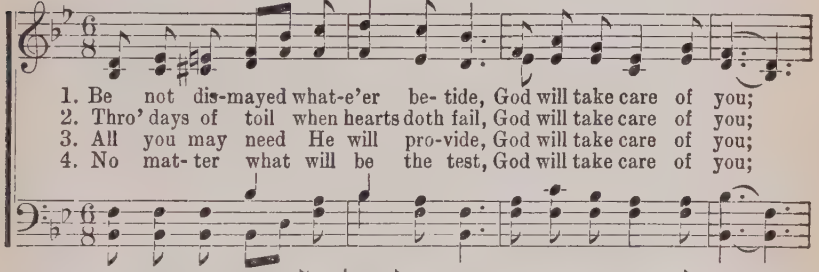
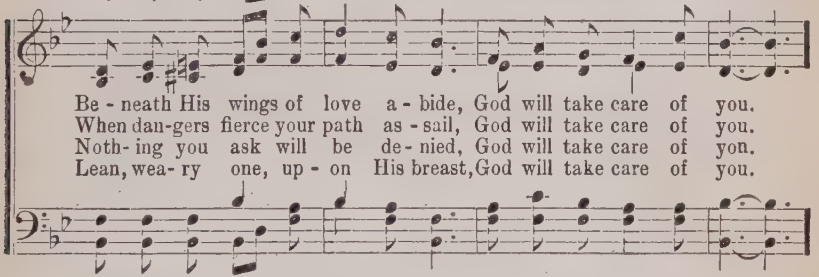
You May Have the Joy-Bells.—Concluded.



91 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin. Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis. W. S. Martin.





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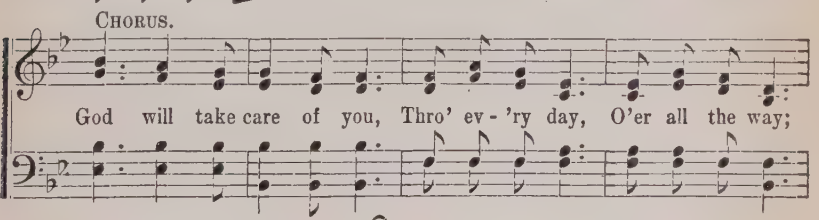

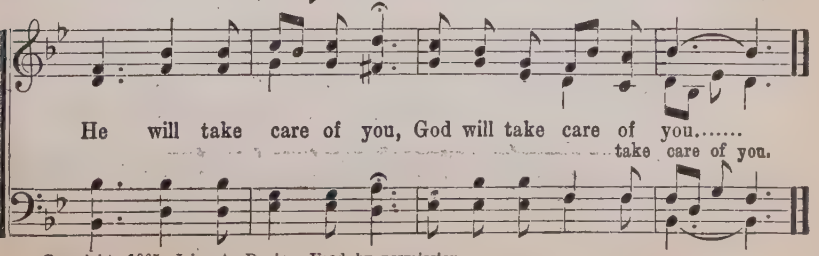

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There Above.

P. P. Paul Rader.

1. Lord Je - sus, there a-bove, Plead-ing at the throne, Melt all my
2. Lord Je - sus, there a-bove, On Thy Fa-ther's throne, Show me Thy
3. Lord Je - sus, there a-bove, Wait- ing for Thy throne, Come back, Thy

heart with love, Let Thy will be done: Break chains and bind - ing ties,
right to have My life for Thine own: I see Thy vic - to - ry,
rights to prove, Come and reign a - lone: How dare I see Thy face,

While I wait in pray'r: Hold the cross be-fore my eyes, Hold and fix it there.
E - ven death is done: Thou hast paid full price for me, I am not my own.
If I aught withhold; So I watch and yield and wait, At the cross made bold.

CHORUS.

Now let the blood pre- vail, Self can do naught but fail:

Come, sanc - ti - fy and fill, In Thy full - ness dwell.

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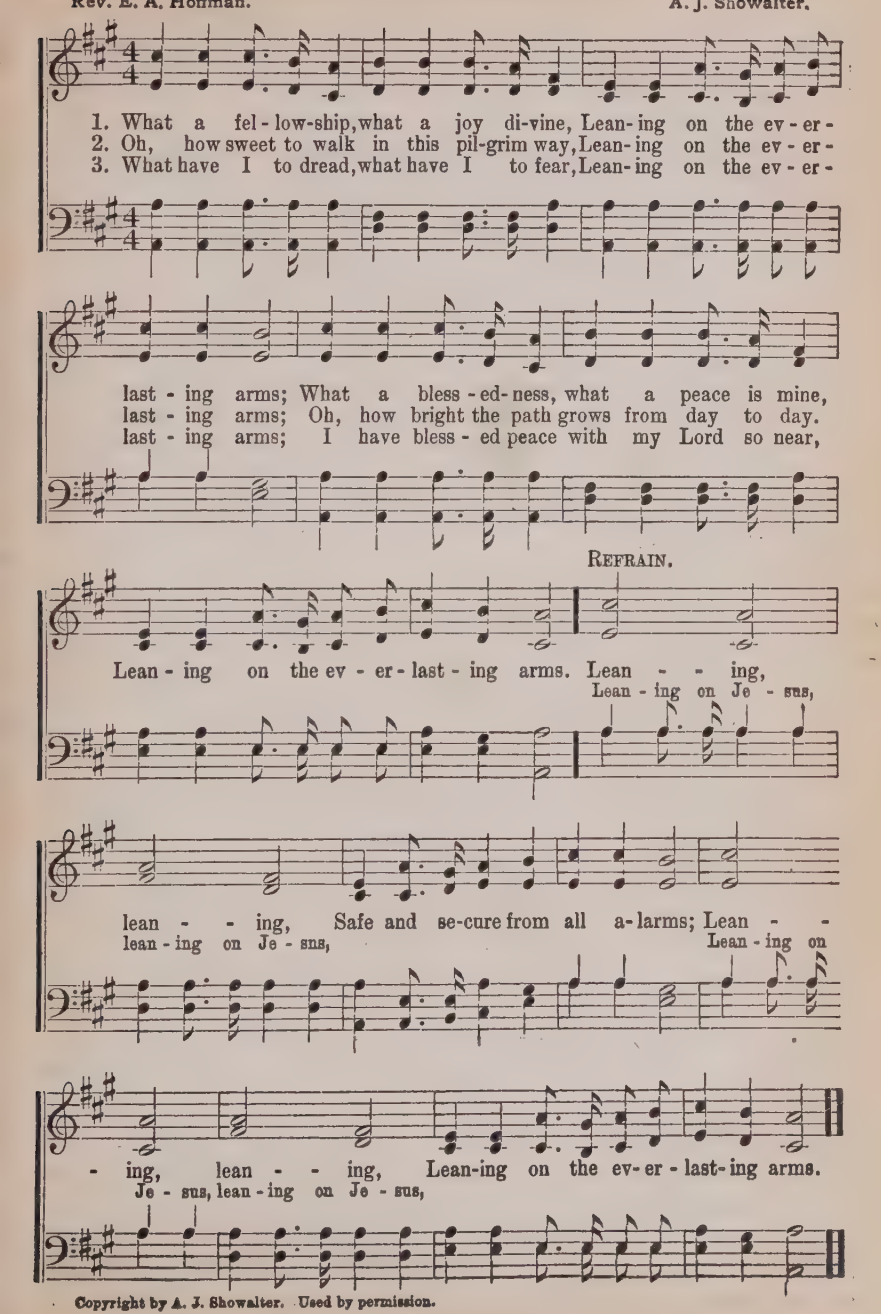
93 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.



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For God So Loved the World.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. A sto - ry sweet and won- drous, Like heav'n-ly mu - sic swells;
2. When, griev-ing, bro - ken-heart - ed, Be- cause of sin and shame,
3. This love, be-yond all meas - ure Of earth or sea or sky,
4. Come, broth-er, come to Je - sus; His word was meant for you;

In chim-ings clear to all who will hear, Ring out the gos - pel bells.
We find a joy earth can-not de-stroy, Be - liev-ing on His name.
Could on - ly show its full o - ver-flow, When Je - sus came to die.
His grace re-ceive, His promise be-lieve, And sing His praise a - new.

CHORUS.

For God so loved the world..... that He gave His on - ly be -
For God.... ..... so loved the world

got - ten Son, that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, who - so -

ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not

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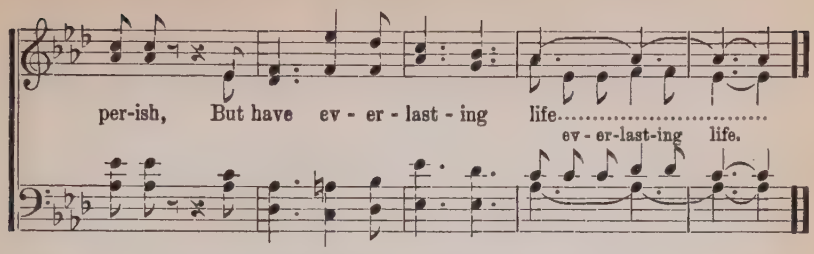
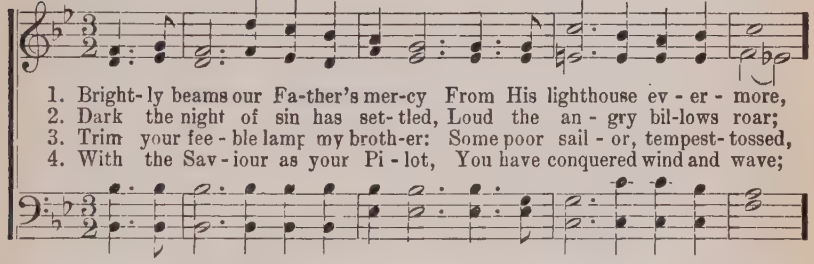
For God So Loved the World.—Concluded.

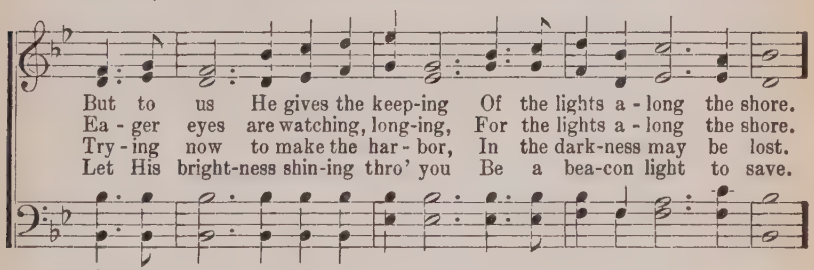


95 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.
William W. Rock.

P. P. Bliss.





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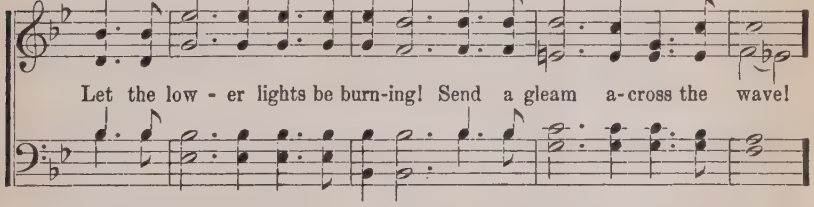

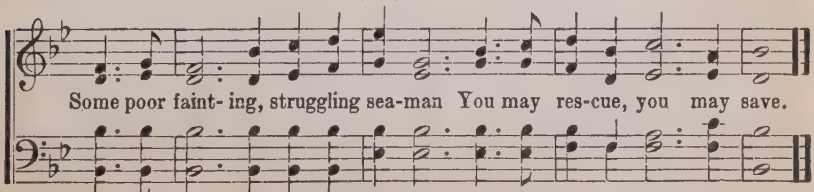

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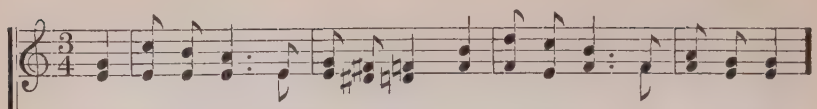
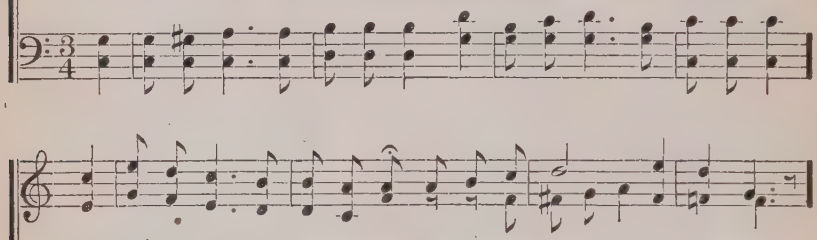
The Name of Jesus.

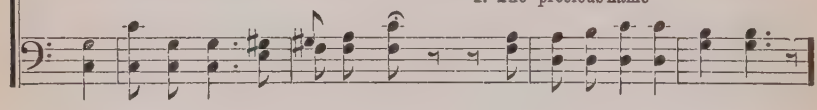
Rev. W. C. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.



1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

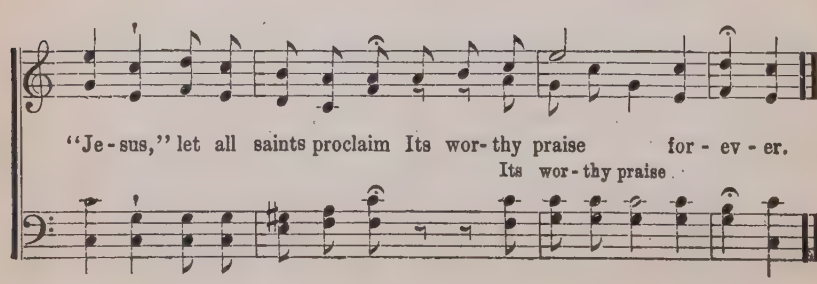


It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx - ious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu- sic dries the fall - en tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
1. The precious name



CHORUS.

"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its wor- thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise

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97 Somebody Whispered That Jesus Loves Me.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

1. One day in sin I was told of a love, Com-ing from One who is
2. Now that I tast-ed this love so sub-lime, Je-sus a-bid-eth with-
3. Now I am tell-ing the sto-ry so sweet, Serv-ice for Je-sus makes

reign-ing a-bove, Glad-ly I lis-tened, 'twas mu-sic to me, To
in all the time, Joy-bells are ring-ing 'tis heav-en be-low, Wher-
earth joys com-plete, Walk-ing and talk-ing with Him all the way, For

CHORUS.

know, tho' a sin-ner, that I could be free.
ev-er He lead-eth I glad-ly will go. Some-bod-y whispered that
Je-sus grows sweeter and sweet-er each day.

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus who died up-on Cal-va-ry's tree, Said He would

save me, from sin set me free, Somebody whispered that Je-sus loves me.

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Follow On!

W. O. Cushing. Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val- ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val- ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val- ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe- ly in the

:S: FINE.

fol - low, fol- low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear: Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

D.S.—*Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol low on!*

REFRAIN.

Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'rywhere,

D.S.

I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus!

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His Mighty Hand.

Geo. Walker Whitcomb. Albert Simpson Reitz.

1. I am saved from sin, I have peace with-in And I walk with Je - sus
2. Ma - ny passed me by, heed-ing not my cry, But the Sav-iour heard and
3. There's a prom-ise sure, and it shall en-dure, "Lo, I will be with thee
4. There is sweet-er peace, there is per - fect peace, And my Fa-ther's word is

day by day; O His hand so strong, holds me all day long And with
res - cued me; I was lost and blind, Je - sus was so kind, Lo, He
all the way;" And tho' foes as - sail, I shall still pre - vail, For I
won-drous dear; There is might - y pow'r, for each try - ing hour, There is

CHORUS.

Him I will not go a - stray.
touched my eyes and now I see. He will hold me with His might-y hand!
know He helps me watch and pray.
love that "cast-eth out all fear!"

He will hold me with His might - y hand! In temp - ta - tion He will

help me stand! For He will hold me with His might - y hand.

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The Victory.

P. R. Paul Rader.

1. No more need fear, and no more need doubt - ing, No more need
2. There is a place, praise God, I have found it, There is a
3. Pre - cious pro - vi - sion, won - der - ful pros - pect, Je - sus will

pride con - trol in my life. I may be free from all con-dem -
place where we may be free; Free from de - feat, with pow - er sur -
rule and Je - sus will lead. He is my Shep - herd, He is my

na - tion, I can have vic - to - ry now in the strife.
round - ed; Yes, there is vic - to - ry, Je - sus in Thee.
Keep - er, He is my Bread of Life, on Him I feed.

CHORUS.

I take the life of vic - to - ry, Not I, but Christ Him - self in me,

He con-quers now, He sets me free; I take, He gives—the vic - to - ry.

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Only Believe.

P R.

Paul Rader.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, from the cross to the throne, From death in - to life He went for His own; All pow - er in earth, all pow - er a - bove,
2. Fear not, lit - tle flock, He go - eth a - head, Your shep-herd se - lect-eth the path you must tread; The wa-ters of Ma-rah He'll sweeten for thee,
3. Fear not, lit - tle flock, what - ev - er your lot, He en - ters all rooms, "the doors be-ing shut," He nev-er for-sakes; He nev - er is gone,

CHORUS.

Is giv - en to Him for the flock of His love.
He drank all the bit - ter in Geth-sem - a - ne. On - ly be - lieve,
So count on His pres - ence in dark-ness and dawn.

on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos-si - ble, on - ly be - lieve,

On - ly be-lieve, on - ly be-lieve; All things are pos-si-ble, on - ly be-lieve.

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Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, Keep-ing His cross with- in my sight;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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Harvest Time.

Paul Rader. Lance B. Latham.

1. The har-vest fields are bending With precious, ripened grain; More reapers
2. The call must now be heed-ed, We can-not say Him nay; Since He has
3. We'll come a-gain re-joic-ing A reaper's crown to gain, The "Harvest

CHORUS.

now are need-ed, Ere Christ comes back a-gain.
died to save them, We must go forth to-day. Harvest time! Harvest time!
Home" is coming, When Christ comes back again.

Pre-cious gos-pel seed is sown. Reap-ers go! Reap-ers go!
Pre-cious gos-pel seed is sown.

Jesus, King, must have His own, His loved ones, Soon He'll come! Soon He'll come! Come and

catch a-way His "Bride." His own! His own! His own!.....
His own! His own! His own!

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The Blood.

Anon. R. J. Oliver.

1. 'Tis Je - sus' blood that wash- es white, That makes me pure with-in;
2. 'Tis Je - sus' blood that sweeps a- way The pow'r of Sa- tan's rod;
3. 'Tis Je - sus' blood that brings us nigh To ho - li - ness and heav'n,

He keeps the in - ward, wit- ness right, And cleanses from all sin.
It shows the new and liv - ing way, And leads to heav'n and God.
The source of vic - to - ry and joy—God's life for reb - els giv'n.

CHORUS.

Oh! the blood,..... the pre-cious blood so dear, Sav - ing
Oh! the blood, the precious blood so dear,

now..... from ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Cleansing now..... my
Sav-ing now from ev-'ry doubt and fear, Cleansing now

guilt - y heart with - in, Mak- ing free from self and sin.
my guilt-y heart within,

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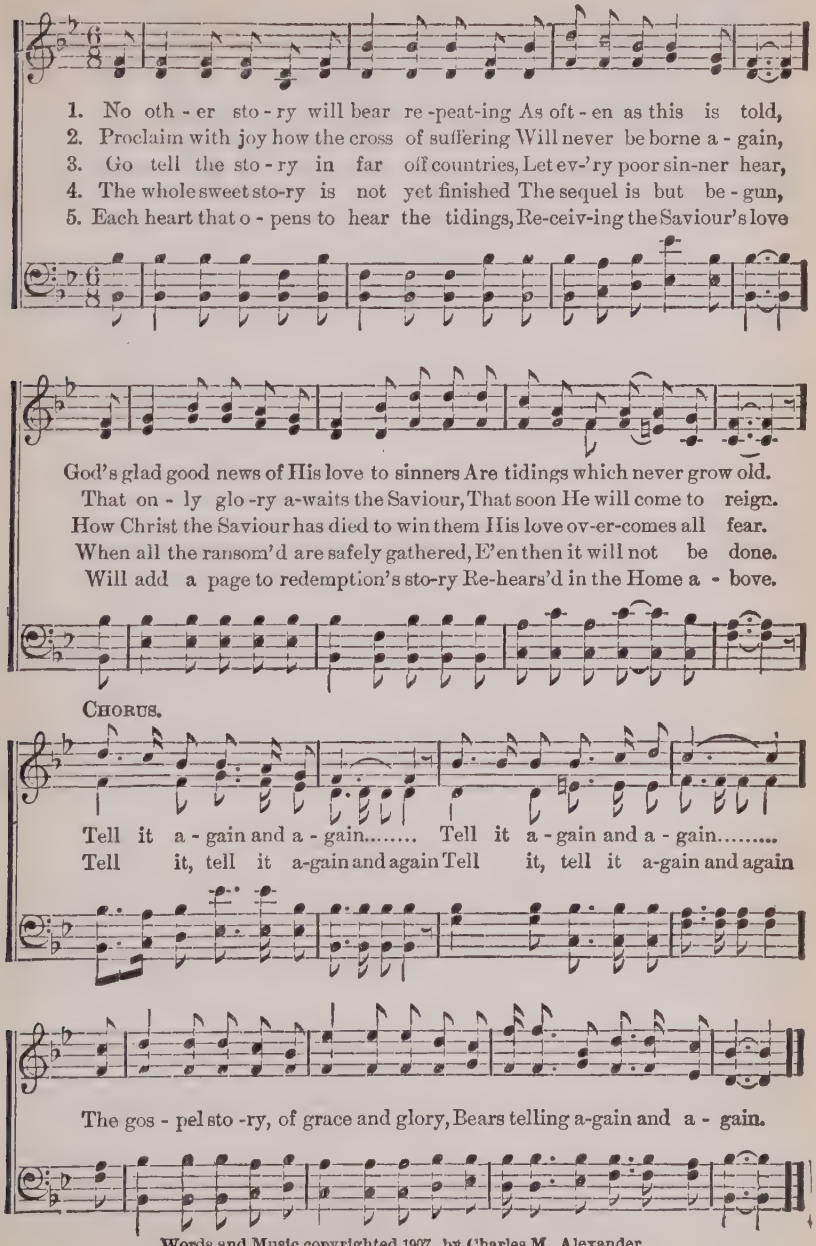
Tell It Again.

"The gospel of God." Rom. i: 1. "The glorious gospel of the blessed God." 1 Tim. 1: 2

Ada R. Habershon. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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What If It Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a-gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa- tan's do - min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com - ing in pow- er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com - ing to claim His chos - en Bride, All the re - deemed and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in

rit.

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

a tempo. CHORUS.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

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What If It Were To-day?—Concluded.

joy to my heart 'twill bring: Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring. When

crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown Him King, Haste to pre -

rit.

way; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way!

107 Peace, Perfect Peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth. George T. Caldbeck.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace with-in.
2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
4. Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Je-sus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Je-sus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace, perfect peace, death shad'wing us and ours? Je-sus has vanquished death and all its pow'rs.
7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect peace.

The Lights Of Home.

FANNY J CROSBY. CHAS. H. MARSH.

DUET.

1. O the friends that now are waiting, In the cloudless realms of day,
2. They have laid aside their ar-mor For the robe of spotless white;
3. On those dear fa mil-iar fa - ces There will be no trace of care;

Who are call - ing me to fol- low Where their steps have led the way;
And with Je - sus they are walking Where the riv-er spark-les bright.
Ev - 'ry sigh was hush'd forev- er At the pal-ace gate so fair.

They have laid a-side their ar - mor, And their earth-ly course is run;
We have la - bored here togeth - er, We have la - bored side by side,
I shall see them, I shall know them, I shall hear their song of love,

They have kept the faith with pa- tience And their crown of life is won.
Just a lit - tle while be- fore me They have cross'd the rolling tide.
And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah In our Father's house a - bove.

REFRAIN.

They are call - ing, gen - tly call- ing, Sweetly call - ing me to come,

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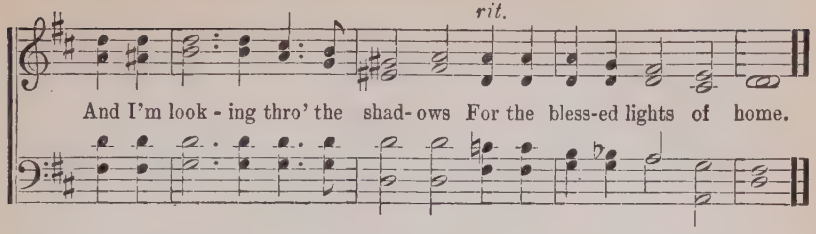
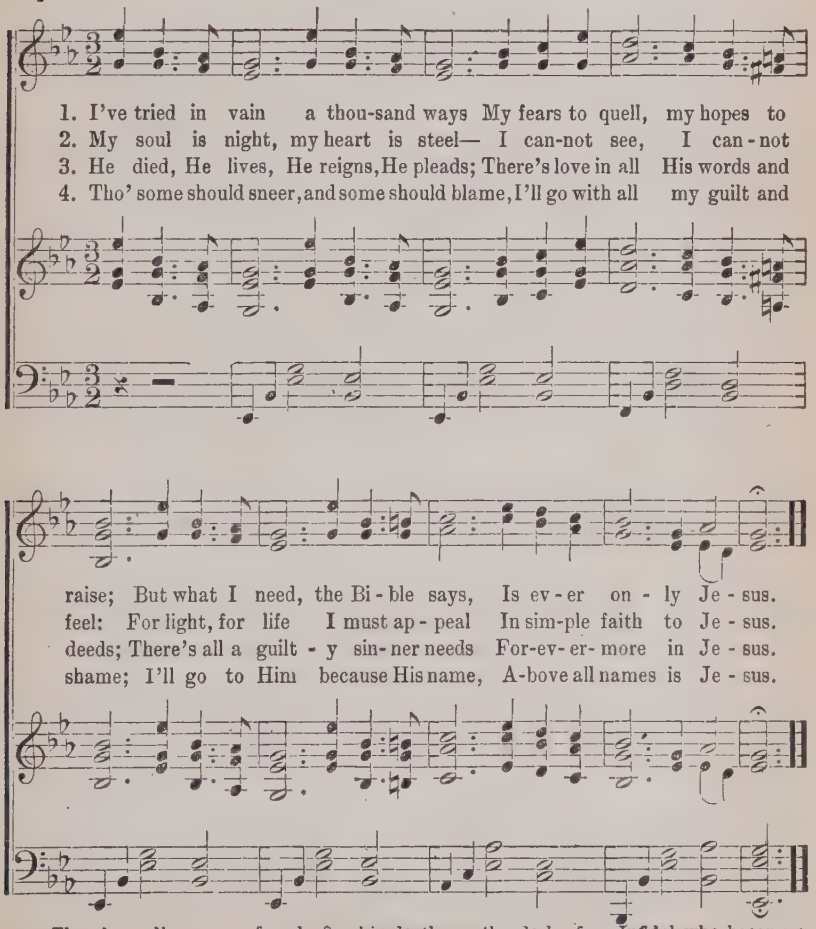
The Lights of Home.—Concluded.



109 In Jesus.

Jas. Procter. Robert Harkness.



The above lines were found after his death, on the desk of an Infidel who became a Christian.

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Like a Mighty Sea.

A. I. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.

1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for living streams divine, To sweep from highest
2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mercy-clouds of love, That come to bring re-
3. The show'rs of grace are falling, the tide is roll-ing in, The floodtide of sal-
4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's coming down this hour, A tor-rent of sal-

heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the prom-ise, in
fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The ear-nest of the show-er, just
va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surg-ing thro' my be-ing and
va-tion in sav-ing, cleansing pow'r: I hear the bil-lows surg-ing, I

Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur-rent to sat-is-fy my need.
now to us is giv'n, And now we wait, expecting the floods of grace from heav'n.
takes my sin a-way, It keeps me shout-ing glo-ry! thro' all the hap-py day.
see them mount and roll; O glo-ry, hal-le-lujah! they're sweeping thro' my soul.

CHORUS.

Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea, Comes the love of

Je-sus, sweep-ing o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

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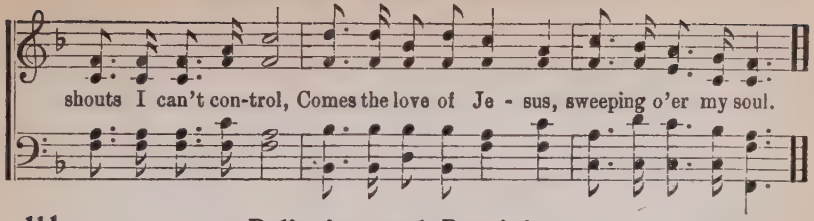
Like a Mighty Sea.—Concluded.



111 Believing and Receiving.

H. H. B. Herbert H. Booth.

mf *Allegretto.*

1. Sins of years are washed a - way, Blackest stains be-come as snow;
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long, On the cur-rant's ceaseless flow;
3. Ease and wealth be-come as dross, Worthless, earth's de-light and show;
4. Self - ish - ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know;
5. Trust-ing is a great de- light, Nev- er will you fear the foe,

Dark - est night is changed to day, When you to the riv- er go.
Sor - row chang - es in - to song, When you to the riv- er go.
All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the riv- er go.
All your treas - ure is a - bove, When you to the riv- er go.
Armed by King Je - ho-vah's might, When you to the riv- er go.

mf CHORUS.

I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the riv- er go;

And my heart its waves are cleans-ing, Whit-er than the driv - en snow.

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Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n. Let Him in.

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.

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Christ Liveth In Me.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
2. As rays of light from yon - der sun, The flow'rs of earth set free,
3. As lives the flow'r with-in the seed, As in the cone the tree,
4. With long-ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,

But in God's Word the light I found, Now Christ liv - eth in me.
So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv - ing in me.
So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
As on the won- drous thought I dwell That Christ liv - eth in me.

CHORUS.

Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in me,
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me, Oh! what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me.

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Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Have thine af - fec- tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God? Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss?
2. Hast thou do - min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God? O - ver all e - vil with - out and with - in?
3. Is there no more con - dem - na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God? Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with - in?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un - der Je - sus' con - trol? Is thy heart right with God? Does He each mo - ment a - bide in thy soul?
5. Art thou now walk - ing in heav - en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God? Is thy heart wear - ing the gar - ment of white?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God? Is thy heart right with God?

Washed in the crim - son flood, Cleansed and made ho - ly,

hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?..... of God?

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115 All Things In Jesus.

H. D. L. Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Friends all a-round me are try-ing to find What the heart yearns for, by sin un-der-mined; I have the se-cret, I know where 'tis found:
2. Some car-ry bur-dens whose weight has for years Crushed them with sor-row and blind-ed with tears, Yet One stands read-y to help them just now,
3. No oth-er name thrills the joy-chords with-in, And thro' none else is re- mis-sion of sin; He knows the pain of the heart sore-ly tried,
4. Je-sus is all this poor world needs to-day, Blind-ly they strive, for sin dark-ens their way; O to draw back the grim cur-tains of night,

CHORUS.

On-ly true pleas-ures in Je-sus a-bound.
If they will hum-bly in pen-i-tence bow. All that I want is in Je-sus, He sat-is-fies, ... joy He sup-plies;
Both need and want will by Him be sup-plied.
One glimpse of Je-sus and all will be bright!
Je-sus, in Je-sus. with the free-ly

ad lib.

Life would be worth-less with-out Him, All things in Je-sus I find.
with-out Him, with-out Him,

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Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Since I start-ed out to find Thee, Since I to the Ark did flee,
2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind-ly, Thou didst grant me so much grace;
3. Cares of life per-plex and grind me, Yet I keep the nar-row way;
4. All in all, I ev-er find Thee, Sav-iour, Lov-er, Broth-er, Friend;

Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will nev-er turn from Thee.
Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will ne'er my steps re-trace.
Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I from Thee will nev-er stray.
Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will serve Thee to the end.

CHORUS.

Strength-en all the ties that bind me Clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee;

Ev-'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, Thine I ev-er-more will be.

The Shepherd of Love.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

Duet.

1. The Shepherd of Love is seek-ing the lost In paths that are rough snd steep;
2. The Shepherd of Love knows His sheep by name, And ten-der-ly leads the way;
3. The Shepherd of Love our ransom hath paid, And of-fers sal-va - tion free;
4. The Shepherd of Love now seeketh His sheep, He seeketh what-e'er the cost;

rit.

He's calling the lambs that have gone astray, He's calling, calling His sheep.
O wea-ry one come to the Shepherd's fold, He's calling, calling to - day.
He's pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee to come, He's calling, calling for thee.
Be - hold, He is call-ing the wand'rer home, He's calling, calling the lost.

CHORUS.

Out of your darkness of sin and shame, In - to His love for - ev - er the same,
Call - ing, call - ing, Call - ing, call - ing,

ad lib.

Come to Him now, be-lieve on His name, O an-swer the call to - day.

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I Am Praying for You.

Samuel O'M. Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait-ing in
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er–A peace that the
5. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov-ing

Sav - iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty bless - ed and true: And soon He will call me to
glo - ry my wan - der - ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all
friends of this world nev - er knew: My Sav - iour a - lone is its
Sav - iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too!
meet Him in heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
shin - ing in brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

rall.

For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

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Let Go and Let God.

P. R. Paul Rader.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd un - fail - ing, The Lord is my
2. No want can I know where He lead - eth, His ta - ble with
3. My cup run-neth o - ver in bless - ing, With unc - tion and
4. With good-ness and mer - cy be - hind me, With Je - sus my

"Go - er a - head," Still lead - ing as Lord all who let Him,
plen - ty is spread; No lack can there be when we let Him;
oil on my head; Oh, learn of His full - ness by "let - ting,"
"Go - er a - head," I have His a - bun-dance thru "let - ting;"

CHORUS.

Let go, let go, and let God. Let go, let go, and let God;

Let go, let Him bear the load; Take com - fort or judg-ment, the

staff or the rod; Let go, let go, and let God.

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The Palace of Light.

Victor M. Hatfield. Susie E. Hatfield.

1. When I've whispered fare - well, and for - got - ten my care, When I've
2. When the bat - tle is o - ver, the vic - to - ry won, When the
3. I shall sing a glad song when my eyes shall be - hold The

sung my last car - ol and breathed my last pray'r, I'll be met by my
tri - als are end - ed, the jour-ney is done, I shall look on a
cit - y of jas - per with por- tals of gold; Oh, the joy I shall

Sav- iour a - wait- ing me there, In my home in the Pal-ace of Light.
splen-dor more bright than the sun, In my home in the Pal-ace of Light.
know, when the glo - ries un- fold, In my home in the Pal-ace of Light.

CHORUS.

Mansions of glo- ry, home o-ver there! Re-gion ce-les-tial, ra-diant and fair!

No pain or sor-row, no gloom or night; Beau-ti- ful homeland, Palace of Light.

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Are You Washed In the Blood?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Are you washed in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, Are you washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean, O be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
Are you washed in the blood,

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
of the Lamb?

spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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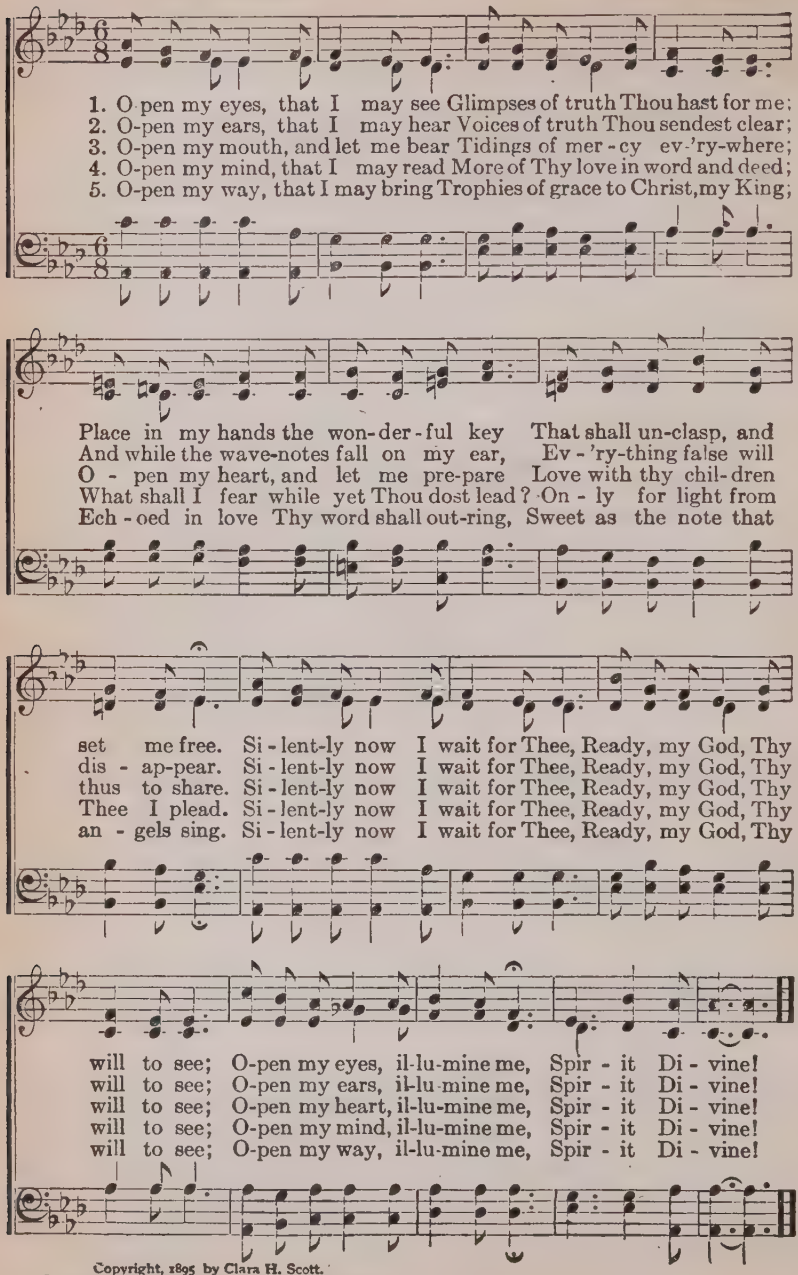
Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S. & Fred. P. Morris. Clara H. Scott.



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Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet commun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one bliss- ful day, For all my night has passed a- way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor- der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow;
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu- lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high- est mount I stand,

I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo - ry-shore—My heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more!

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We Have An Anchor.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un - fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm with - stand, For 'tis well se - cured by the Saviour's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,
3. It will firm - ly hold in the strains of fear, When the break - ers have told the reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold chill our la - test breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit - y of gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast on the heav - 'nly shore,

CHORUS.

Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow. We have an an - chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll; Fastened to the Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

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125 The Old-Fashioned Way.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. They call me old-fash-ioned be-cause I be-lieve That the Bi-ble is
2. Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I be-lieve and ac-cept On-ly what has been
3. Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I am bound to do right, To walk in the
4. Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I am look-ing a-bove To Je-sus, my

God's ho-ly word, That Je-sus, who lived a-mong men long a-go,
spo-ken from heav'n; Old-fash-ioned be-cause at the cross I was saved,
straight nar-row way; Be-cause I have giv-en my whole life to God,
glo-ri-fied Lord; Be-cause I be-lieve He is com-ing a-gain,

CHORUS.

Is di-vine, and the Christ of God.
At the cross had my sins for-giv'n. My sin was old-fash-ioned, My
Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I pray.
Ful-fill-ing His ho-ly word.

guilt was old-fash-ioned, God's love was old-fash-ioned, I know; And the way I was

saved was the old-fash-ioned way, Thro' the blood that makes whit-er than snow.

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Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in an- guish and pain;

CHO.—*Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;*

FINE.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre- cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt-ed, Yet was tri-umph-ant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre-cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.

Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

D.C. for Cho.

"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti-dings to earth."
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, re - ject-ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran-som for me.

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I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

H. Bonar. Arr. by May Agnew Stephens.

1. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
I came to Je - sus as I was Wea - ry and worn and sad;

2. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

3. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am the dark world's light;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." }
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. }

The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." }
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him. }

Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright." }
And in that Light of Life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done. }

CHORUS.

Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship di - vine,—

Oh, what blessed sweet com - mun - ion! Je - sus is a friend of mine.

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Oh, What a Change!

Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.

1. Soon will our Sav - iour from heav-en ap - pear, Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Absence ex -
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark-ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag-nif - i - cent strength, Fail-ure will

hope and its pow-er to cheer, All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a moment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per-fec-tion at length, Sor-row will change to un-end-ing de -

face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk-ing by sight!

CHORUS.

Oh, what a change,..... Oh, what a change,.....
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,

When I shall see His wonderful face! Oh, what a change,.....
Oh, what a change,

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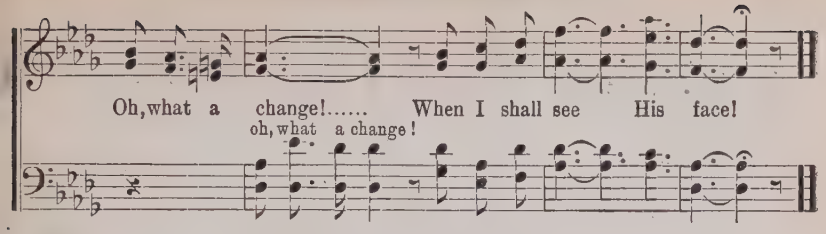
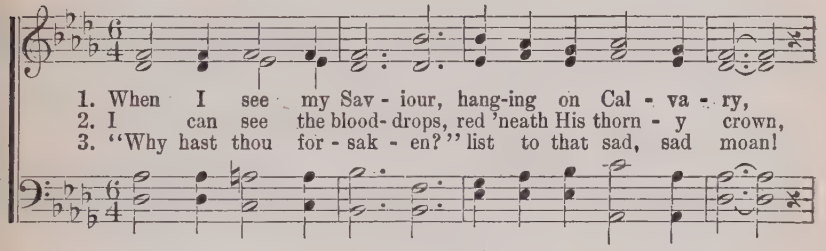
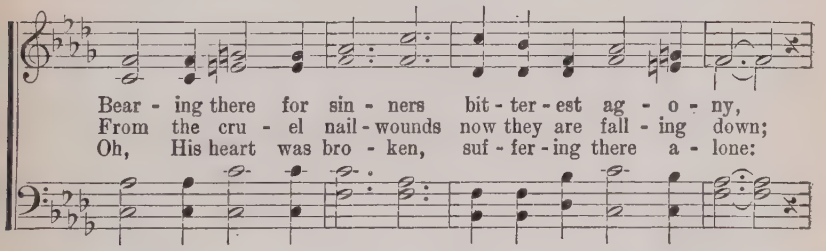
Oh, What a Change!—Concluded.

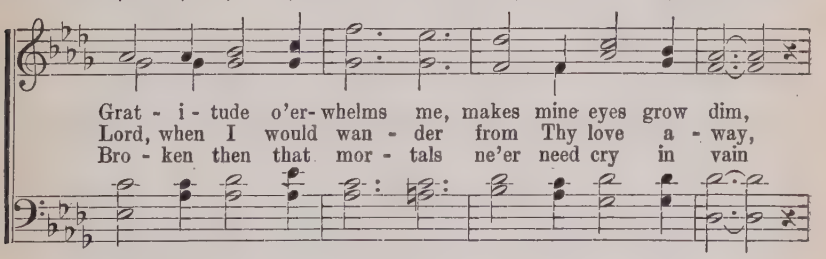


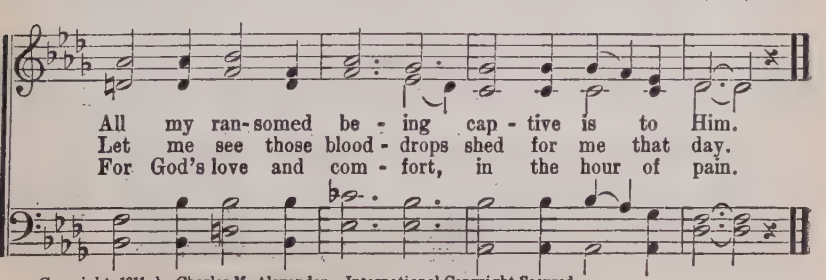
129 When I See My Saviour.

Maud Frazer. Robert Harkness.









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Christ is Coming.

W. M. W. Macomber.

1. In the glow of ear - ly morn - ing, In the sol - emn hush of night;
2. Oft me-thinks I hear His foot-steps, Steal-ing down the paths of time;
3. Long we've wait-ed, blest Re-deem - er, Wait - ed for the first bright ray

Down from heav- en's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - sen - ger of light,
And the fu - ture dark with shad - ows, Brightens with this hope sub-lime.
Of the morn when sin and sor - row At Thy pres - ence flee a - way;

Whisp'ring sweet - ly to my spir - it, While the hosts of heav - en sing:
Sound the soul - in - spir- ing an - them; An - gel hosts, your harps at - tune;
But our vig - il's near- ly o - ver; Hope of heav'n, oh, price-less boon!

This the won-drous thrilling sto - ry: Christ is com-ing—Christ my King.
Earth's long night is al-most o- ver, Christ is com-ing— com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap- pear-ing, Christ is com-ing— com - ing soon.

This the won-drous thrill- ing sto- ry—Christ is com-ing—Christ my King.
Earth's long night is al- most o - ver, Christ is com-ing— com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap-pear-ing, Christ is com-ing—com - ing soon.

Go Ye Into All the World.

J. McG. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Far, far a-way, in heathen darkness dwelling, Mill-ions of souls for ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
2. See o'er the world wide-o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a rise and en-ter in! Christians, awake! your foro-es all u-nit-ing,
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death appall-ing,
4. God speed the day, when those of ev-ery na-tion "Glo-ry to God!" tri-umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, rejoic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS.

Looking to Je-sus, minding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go proclaim.
Shout "Hallelu-jah, for the Lord is King.
} "All power is given un-to me,

All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and preach the gos-pel, And lo, I am with you al-way."

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The Story of the Cross.

Carrie E. Breck. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. A - bove the sweetest songs of earth, Thro' all the strife of gain and loss,
2. Oh, none but Jesus bore such scorn, No stricken lamb so meek as He;
3. Oh, blessed cross of sac - ri - fice, Where Je - sus died for me, for me!

A-bove the sounds of grief and mirth I hear the sto-ry of the cross,
No other brow so bruised by thorn, No other heart so bled for me,
The cross of my Re-deem-er, Christ, Who makes the guilty captive free!

That sto - ry is a tale of love That wipes a - way the sin - ner's tears,
No oth-er feet the wine-press trod, No oth - er hand so free - ly gave,
That shining cross shall ev-er stand For all of love that man can know;

It makes him heir of heav'n a - bove, And gives him joy thro' endless years.
No Saviour like the Son of God, No love like His to reach and save!
Yet none may fully un - der - stand The love that God a - lone can show.

CHORUS.

'Tis the old, ... old sto - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto-ry of the cross;
old, old, old,

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When e - ter - ni - ty is hoar - y, Pre-cious still will be the sto - ry

Of re - demp-tion by the cross, Of re- demp-tion by the cross.

133 Abundant Life.

W. Leslie. Secular Air.

1. { Un - der the bur-dens of guilt and care, Ma-ny a spir-it is griev-ing,
Who in the joy of the Lord might share, (*Omit*.....)

2. { Burdened one, why will you long - er bear Sorrows from which He re-leas-es?
O - pen your heart and re - joic-ing share, (*Omit*.....)

3. { Oh, for the show'rs on the thirst - y land! Oh, for a might-y re - vi- val!
Oh, for a sanc - ti- fied, fearless band, (*Omit*.....)

:S: FINE. CHORUS.

Life ev - er - last- ing re - ceiv - ing.
Life "more a - bund-ant" in Je - sus! Life! life, e - ter - nal life!
Read - y to hail His ar - ri - val!

D.S.—*Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er.*

D.S.

Je - sus a - lone is the Giv - er! Life! life, a - bund- ant life!

He Ransomed Me.

Julia H. Johnston. J. W. Henderson.

1. There's a sweet and bless - ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo - ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad - ness To the heights of joy and glad - ness
3. From the throne of heav'n - ly glo - ry— Oh, the sweet and bless - ed sto - ry;
4. Bye and bye with joy in - creas - ing, And with grat - i - tude un - ceas - ing,

Just to res - cue me from sin and mis - er - y; He in lov-ing kind-ness sought me,
Je - sus lift - ed me, in mer - cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all-glo-rious,
Lift - ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be; I will join the hosts there singing,

ad lib.

And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di - vine He ran-somed me.
Tro - phies of His grace vic- to - rious, Ev-er-more re - joic - ing here be - low.
In the an - them ev - er ring - ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour! Who can take a poor lost sin - ner, Lift him

from the mi - ry clay and set him free; I will ev - er tell the sto - ry,
Hal - le - lu - jah

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He Ransomed Me.—Concluded.

ad lib.

Shout - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran - somed me.

135 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. Frederick C. Maker.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land,
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con-fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worth-less-ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross!

Wonderful Peace.

H. L. Harold Lillenas.

1. Com - ing to Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I found Won - der - ful peace,
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der - ful peace,
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der - ful peace,
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der - ful peace,

won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a -
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing
won - der - ful peace; Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from

REFRAIN.

round, I have peace, sweet peace.
God, I have peace, sweet peace. Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has

ran - somed my soul, I have peace, sweet peace.....
won - der - ful peace.

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Wonderful Peace.

W. D. Cornell. Alt. W. G. Cooper.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me - thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing

mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -
deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough path - way of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom shall be:—
shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept this sweet peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.

Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep

o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fathomless bil - lows of love.

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Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs. E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A - shamed ..... of Je - sus, I nev-er, I nev-er will be;.....
A-shamed of Je-sus, a-shamed of Je-sus, I nev-er will be;

* Tenor and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

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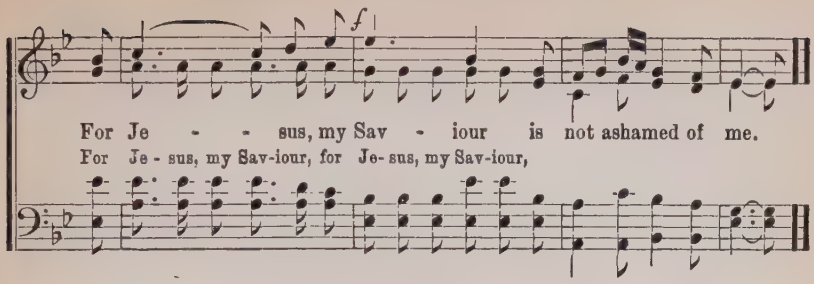
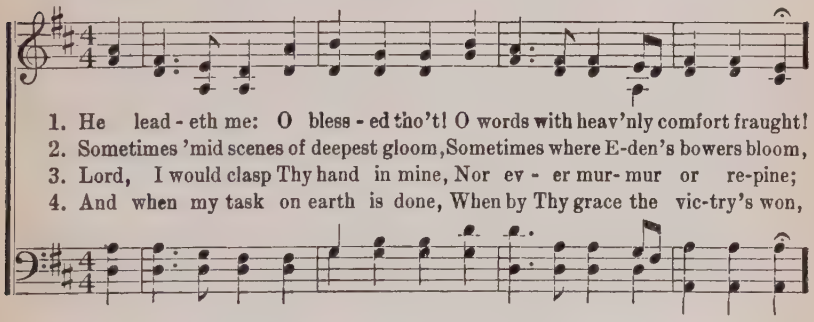
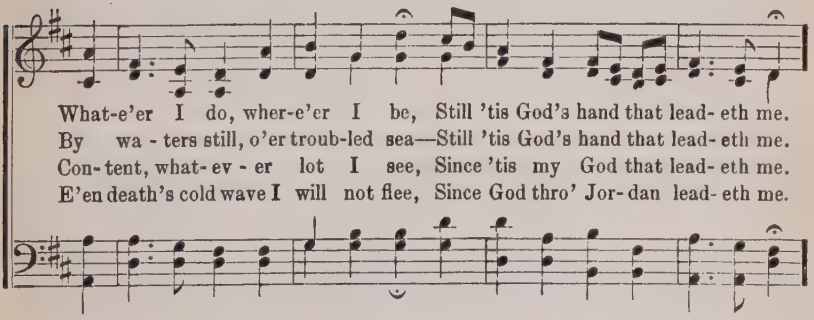
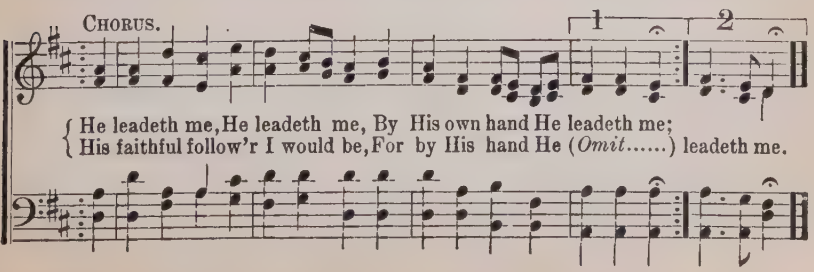


139 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.







What a Wonderful Saviour!

E A. H.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
5. He gives me o - ver - com-ing pow'r, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

We are re-deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And tri-umph in each try - ing hour; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

I Walk With the King.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. In sor-row I wandered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let

hap-py— se-cure-ly I rest, From morn-ing till eve-ning glad
help me— no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sal-va-tion to

car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son—I walk with the King.
sun-beams of Spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in-to the sun-light and walk with the King.

CHORUS.

I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!

No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

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God Is Calling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen. E. O. Excell.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, Oh, hear Him, God is
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,

rit. *a tempo*

call - ing yet, Oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing; Call - - ing, Oh, hear Him,
God is call-ing yet,

rit.

call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh hear Him calling yet.
God is calling yet,

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143 It Is Glory Just to Walk With Him.

AVIS M. BURGESON. HALDOR LILLEHAE.

1. It is glo - ry just to walk with Him whose blood has ransomed me; It is
2. It is glo - ry when the shadows fall to know that He is near; Oh! what
3. 'Twill be glo - ry when I walk with Him on heav-en's gold-en shore, Nev - er

rap - ture for my soul each day. It is joy di-vine to feel Him near wher-
joy to sim-ply trust and pray! It is glo - ry to a - bide in Him when
from His side a - gain to stray. 'Twill be glo - ry, wondrous glo-ry with the

CHORUS.

e'er my path may be, Bless the Lord, it's glory all the way!
skies above are clear; Yes, with Him, it's glory all the way! It is glo - ry just to
Sav-iour ev-er-more, Ev-er-last-ing glo-ry all the way!

walk with Him, ... It is glo - ry just to walk with Him, ... He will guide my steps a-
walk with HIm, walk with Him,

right. Thro' the vale and o'er the height; It is glo - ry just to walk with Him.....
walk with Him.

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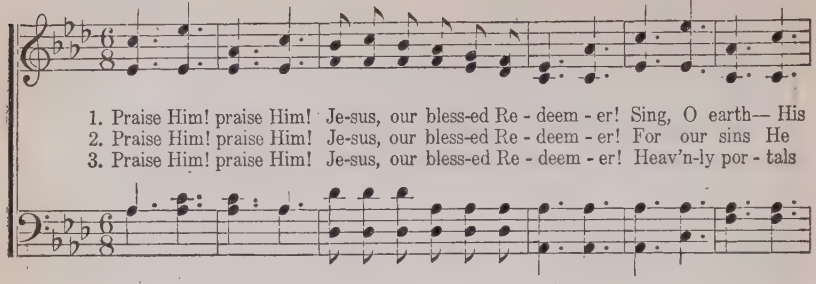
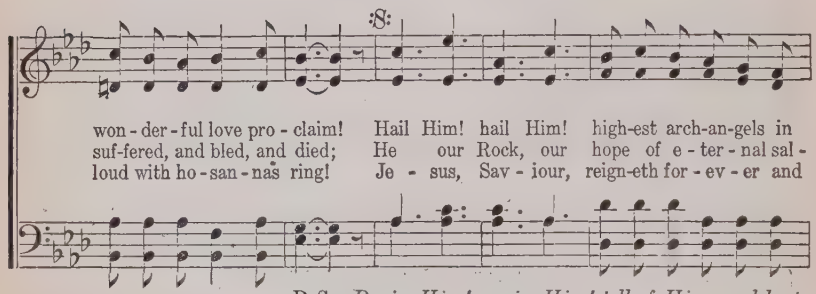
Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.

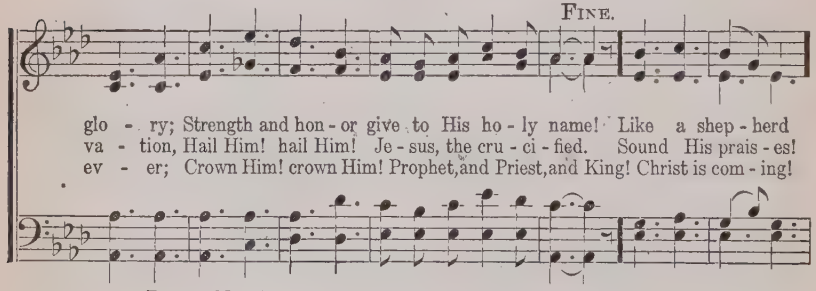


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re - deem - er! Sing, O earth— His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re - deem - er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re - deem - er! Heav'n-ly por - tals



won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf-fered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal -
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reign-eth for - ev - er and

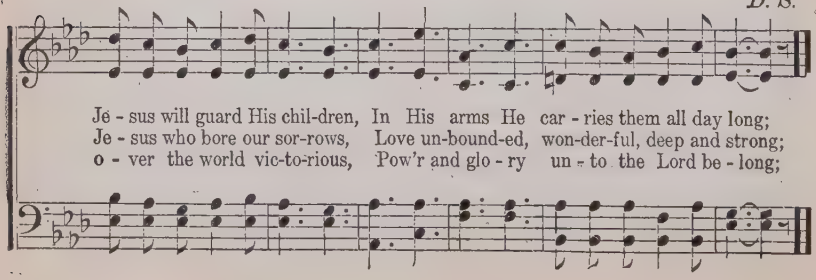
D. S.—*Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent*



glo - ry; Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep - herd
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
ev - er; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!

great-ness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

D. S.



Je - sus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He car - ries them all day long;
Je - sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
o - ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

The God of Abraham Praise.

T. Olivers. Anon.

1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove,
2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme com - mand
3. He by Him-self hath sworn; I on His oath de - pend:
4. The whole tri-umph-ant host Give thanks to God on high;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love.
From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand.
I shall, on ea - gles' wings up-borne, To heaven as - cend;
'Hail, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!' They ev - er cry.

Je - ho - vah! Great I AM, By earth and heaven con-fessed!
I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame, and power,
I shall be - hold His face, I shall His power a - dore,
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine! I join the heaven-ly lays;

I bow and bless the sa - cred Name For ev - er blest.
And Him my on - ly portion make, My shield and tower.
And sing the wonders of His grace For ev - er more.
All might and majes - ty are Thine, And end - less praise. A - men.

Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper — Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A ru - ler once came to Je- sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal-
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at- tend to the word So sol-emn-ly uttered the
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo - ri- ous rest, And sing with the ransomed by
4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may be

va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if ye would ob-tain,
watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re-frain,

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain."..... "Ye must be born a-
a-gain.

gain,"..... "Ye must be born a - gain,"..... I ver - i - ly,
a-gain, a-gain,

ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain."..... a-gain.

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Jesus Has Lifted Me.

AVIS BURGESON — HALDOR LILLENAS

1. Out of the depths to the glo - ry a - bove, I have been lift - ed in won - der - ful love. From ev - 'ry fet - ter my spir - it is free— For Je - sus has lift - ed me!....
2. Out of the world in - to heav - en - ly rest, In - to the land of the ran-somed and blest; There in the glo - ry with Him I shall be— For Je - sus has lift - ed me!....
3. Out of my - self in - to Him I a - dore, There to a- bide in His love ev - er - more, Thro' end - less a - ges His glo - ry to see— My Je - sus has lift - ed me!....

lift - ed me!

CHORUS.

Je - sus has lift - ed me!.... Je - sus has lift - ed me!.....
lift - ed me! lift - ed me!

Out of the night In - to glo - ri - ous light, Yes, Je-sus has lift - ed me!.....
lift - ed me!

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Life's Railway to Heaven.

M. E. Abbey. Charlie D. Tillman.

Solo or Duet. Tempo ad lib.

1. Life is like a mountain rail - road, With an en - gin-eer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the tres - tle, Span-ning Jor-dan's sweeling tide;

We must make the run suc- cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your con- duc- tor On this light - ning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
You be- hold the Un-ion De-pot In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun- nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Al - ways mind - ful of ob-struc- tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a- lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Su-per-intend-ant, God the Fa- ther, God the Son,

rit.

Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y joy-ous plaud-it, "Wea - ry pil - grim, wel-come home."

CHORUS.

Bless- ed Sav - iour, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that bliss-ful shore;

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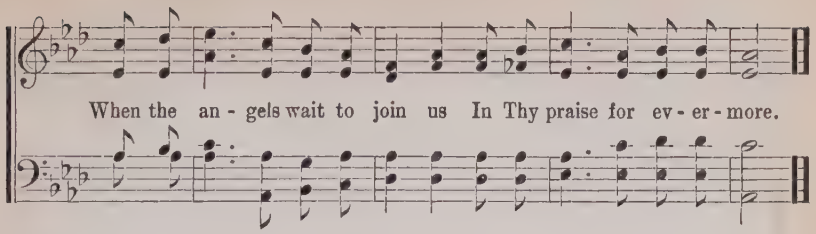
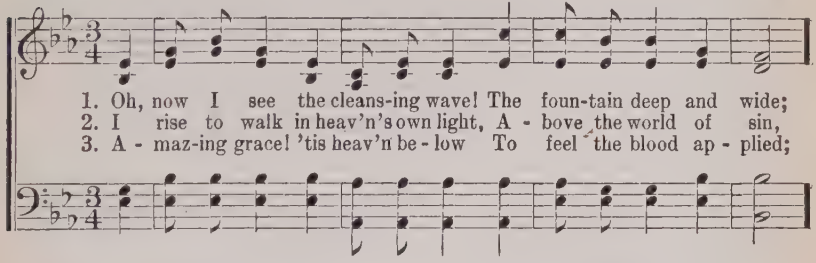
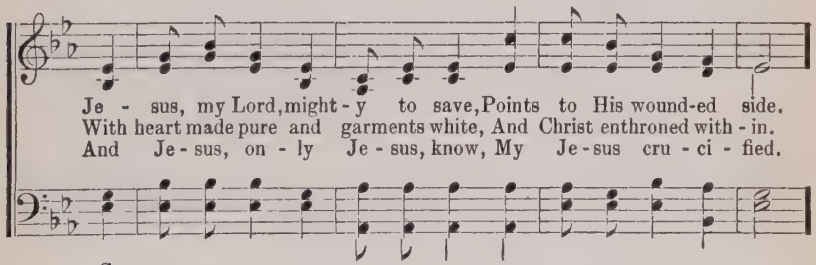


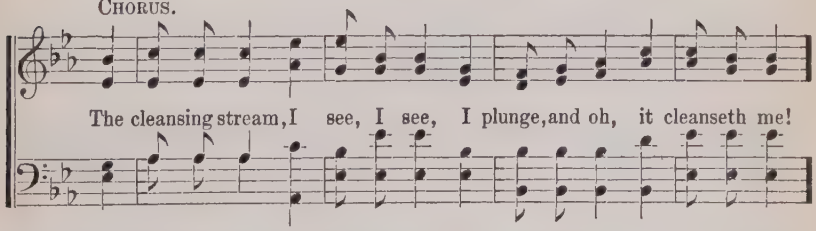
149 Cleansing Wave.

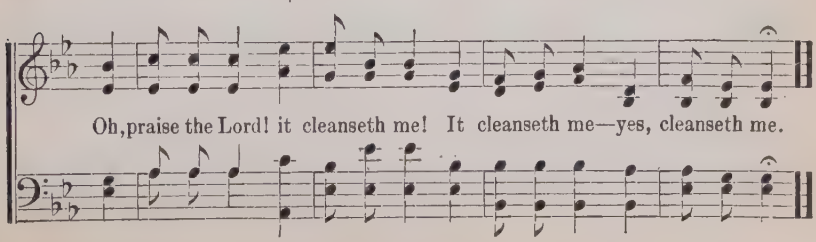
Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.





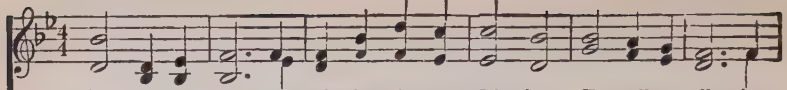
CHORUS.



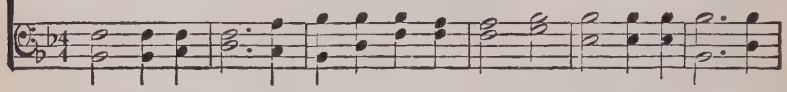


O Zion, Haste.

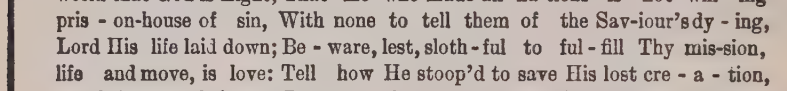
MARY A. THOMSON. JAMES WALCH.



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thous-ands still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God, in whom they
5. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to



world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-iour's dy - ing,
Lord His life laid down; Be - ware, lest, sloth - ful to ful - fill Thy mis-sion,
life and move, is love: Tell how He stoop'd to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to-rious;



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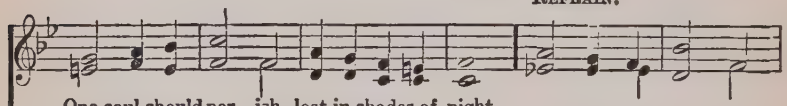
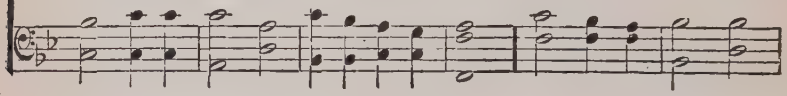
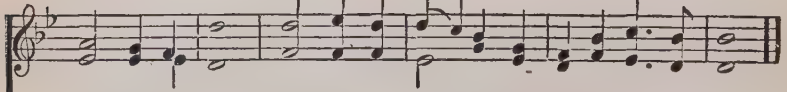
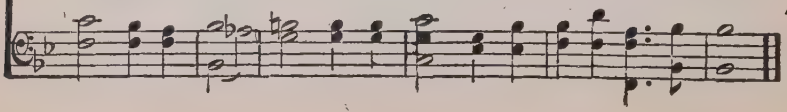


One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Thou lose one jew - el that should deck His crown. Pub-lish glad tid - ings;
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.





Tid-ings of peace; Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re-dem-ption and re-lease.



I Belong to the King.

Ida L. Reed. Maurice A. Clifton.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His pal-ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And His chil-dren in splen-dor shall share.

2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mer-cy and kindness, so free, Are unceas-ing-ly mine, wher-so-ev-er I go, And my ref-uge un-fail-ing is He.

3. I be-long to the King, and His promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last In His kindness a-bove, by life's waters so pure, When this life with its tri-als are past.

CHORUS.

I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, And He nev-er for-sak-eth His own; He will call me some day to His pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by His glo-ri-fied throne.

The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell. Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wander'd o'er
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia-monds, of
earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reign - ing for -
choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full,—He has rich - es un - told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
name's writ-ten down,—An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King. The child of a King!

ad lib.

With Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King!

When I See the Blood.

J. G. F. and E. A. H. J. F. H.

1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus will save; All He has prom - ised,
3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv - ing
4. Oh, great com-pas - sion! O bound-less love! O lov - ing kind - ness,

paid all His due; Sprin - kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
that will He do; Wash in the foun - tain o - pened for sin,
just - ly His due; Hide in the sav - ing sin - cleans-ing blood,
faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood,

CHORUS.

And I will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
see the blood, o - ver you.

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When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re -
3. Dark-est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un - fad- ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti- fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vic-t'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in,..... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in. When love shines in.

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When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in,..... When
When love shines in; When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in,

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in.

When love shines in, When love shines in.

155 Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Man of Sorrows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ransomed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

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Love Found a Way.

Constance B. Ried. Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Won - der - ful love that res-cued me, Sunk deep in sin, Guilt - y and
2. Love bro't my Sav-iour here to die On Cal - va - ry, For such a
3. Love o-pened wide the gates of light To heav'n's do - main, Where in e -

vile as I could be— No hope with - in; When ev - 'ry ray of light had fled,
sin - ful wretch as I, How can it be? Love bridged the gulf twixt me and heav'n,
ter-nal pow'r and might Je - sus shall reign; Love lift - ed me from depths of woe

O glo - rious day! Rais-ing my soul from out the dead, Love found a way.
Taught me to pray; I am redeemed, set free, for-giv'n, Love found a way.
To end - less day, There was no help in earth be - low, Love found a way.

CHORUS.

Love found a way..... to re - deem my soul,.... Love found a
a way to re-deem my soul,

way..... that could make me whole;... Love sent my Lord.... to the
a way could make me whole; my Lord

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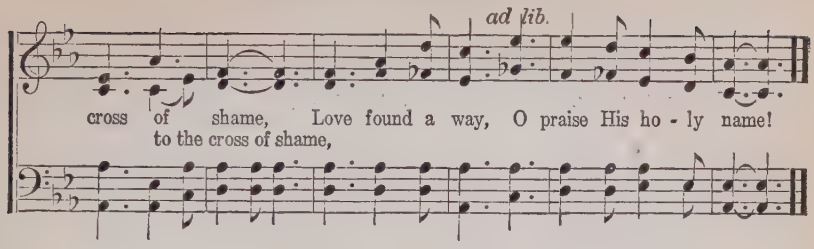
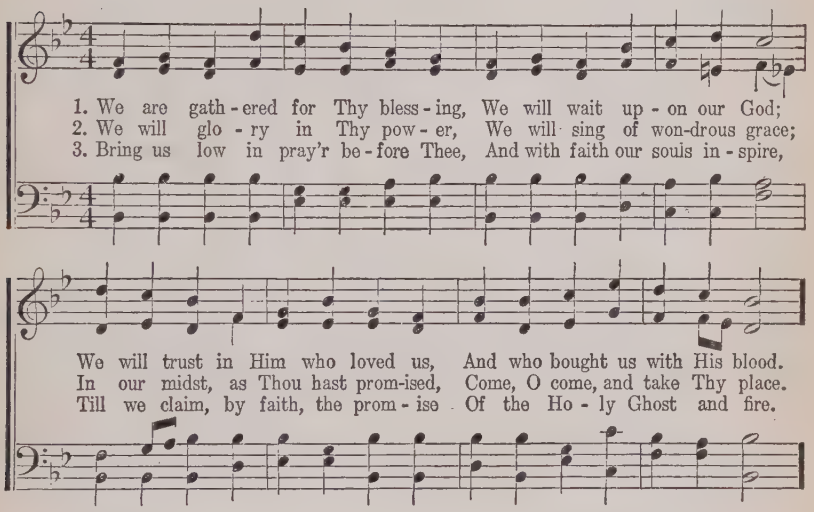
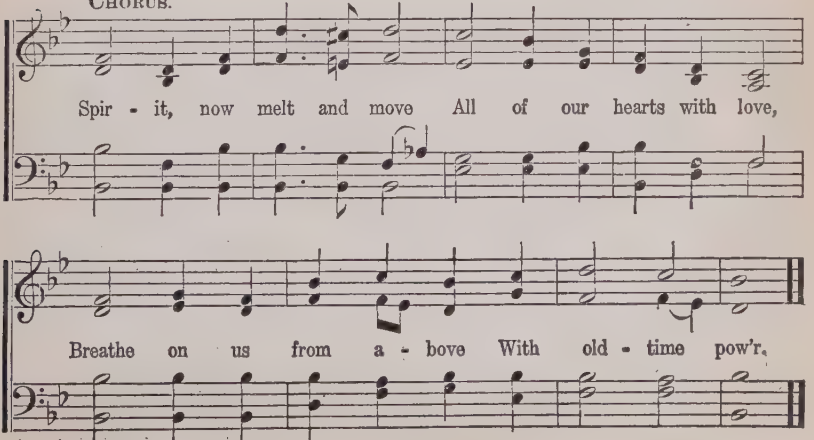


157 Old-Time Power.

P. R. Paul Rader.



CHORUS.



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At the Battle's Front.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness un-furled, Full sal -
3. Is your name, friend, en-rolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you

fight may be long and the strug-gle fierce and strong; With the ar - mor of
va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dy - ing world; Tho' the darts thick and
dare now to stand with the Saviour's faith-ful few? Will you join with me

God and the Spir-it's trusty sword, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
fast from the en - e-my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
now and the cov - e-nant re-new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.

CHORUS.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar- my. The triumph shouting, the foe we're
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

rout- ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, Marching
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

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At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.

on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glo-rious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, And the God of bat- tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glorious ar - my, At the front of the battle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

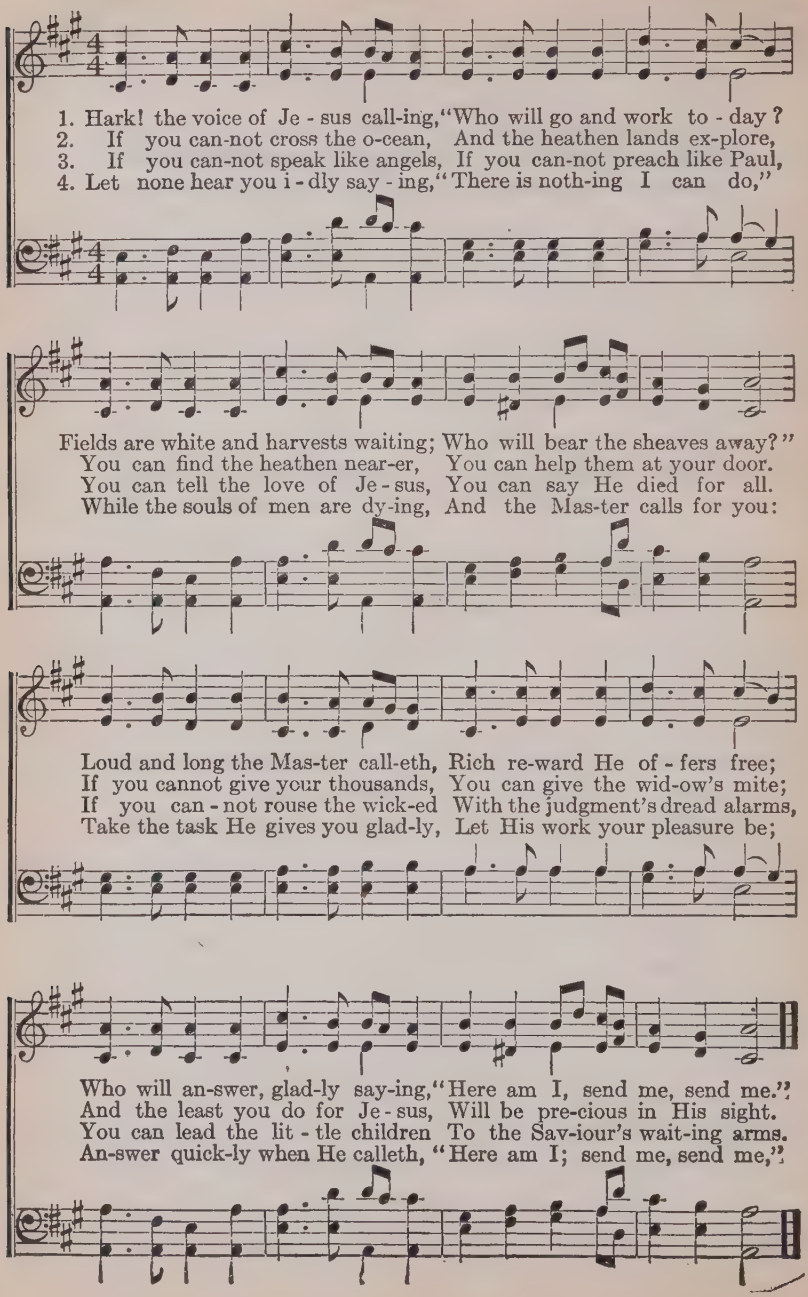
159 There Are Angels Hovering Round.

1. There are an - gels hov -'ring round, There are an - gels hov-'ring
2. To car - ry the ti - dings home, To car - ry the ti- dings
3. For sin - ners are com - ing home, For sin- ners are com- ing
4. And Je - sus bids them come, And Je - sus bids them

round, There are an - gels, an - gels hov - 'ring round.
home, To car - ry,..... car - ry..... the ti - dings home.
home, For sin - ners,..... sin - ners..... are com - ing home.
come, And Je - sus, Je - sus bids them come.

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

DANIEL MARCH. (Disciple.) MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.



My Jesus!

Helen T. Hachtel. L. B. Lathem.

1. My Je - sus! I love Thee! I love Thee! No lov - er with Thee can compare;
2. My Je - sus! Thy blood hath redeemed me, From sin and the curse set me free;
3. My Je - sus! dear *living* Re-deem- er, Thy grace ful- ly jus - ti- fies me,
4. My Je - sus what riches in glo - ry Are mine now, and ev-er to be,

Thou sweet Rose of Sharon so fra-grant, Thou One amongst thousands so fair.
Now I am Thy purchased pos-ses-sion, I love Thee, for dy- ing for me.
And I am a child of the Fa- ther; He loves me, e'en as He loves Thee!
In Thee dwells the God-head in ful - ness, And I am complete, Lord, in Thee.

CHORUS.

I love Thee! I love Thee! Thou dear, dying Sav- iour, Giv - ing Thy
Giv-ing Thy life,

life..... a lost world..... to re - gain..... I love Thee, I
Giving Thy life a lost world to re-gain.

love Thee, Thou living Redeem-er, Ris - en, as-cend-ed, and com-ing to reign!

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162 Believe On the Lord Jesus Christ.

Christian B. Anson. Harry D. Clarke.

1. "What must I do?" the tremb-ling jail-or cried, When dazed by fear and won-der. "Be-lieve on Christ!" was all that Paul re-plied,
2. What must I do! O wea-ry, tremb-ling soul, Just turn to-day to Je-sus, He will re-ceive, for-give and make thee whole—
3. His blood is all thy plea for sav-ing grace, The pre-cious fount of cleans-ing! O come, ac-cept His love, be-hold His face,

CHORUS.

"And thou shalt be saved from sin." Be-lieve on the Lord Je-sus Christ, Be-lieve on the Lord Je-sus Christ, Be-lieve on the Lord Je-sus Christ, And thou shalt be saved!
Christ a-lone can set thee free. Be-lieve
And be saved for ev-er-more. Be-lieve
Be-lieve
Be-lieve

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We Will Send It Out.

P. R.

PAUL RADER.

1. Glo - rious is the gos - pel mes - sage, Might - y mes-sage
2. Glo - rious is the chance to take it To a world in
3. Glo - rious is the crown that fol - lows, For the one who

from a - bove; Filled with light and rev - el - a - tion, Filled with
dark-ness bound; Let us quick - ly run and tell them, All this
bears the news; For the one who gives his mon - ey, All we

CHORUS.—(*Jesus Paid it All.*)

God's life-giving love.
wicked world a - round. We will send it out! We will send it out!
have and are, Lord, use!

All the world the news must hear, Lord, we will send it out.

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He Hideth My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord. A
2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He
3. With num - ber- less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And
4. When clothed in His bright- ness trans - port - ed I rise To

won - der - ful Sav - iour to me; He hid - eth my
tak - eth my bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me
filled with His ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my
meet Him in clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal -

soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
up, and I shall not be moved, He giv - eth me strength as my day.
rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God For such a Re-deem - er as mine!
va - tion, His won - der-ful love, I'll shout with the mil-lions on high.

CHORUS.

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad-ows a

dry, thirst-y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,

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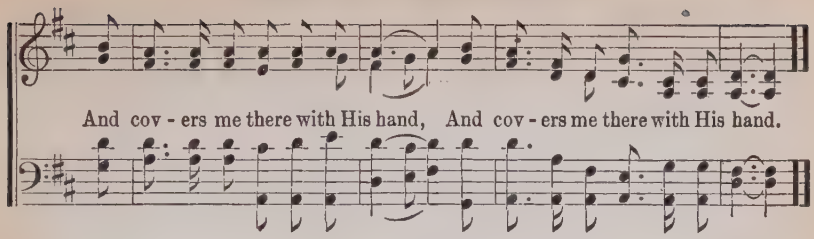
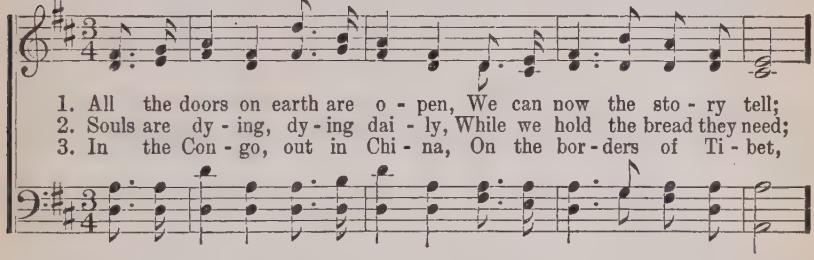
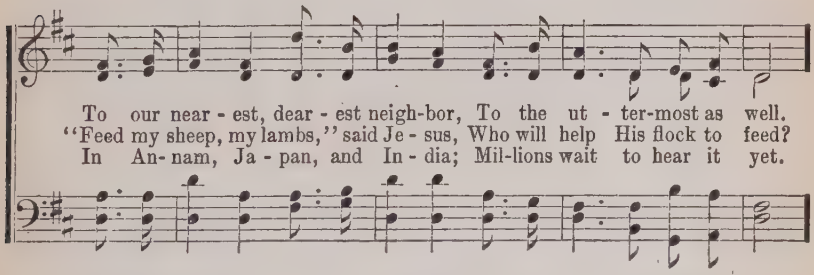
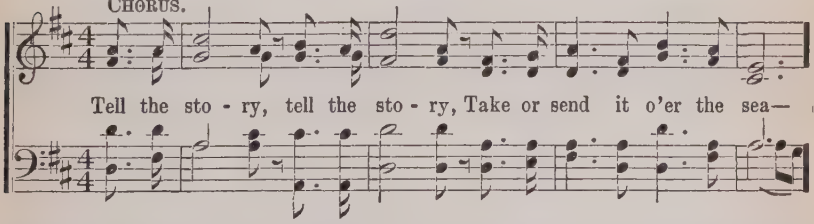


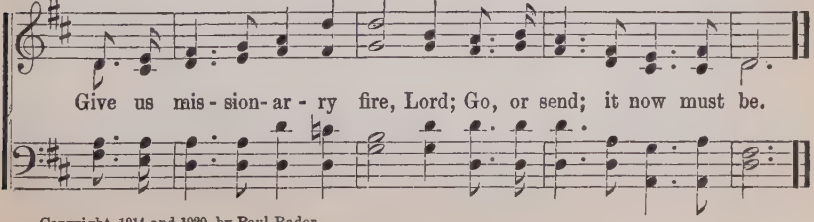
165 Tell the Story.

P. R. Paul Rader.









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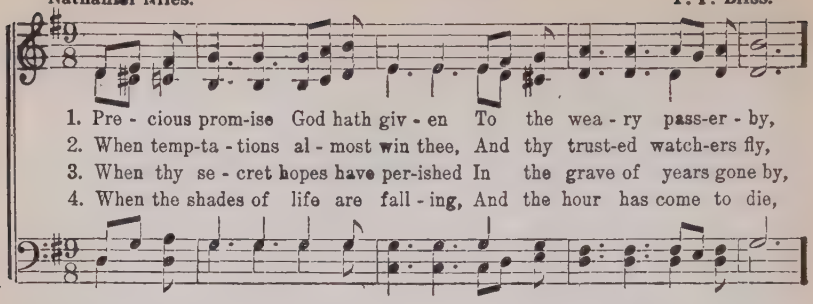
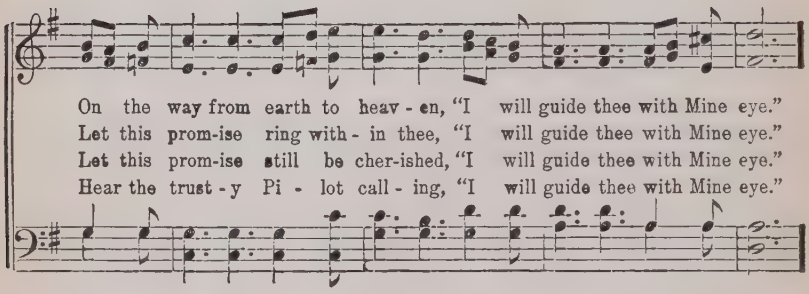
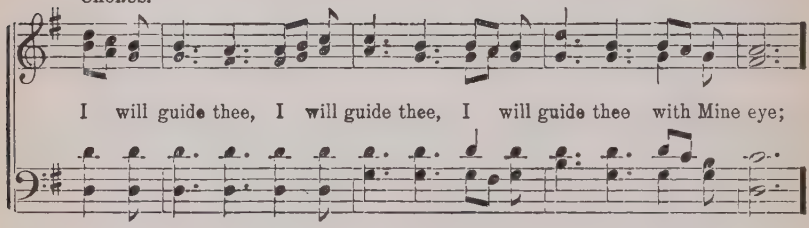
Precious Promise.

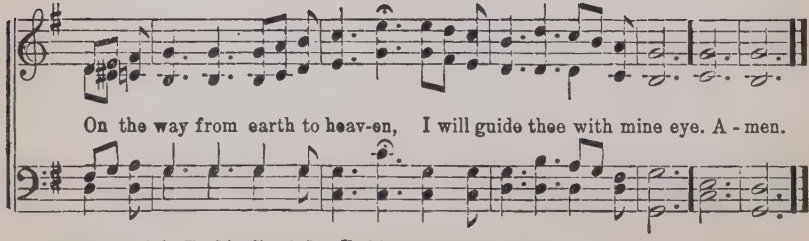
Nathaniel Niles. P. P. Bliss.





CHORUS.





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The Broken Heart.

T. D. T. DENNIS.

1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je-sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they plac'd the crown of thorns Upon His love - ly brow,
3. Have you read that He sav'd the dy- ing thief, When hanging on the tree,
4. Have you read that He look'd to heav'n and said, It's finished—'twas for thee?

Where your debt was paid by His pre-cious blood That gush'd from His wounded side?
When He pray'd, for-give them, oh! for-give; They know not what they do?
Who look'd with pit- y-ing eyes and said, Dear Lord, re- mem-ber me?
Have you ev - er said, I thank Thee, Lord, For giving Thy life for me?

CHORUS.

He died of a bro- ken heart for thee, He died of a bro-ken heart.

Oh, wondrous love! it was for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart.

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Jesus is the Friend You Need.

Ada Powell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have you wandered from the Shepherd's fold a - way, In - to ways for - bid - den have you gone a - stray? Are you still in darkness, long - ing for the day? Je - sus is the Friend you need.
2. Are you dai - ly burdened with a heav - y load, As you trav - el in the straight and nar-row road? Are you striv - ing to be loy - al, pure and good? Je - sus is the Friend you need.
3. Would you dwell with - in the man - sions of the blest? Does your wea - ry heart still long for peace-ful rest? You will find the pil - grim way is al - ways best, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Friend you need, Je - sus is the Friend you need; Let His love and light be yours to shine a-way the night, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

Je - sus is the Friend you need, is the Friend you need;

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Only Jesus.

Avis B. Christiansen. Lance B. Latham.

1. I've found a ref - uge from life's care in Je - sus, I am
2. I've found a pre-cious joy in know-ing Je - sus, Nev - er
3. I've found a bless-ed hope di - vine in Je - sus, 'Tis a

hid - ing in His love di - vine; He ful - ly un - der-stands my
dreamed of in this world of woe; No clouds, how-ev - er dark, can
Day Star ev - er shin - ing bright; It fills my earth - ly way with

soul's deep long - ing, And He whis - pers soft - ly "Thou art mine."
dim the ra - diance Of the heav'n - ly light He doth be - stow.
heav'n-ly glo - ry, And it turns life's dark-ness in - to light.

REFRAIN.

On - ly Je - sus! On - ly Je - sus! On - ly He can sat - is - fy;

Ev - 'ry bur - den becomes a bless - ing, When I know my Lord is nigh.

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Our Refuge.

Flora Kirkland. DEUT. 33: 27. I. H. Meredith.

1. Do the waves of trou-ble rise o'er-whelm-ing? Is thy sky with tem-pest o-ver-cast? Flee to God, thy nev-er-fail-ing Ref-uge,
2. He will hear and heed thy cry ap-peal-ing, He will turn no bur-dened soul a-way; What-so-e'er thy trou-ble, He can help thee,
3. There is balm for ev-'ry earth-ly sor-row In this won-drous Ref-uge of the soul, And a hid-ing-place from ev-'ry tem-pest,

REFRAIN.

He will shield thee till the storm is past.
Wilt thou trust His mighty arm to-day? "The e-ter-nal God is thy Ref-uge, The e-ter-nal God is thy Ref-uge, And un-der-
Where no swell-ing tide of woe can roll.
neath are the ev-er-last-ing arms, the ev-er-last-ing arms."

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171

Blessed Calvary.

Christian B. Anson. Lance B. Latham.

1. I look at the cross up - on Cal - va - ry, And oh, what a
2. I find at the cross bless - ed vic - to - ry, And grace for each
3. The cross is my hope for e - ter - ni - ty, No mer - it have

won - der di - vine, ... To think of the wealth it holds for me—The
step of my way..... The fount of God's love is flow - ing free, And
I of my own;..... The shed blood of Christ my on - ly plea—My

CHORUS.

rich - es of heav - en are mine.
sweet - er it grows day by day. Bless - ed Cal - va - ry! Precious
trust is in Je - sus a - lone.

Cal - va - ry! 'Neath thy shad - ow I'll ev - er a - bide..... Bless - ed

Cal - va - ry! Precious Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there Je - sus suf-fered and died.

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There is Power In the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whit - er—much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je- sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,

won-der-working pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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Verily, Verily.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, what a Sav-iour, that He died for me! From con-dem-
2. All my in-iq-ui-ties on Him were laid, All my in-
3. Tho' poor and need-y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
4. Tho' all un-wor-thy, yet I will not doubt, For Him that

na-tion He hath made me free; "He that be-liev-eth on the
debt-ed-ness by Him was paid; All who be-lieve on Him, the
sin-ful I be-lieve His word; O glad mes-sage! ev-'ry
com-eth, He will not cast out; "He that be-liev-eth," Oh, the

CHORUS.

Son," saith He, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
Lord hath said, "Have ev-er-last-ing life."
child of God, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
good news shout, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
} "Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly,

I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly," mes-sage ev-er new;

"He that be-liev-eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."

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Go and Tell.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Send the gos-pel of sal-va-tion, To a world of dy-ing men;
2. 'Tis the church's great commis-sion, 'Tis the Mas-ter's last command;
3. Tell it out to Chi-na's mil-lions, Tell it out in fair Ja-pan;
4. 'Mid the lone Tib-e-tan mountains, By the Or-i-no-co's strand;
5. Christ is gath'ring out a peo-ple, To His name from ev-'ry race;
6. Give the gos-ple as a wit-ness, To a world of sin-ful men;

1. dy-ing men;

Tell it out to ev-'ry na-tion, 'Till the Lord shall come a-gain.
Christ has died for ev-'ry crea-ture, Tell it out in ev-'ry land.
Tell it by the might-y Con-go, Tell it in the dark Sou-dan.
O'er the burning plains of In-dia, Tell it out in ev-'ry land.
Haste to give the in-vi-ta-tion Ere shall end the day of grace.
Till the Bride shall be com-plet-ed, And the Lord shall come a-gain.

CHORUS.

Go and tell.....them, go and tell them, Je-sus died for sin-ful men;
go and tell go and tell, sin-ful men;

Go and tell them, go and tell them, He is com-ing back a-gain.
a-gain.

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175 I Know His Love is Mine.

Avis B. Christiansen. Albert Allen Ketchum.

1. Oh! the Love that gave my Lord to die on Cal - va - ry! Matchless
2. Oh! the Love that sought me when I wan-dered far a - way! Bid-ding
3. Oh! the Love that o-pened wide the gates of Gold on high! For His

Love un- told, pur - er far than gold; Love that of-fered all up - on the
me come in from the paths of sin; Pleading with me gen- tly ev-'ry
ran-somed own, round the Heav'nly throne; Love Di-vine, I'll un-der-stand it

CHORUS.

Cross to set me free, This is the Love of Christ for me.
hour, ev-'ry day, Such was the Love of Christ for me. Precious Love, oh,
ful - ly bye and bye, Oh! Wondrous Love of Christ for me.

wondrous Love Di-vine—Can it be this matchless Love is mine? Yes! its pow - er

thrills me, and its glo-ry fills me, Praise His Name, I know His love is mine.

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He Is Coming Again.

M. J. C. Mable Johnston Camp.

1. Lift up your heads, Pil-grims a-wea-ry, See day's ap-proach Now
2. Dark was the night, Sin warred a-gainst us; Heav-y the load Of
3. O bless-ed hope! O bliss-ful prom-ise! Fill-ing our hearts With
4. E-ven so, come, Pre-cious Lord Je-sus; Cre-a-tion waits Re-

crim-son the sky; Night shad-ows flee, And your Be-lov-ed, A-
sor-row we bore; But now we see Signs of His com-ing; Our
rap-ture di-vine; O day of days! Hail Thy ap-pear-ing! Thy
demp-tion to see; Caught up in clouds, Soon we shall meet Thee; O

CHORUS.

wait-ed with long-ing, At last draw-eth near.
hearts glow with-in us, Joy's cup run-neth o'er! He is com-ing a-
tran-scend-ent glo-ry For-ev-er shall shine.
bless-ed as-sur-ance, For-ev-er with Thee!

gain, He is com-ing a-gain, The ver-y same Je-sus, Re-

ject-ed of men; He is com-ing a-gain, He is com-ing a-gain,

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He Is Coming Again. Concluded.

With pow'r and great glo - ry, He is com - ing a - gain!
is com-ing a - gain!

177 Hallelujah to Thy Name!

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. C. H. MARSH.

Unison.

1. O Thou God of end - less days, Who can ut - ter all Thy praise?
2. Thou has giv - en us Thy word, From Thy heart our hearts have heard.
3. Thou hast full a - tone-ment made, And for all the ran - som paid.
4. Thou hast by Thy Spir - it's light Shined a - way our spir - it's night.
5. Thou hast pledged Thy pres-ence here, Near - er than our sor - rows, near.
6. Thou hast prom-ised full re - ward, All in all art Thou, O Lord.

Hal - le - lu - jah to Thy name, Hal - le - lu - jah, we a - dore;

rit.

Hal - le - lu - jah! to Thy name, O for grace to love Thee more.

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Hallelujah! Praise His Name.

J. E. M. J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I once was load - ed down with sin, but Je - sus came a - long; Hal - le -
2. How ma - ny times I stumbled, bear - ing such a heav - y load; Hal - le -
3. The grace of God is flow - ing from the Cross of Cal - va - ry; Hal - le -

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Now I am free and in my heart I have a
lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! But Je - sus took my bur - dens, led me to the
lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py, for I know that there is grace e -

CHORUS.

hap - py song; Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name.
narrow road; Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His
nough for me; Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name.

His name.

ho - ly name! Hal - le - lu - jah, He's ev - 'ry day the same; My sins are all for -

rit.

giv - en, I'm on my way to heaven, I'll shout His name forever; Praise His name.

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Sing Hallelujah.

A. S. R.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

1. I will lift my voice in praise un - to my King, While the
2. O His bless - ings fall up - on me like a show'r, In re-
3. What a joy when I shall see that match-less sight, In the

hal - le - lu - jah an - thems glad - ly ring; Of His won - der - ful re-
fresh-ing drops of grace each day and hour; And in mer - cy He up-
realm of light and love where all is bright; In the glo - ry o - ver

deem - ing love I'll sing, The ev - er - last - ing love of Je - sus.
holds me by His pow'r, The wondrous grace and pow'r of Je - sus.
yon - der where no night Shall hide the bless-ed face of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to my Lord and King! Hal - le - lu - jah to His name!

rit.

For He par-doned all my tres - pass-es, He lift-ed me from my shame.

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By the Way of Redeeming Love.

A. S. R. Albert Simpson Reitz.

1. Oh, the love so full and free That the Lord be - stowed on me, When He bade me come To my heav'n - ly home By the way of re - deem - ing love.
2. On the cross His life He gave, Ev - 'ry dy - ing soul to save, And He points the way To the realms of day By the way of re - deem - ing love.
3. I will praise the Lord in song Till I join that blood-washed throng, Nev - er - more to roam When I reach my home By the way of re - deem - ing love.

CHORUS.

By the way of re - deem - ing love, By the way of re - deem - ing love; I'm go - ing home to glo - ry By the way of re - deem - ing love.

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Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,
3. I have a Wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,
4. I have a joy I can't ex - press, Since I have been re - deemed,
5. I have a home pre - pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,

Of my Re - deem - er, Sav - iour King, Since I have been re-deemed.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re-deemed.
Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deemed.
All through His blood and right-eous-ness, Since I have been re-deemed.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deemed.

CHORUS.

Since I..... have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,
Since I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

I will glo - ry in His name; Since I..... have been re-
Since I have been re-deemed, since

deemed, I will glo - ry in the Sav - iour's name.
I have been re-deemed,

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182 **Not I, But Christ.**

A. A. F. A. B. Simpson.

1. Not I but Christ, be hon-ored, loved, ex - alt - ed; Not I, but
2. Not I but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row; Not I, but
3. Christ, on - ly Christ, no i - dol ev - er fall - ing; Christ, on - ly
4. Not I but Christ, my ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing; Not I, but
5. Christ, on - ly Christ, ere long will fill my vis - ion; Glo - ry ex -

Christ, be seen, be known, be heard; Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry
Christ to wipe the fall - ing tear: Not I, but Christ, to lift the
Christ, no need - less bust - ling sound; Christ, on - ly Christ, no self - im -
Christ, my strength and health to be; Christ, on - ly Christ, for bod - y,
cell - ing soon, full soon I'll see—Christ, on - ly Christ, my ev - 'ry

look and ac - tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry tho't and word.
wea - ry bur - den; Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.
port - ant bear - ing; Christ, on - ly Christ, no trace of "I" be found.
soul, and spir - it; Christ, on - ly Christ, live then Thy life in me.
wish ful - fill - ing—Christ, on - ly Christ, my all in all to be.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

O to be saved from my-self, dear Lord, O to be lost in Thee,

O that it might be no more I, but Christ, that lives in me.

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183 O Comforter, Gentle and Tender.

A. B. S. Dr. A. B. Simpson.

1. O Com-fort-er, gen-tle and ten - der, O ho- ly and heav-en-ly Dove;
2. Come strong as the wind o'er the o - cean, Or soft as the breathing of morn,
3. O come as the heart-searching fire,... O come as the sin-cleansing flood;
4. A - noint us with gladness and heal - ing; Baptize us with pow'r from on high;

We're yielding our hearts in sur-ren - der, We're waiting Thy fulness to prove.
Sub - du-ing our spirit's com- mo - tion And cheering when hearts are for-lorn.
Con - sume us with ho- ly de - sire..... And fill with the fulness of God.
O come with Thy filling and seal - ing While low at Thy footstool we lie.

CHORUS.

We're wait - ing, we're wait - ing For Thee, O heav-en - ly Dove;
I'm wait - ing, I'm wait - ing For Thee, O heav-en - ly Dove;
wait - ing, wait - ing, wait-ing for Thee,

We're yielding our hearts to sur-ren - der, We're waiting Thy fulness to prove.
I'm yielding my heart in sur-ren - der, I'm waiting Thy fulness to prove.

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Resurrection Life.

T. Ryder

Paul Rader.

1. "Bur - ied with Christ," and raised with Him too; What is there
2. "Ris - en with Christ," my glo - ri - ous Head, Ho - li - ness
3. Liv - ing with Christ, who "di - eth no more," Fol - low - ing
4. Liv - ing for Christ, my mem - bers I yield, Serv - ants to

left for me to do? Sim - ply to cease from
now the path I tread, Beau - ti - ful thought, while
Christ, who goes be - fore; I am from bond - age
God, for ev - er sealed, "Not un - der law," I'm

struggling and strife, Sim - ply to "walk in new - ness of life."
walk - ing there-in: "He that is dead is freed from all sin."
ut - ter - ly freed, Reck - on - ing self as now "dead in - deed."
now "un - der grace," Sin is de-throned, and Christ takes its place.

CHORUS.

Walk - ing, I'm walk - ing in new - ness of life, Free from the

strug - gle and free from the strife; Trust - ing and rest - ing and

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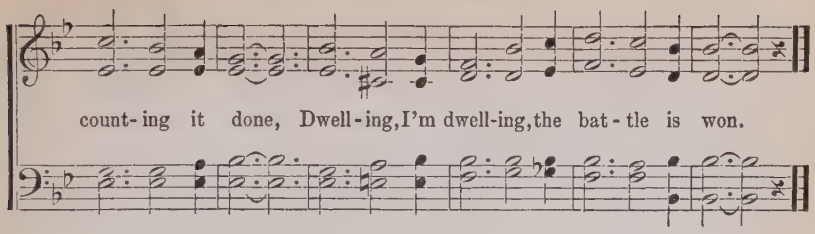
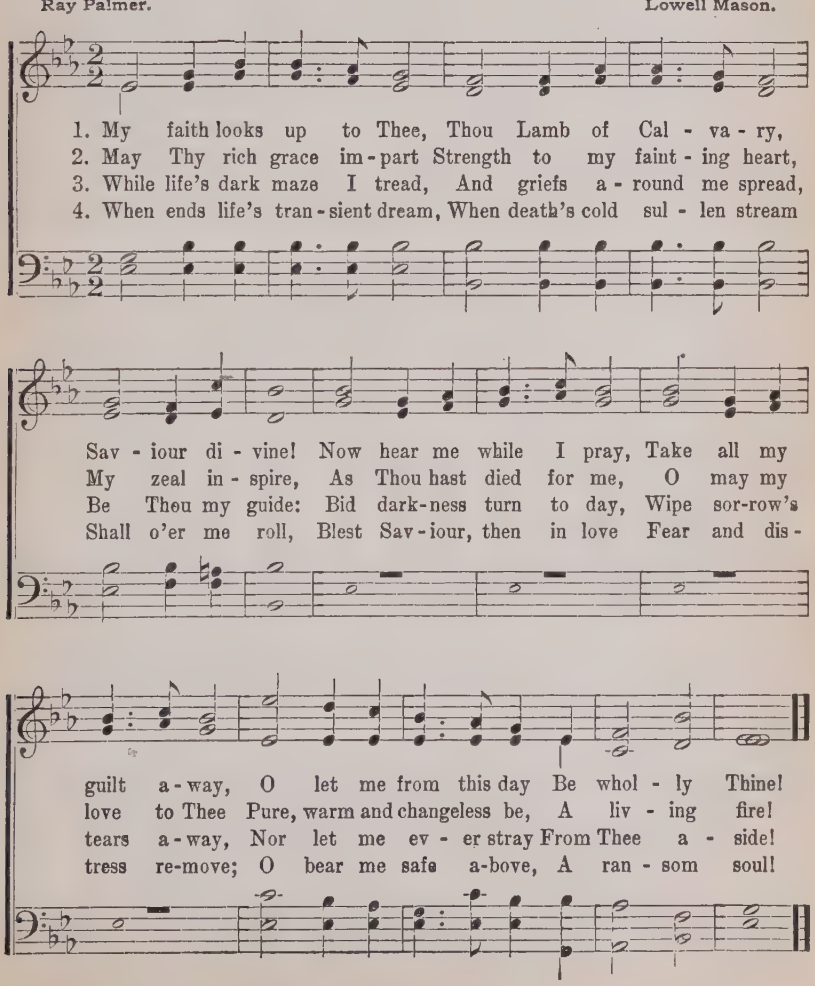


185 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

(Olivet.)

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



My Saviour First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life work is end- ed, and I cross the swell- ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His bless - ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo- ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot- less white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus - tre of His kind- ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears shall ev - er fall; In the glad song of a- ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home, But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
min - gle with de- light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know.....Him, I shall know Him, As redeemed by His side I shall stand,
I shall know

I shall know.....Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know

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He Was Not Willing.

L. R. M. Lucy R. Meyer.

1. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Je-sus en-throned in the
2. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish:" Clothed in our flesh with its
3. Plen - ty for pleas-ure, but lit - tle for Je -sus; Time for the world, with its
4. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Am I His fol - low - er,

:S:

glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fall - en world, pit - ied our sor - rows,
sor - row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, com - fort the mourn-er,
troub-les and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed - ing the hun - gry,
and can I live Long - er at ease with a soul go - ing down-ward,

D. S.—*Je - sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,*
D. S.—*Je - sus is call - ing thee, haste to the reap - ing,*
D. S.—*We are so wea - ry, so heav - i - ly la - den,*
D. S.—*Ban - ish our world - li - ness, help us to ev - er*

FINE.

Poured out His life for us—won- der - ful love! Per - ish-ing, per - ish - ing!
Heal the heart bro-ken by sor - row and shame. Per - ish-ing, per - ish - ing!
Lift - ing lost souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish-ing, per - ish - ing!
Lost for the lack of the help I might give? Per - ish-ing, per - ish - ing!

No one to lift them from sin and de - spair.
Thou shalt have souls, pre-cious souls for thy hire.
And with long weep-ing our eyes have grown dim."
Live with e - ter - ni - ty's val - ues in view.

D. S.

Thronging our path-way, Hearts break with burdens too heav - y to bear,
Har - vest is pass - ing, Reap-ers are few and the night draw-eth near,
Hark, how they call us: "Bring us your Sav-iour, oh, tell us of Him!
Thou wast not will - ing; Mas-ter, for - give, and in - spire us a - new;

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The Cross Is Not Greater.

B. B. Ballington Booth.

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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Far, Far On the Other Side.

PAUL RADER. ARTHUR W. McKEE.

1. I've en - tered the land dear - ly bought by His blood, Passed o - ver
2. The gi - ants are con - quered the spies said were here, Je - sus is
3. The man - na is gone and the corn is my food, Dead to the

Jor - dan sur - rend - ered to God; I've found His suf - fi - cien - cy
vic - tor I need have no fear, Sum - mer in win - ter and
world and I'm liv - ing in God, I've ceased say - ing can't since I

here in this land, Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er.
joy all the year, Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er.
found that He could,— Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Far, far on the oth-er side, I'm liv - ing a-cross the riv - er; Burned are the

bridg - es twixt me and the world, Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er.

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190 He'll Walk with Me All the Way.

L. J. Williams. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I know that my Sav - iour will nev - er for - sake, I know that my faith in Him nev - er will shake; My jour - ney a path - way of glad - ness He'll make, He'll walk with me all the way.
2. He'll lead me in paths that are pleas - ant and green, And show me new glo - ries, so long since un - seen; His hand will I hold all se - cure and se - rene, He'll walk with me all the way.
3. My eyes will new beau - ty and glo - ry per-ceive, As dai - ly His bless - ing life's tan - gles un- weave; I'll hold to His hand and no more let Him leave; He'll walk with me all the way.

CHORUS.

He'll walk with me all the way, ... He'll walk with me all the way, ...
He'll walk with me all the way, He'll walk with me all the way,
He'll help me o'er sin the vic - t'ry to win, And walk with me all the way.

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Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp *Very slow.*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me, See on the por - tals He's waiting and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are coming,
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.

Watching for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.
} Come home, come home,
Come home, come home,

cres. *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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Living in the Glory.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. May Agnew Stephens.

1. I have found a heav'n be - low, I am liv - ing in the glo - ry;
2. Storms of sor - row 'round me fall, But I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry;
3. Sa - tan can - not touch my heart While I'm liv-ing in the glo - ry;
4. I can tri-umph o - ver pain While I'm liv-ing in the glo - ry;
5. I am poor and lit - tle known, But I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry;
6. Soon the King will come for me, To be with Him in the glo - ry;

O the joy and strength I know, Liv-ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.
I can sing a - bove them all, Liv-ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.
This dis-arms each fier - y dart, Liv-ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.
I can count each loss a gain, Liv-ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.
And I'm wait - ing for a throne, Liv-ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.
Then my sweet-er song shall be Reigning in the glo - ry of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry, As He promised in His word;
glo - ry, glo - ry,

I am dwelling in the heav'n - lies, Liv-ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.

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The Regions Beyond.

A. B. Simpson. Margaret M. Simpson.

1. To the re-gions beyond I must go, I must go, Where the sto - ry has
2. To the hard - est of plac - es He calls me to go, Not think - ing of
3. Oh, ye that are spending your leisure and pow'rs, In pleas-ures so
4. There are other "lost sheep" that the Master must bring, And they must the

nev-er been told; (been told;) To the millions that nev-er have heard of His love,
com-fort or ease; (or ease;) The world may pro-nounce me a dream-er, a fool,
fool-ish and fond; (and fond;) A - wake from your self-ish-ness, fol-ly and sin,
mes-sage be told; (be told;) He sends me to gath-er them out of all lands,

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

I must tell the sweet sto - ry of old. (of old.) To the re - - gions be-
E - - nough if the Master I please. (I please.)
And go to the re-gions be-yond. (be - yond.)
And wel-come them back to His fold. (His fold.) I must go,

yond, I must go, I must go, Till the
I must go, To the re - gions be - yond I must go,

rit.

world, all the world, His sal - va - - tion shall know.
Till the world, all the world, His salvation shall know, shall know.

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'Tis Burning in My Soul.

Delia T. White. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. God sent His might-y pow'r To this poor, sin - ful heart, To
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A
3. No good that I have done, His prom-ise I em-brace; Ac -

keep me ev-'ry hour, And need-ful grace im-part; And since His Spir-it came,
will-ing off'ring now My all from day to day. My Sav-iour paid the price,
cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by His grace. All glo-ry be to God!

To take supreme control, The love-en-kindled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name He sweet-ly calls; Up-on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal-le-lu-jahs roll; His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burn-ing in my soul; The fire of heav'nly

love is burn-ing in my soul, The Ho-ly Spir-it came, All
burning in my soul,

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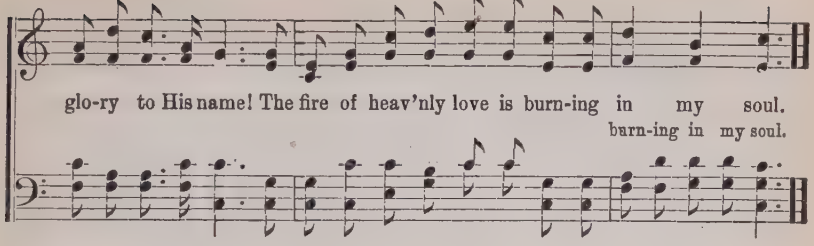
'Tis Burning In My Soul.—Concluded.



195 When I Survey.

Isaac Watts. Anon.

Andante.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
All earth-ly gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

CHORUS.

It was on the Cross He shed His blood, It was there He was cru-ci-fied;

But He rose a-gain, and lives in my heart, Where all is peace and per-fect love.

Jesus Giveth Us the Victory.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. There's a battle raging in the heav'nly places, Sin and death and sickness with
2. Faith can hear our Captain calling from the heavens, "Courage, brother, I have
3. We are led by one who nev-er lost a bat - tle, And our ad-ver sa - ry
4. Let us take the vic-t'ry, o - ver Satan's kingdom, O - ver sickness, sorrow,

Sa - tan lead-ing on: With the hosts of earth and hell ar-rayed a-gainst us,
o - ver come for you, Fear not, I am with you, I will nev - er fail you,
is a conquered foe; We are more than conq rors, thro' our Captain's triumph;
self and sin; Let us bear the ban - ner, o'er the lands of dark-ness

CHORUS.

How in all our weakness shall the fight be won?
Trusting in my prom-ise, you shall con-quer too." Je - sus giv - eth us the
Let us shout the vic - t'ry as we on - ward go.
Till the foes' last stronghold we for Christ shall win.

vic - to - ry, He who o - ver-came on Cal - va - ry, O - ver-comes a-

f

gain in you and me. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus gives us vic - to - ry!

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197 Wonderful, Unfailing Friend.

A. S. R. Albert Simpson Reitz.

1. There nev - er was a tru - er Friend than Je - sus, He hears me when my
2. There nev - er was a tru - er Friend than Je - sus, My sor-rows He will
3. There nev - er was a tru - er Friend than Je - sus, He is my life and

heart for mercy pleads; (for mercy pleads;) And no one knows my burdens like my
al-ways with me share; (will with me share;) And since He bore His cross, my blessed
strength, my all in all; (my all in all;) Up - on the strong and lov-ing arms of

CHORUS.

Je- sus, For He a-lone can un-der-stand my needs.
Je- sus, There is no cross He will not help me bear. Won-der-ful, Un-
Je- sus My soul shall rest, and nev- er, nev- er fall.

failing Friend is Je - sus, He fills my soul with singing all the day;.....
yes, all the day;

Won-der-ful, Eternal Friend is Je-sus, And He'll go with me all the way....
all the way.

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Oh, It Is Wonderful.

Mabel J. Rosemon. (Soprano and Alto Duet.) Grant Colfax Tullar.

Smoothly.

1. In His un - dy - ing love Christ came from heav'n above, Came to re - deem us from death and de - spair;..... Come, then, make no de-lay, turn from thy sin a-way, Cast-ing on Him ev - 'ry sor-row and care.
2. While we in sin were dead, Christ the Re-deem - er bled, Suf-fered and sor - rowed on Cal - va - ry's tree;..... Matchless the love He showed, it was the debt we owed, Bless - ed the tho't, that He suf-fered for me.
3. Je - sus, the Ho - ly One, God's well - be - lov - ed Son, Of - fers to ran - som thy sin- bur-dened soul; ..... Pleads with thee ten - der - ly, will - ing to par-don thee; Yield to His love, let Him make thee whole.

rit.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won- der- ful, so ver - y won - der-ful, That we by grace should be Saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Oh, it is won- der- ful,

rit. *a tempo.*

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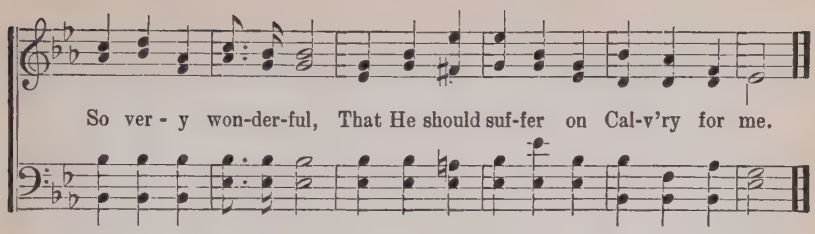
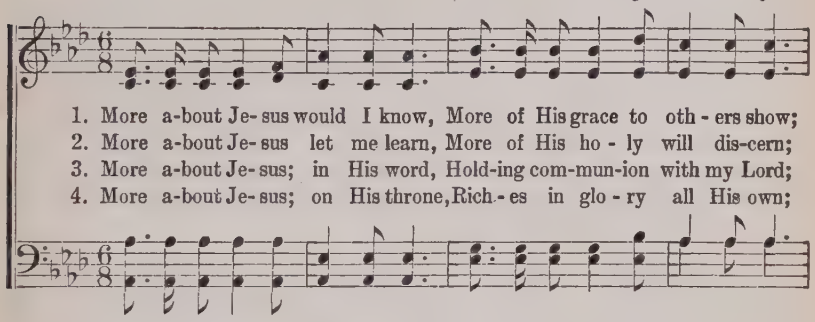
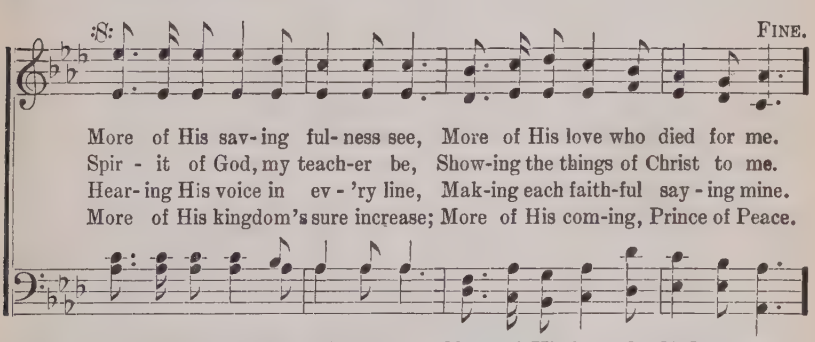
Oh, It Is Wonderful.—Concluded.



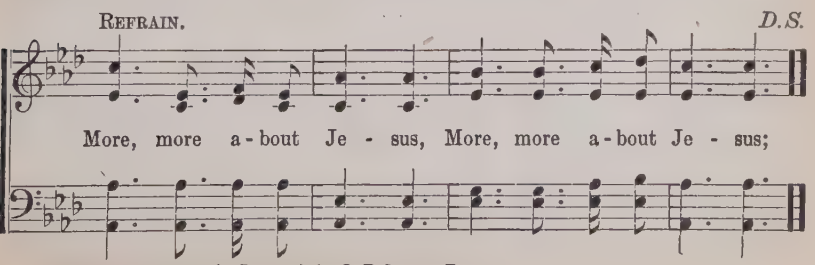
199 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.





D.S.—*More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*



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At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B. — I. Baltzell.

1. O Je- sus, Saviour, I long to rest, Near the cross where Thou hast died;
2. My dy- ing Je- sus, my Sav-iour, God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je- sus, Saviour, now make me Thine, Never let me stray from Thee;
4. The cleansing pow'r of Thy blood ap-ply, All my guilt and sin re-move;

For there is hope for the ach - ing breast; At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood, Ev-er keep me pure and clean.
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with per-fect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross
At the cross I'll a- bide, At the cross

I'll a - bide; At the cross I'll a - bide, There His
I'll a- bide,

blood is ap- plied at the cross I am sat - is - fied.

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201 In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. Spencer Walton. A. J. Gordon.

1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin, And
2. He washed the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed, A
4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face, While
5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest; I'm

on His shoul - ders brought me Back to His fold a - gain. While
whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine," I
mock - ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I
with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It
wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When

an - gels in His presence sang Un - til the courts of heav - en rang.
nev - er heard a sweet - er voice; It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
wondered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

brought me to the fold. Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

Grace.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.

1. There is mer - cy for the sin - ner; There is help for hard - est place;
2. Are you friendless, help-less, hope-less? Are you in life's hard - est case?
3. Have you failed in all your struggling? Have you fall - en in the race?
4. He is wait - ing to be gra - cious; Sin - ner, seek His bless ed face;
5. Tell it out to all the mil - lions Of our lost and sin - ful race,

There is ev - 'ry - thing for noth - ing In the Sav - iour's grace.
There is help this mo - ment for you In His glo - rious grace.
Cease from all your fruit - less striv-ing; Sim - ply take His grace.
He has come to seek and save you; Oh, ac - cept His grace.
There is mer - cy, bound-less mer - cy In the Fa - ther's grace.

CHORUS.

Mer - cy for the sin - ner; Help in hard - est place;

Ev - 'ry - thing for noth - ing— This is grace.

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In the Service of the King.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,

Oh, so hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth-ing else can bring,
Oh, so hap - py; Thro' the sun-shine and the shad- ow I can sing,
Oh, so hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,
Oh, so hap - py; All that I pos-sess to Him I glad - ly bring,

CHORUS.

In the serv - ice of the King. In the serv - ice of the King, Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will bring; I have peace and joy and bless - ing In the serv - ice of the King.

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I Will Say "Yes" to Jesus.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON. J. H. BURKE.

1. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, Oft it was "No" be - fore, As He
2. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, His prom - is - es I'll claim, And in
3. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, To all that He com-mands, I will
4. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, What-e'er His hands may bring; And, tho'

knocked at my heart's proud entrance, And I firm - ly barred the door; But I've
ev - ry cheque He en - dors - es I'll dare to write my name; I will
has - ten to do His bid-ding With will - ing heart and hands; I will
clouds hang o - ver my path-way, My trust - ing heart will sing; I will

made a com - plete sur - ren - der, And giv'n Him right of way, And
put my "A - men" wher-ev - er My God has put His "Yea," And
lis - ten to hear His whis - pers, And learn His will each day, And
fol - low wher-e'er He lead - eth, My Shep - herd knows the way, And

hence-forth it is al - ways "Yes," What-ev - er He may say.
ev - er bold - ly an - swer, "Yes," What-ev - er He may say.
al - ways glad - ly an - swer, "Yes," What-ev - er He may say.
while I live I'll an-swer, "Yes," What-ev - er He may say.

CHORUS.

I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, Yes, Lord, for - ev - er "Yes;" I'll

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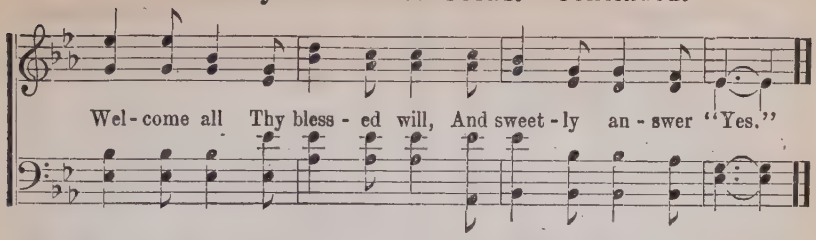
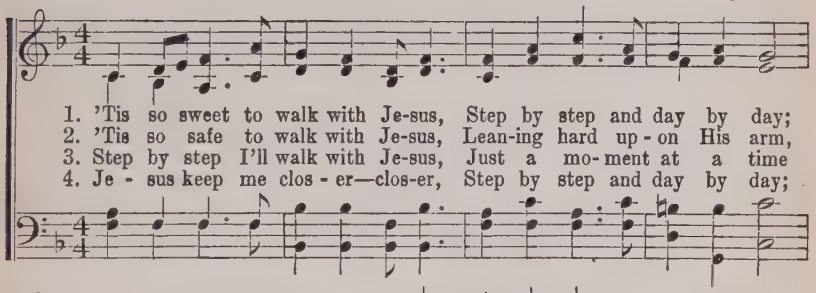
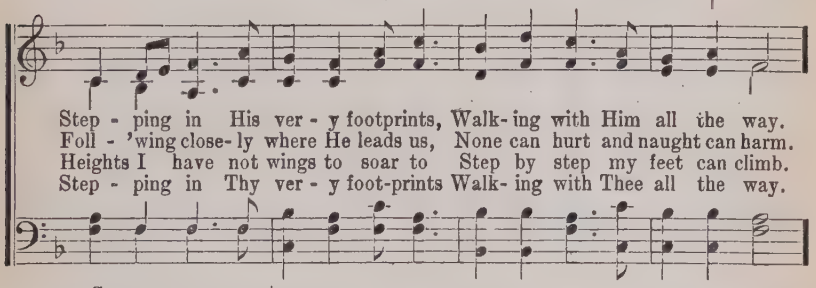
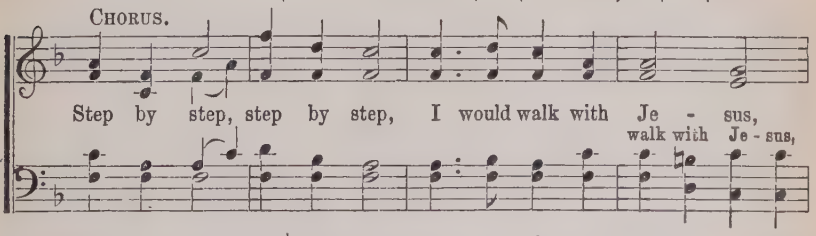


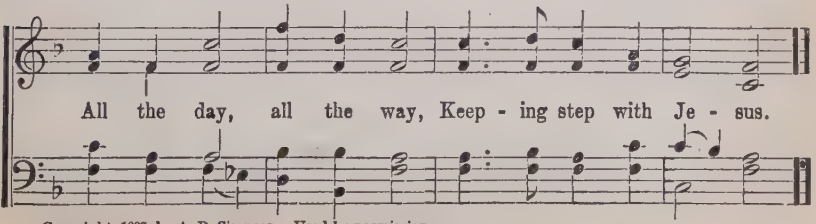
205 Step By Step.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.









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Launch Out.

A. B. Simpson. R. Kelso Carter.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di-vine, A bound-less and
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore And gaze on the
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And lin - ger so
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the floods of

fath-om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a - way the shore - line,
o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven-tured its depths to ex-plore,
near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat o'er the strand,
sal-va-tion e'er flow; Oh, let us be lost in the mer - cy of God,

CHORUS.

And be lost in the full - ness of God.
Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide. Launch out..... in-
Dash o'er them in floods ev - er-more. Oh, launch out
Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

to the deep, (in the deep), Oh, let the shore - line go; Launch

out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.

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207 Him That Cometh Unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Lis - ten to the bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet- er than the
2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y la - den, Joy - ful - ly the
3. Come, ye thirst - y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun-gry, come and
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sin - ful, Com- ing for His
5. Com - ing hum- bly, dai - ly to this Sav - iour, Breathing all the

notes of an - gel - song, Chim-ing soft - ly with a heav'n-ly ca - dence,
great sal - va- tion see; Close be-side thee stands the Burden Bear - er,
on His boun- ty feed; Not thy fit- ness is the plea to bring Him,
heal- ing touch di - vine, For the cleansing of the blood so pre - cious,
heart to Him in pray'r; Com-ing some day to the heav'nly man - sions,

CHORUS.

Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.
Strong to bear thy load and thee.
But thy press- ing ut - most need.
Prove a - new this gra - cious line.
He will give thee wel - come there.

Him that com - eth un - to Me, Him that com- eth un - to Me, Him that com - eth un - to Me,..... I will in no wise cast out.

un - to Me, un - to Me. un - to Me,

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I'm Redeemed.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. I can sing now the song Of the blood-ransomed throng In my soul there is peace, rest and
2. Oh! I know I'm a-live In the Lord, and I strive Un-to blood with the sin that would
3. I have grace for the day, I have help by the way, There is healing and comforting
4. In the storm and the night, In the midst of the flight Jesus puts in my hand vict'ry's

calm; I am free from all doubt, And I join in the shout, I'm redeemed by the
damn; As I walk in the light There is strength for the fight, I'm redeemed by the
balm; For my sickness there's health, For my poverty wealth, I'm redeemed by the
palm; O - ver - com-ing all foes, In the Lord I re-pose, I'm redeemed by the

CHORUS.

blood of the Lamb. I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed, Je - sus
I'm re-deemed,

saves me and keeps me just now, Hal - le - lu - jah, And I join with the

throng round the throne In the song, I'm re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb.

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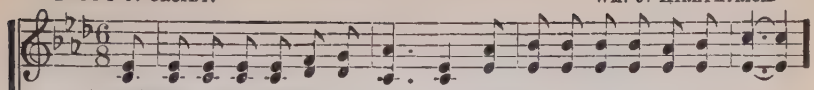
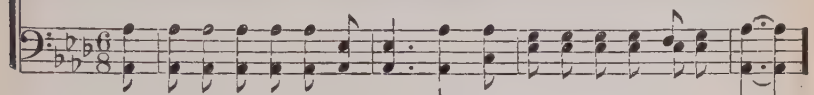
Redeemed.

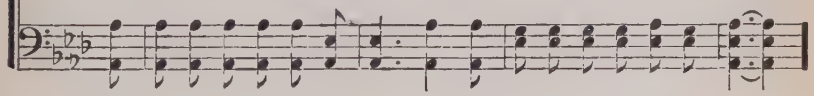
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeemed, how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed and so hap-py in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem - er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau - ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yonder bright mansion for me;

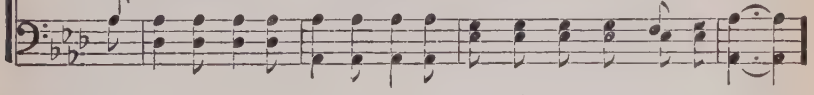


Redeemed thro' His in - fi-nite mer - cy, His child, and for-ev-er I am.
I know that the light of His pres - ence With me doth con-tin-ual-ly dwell.
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Why lov - ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

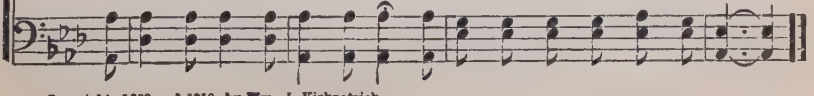


CHORUS.

Re - deemed, re - deemed, Re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child, and for - ev - er, I am.
Redeemed, redeemed,



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Jesus! Wonderful Name!

AVIS BURGESON. REV. C. L. DORRIS.

1. O won - der - ful name, how my heart thrills to hear it— The name of my ris - en Re-deem - er and King; It falls like the mu - sic of heav'n on my spir - it, And fills me with rap - ture di - vine while I sing.

2. When lost in my sin, 'twas the name of my Sav - iour That ban-ished my fear and bro't peace to my soul; I'll sing it in glo - ry for- ev - er and ev - er With joy while the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

3. I think of the cross where He suf - fered to save me, And oh, how my heart thrills with glo-ry di - vine To know it is life ev - er- last - ing He gave me, When, sin-less, He died for a soul such as mine.

rit.

CHORUS.

Je - sus! won - der - ful name! Sweet-er than all the world to me; Je - sus! ev - er the same—Now and thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

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211 Jesus Is a Friend of Mine.

Avis M. Christiansen. J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I've a blest Com - pan - ion ev - er at my side,
2. When I meet temp - ta - tions Je - sus bears me through,
3. What a Friend is Je - sus in this world of woe!

He's my Lord and Sav- iour, and He's my Guide, I am trust - ing
Gives me bless - ed vic - t'ry and keeps me true, Heav- en's gold - en
Oh, how sweet to trust Him, His love to know—Bless - ed Lord and

dai - ly in His love di - vine, He's a Friend of mine.
sun - light round my path doth shine, He's a Friend of mine.
Sav - iour, I'm so glad I'm Thine, He's a Friend of mine.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is a Friend of mine, Friend of mine, a Friend of mine, Sweeter, ev - er

sweet-er, is His love di - vine; Je - sus is a Friend of mine. (of mine.)

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Be True.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

Martial.

1. We are go - ing forth from the school of Je - sus, We have sat at His
2. We are go - ing forth from the up - per chamber, From the days of our
3. We are go - ing forth with a trust so sa - cred, And a truth so di -
4. We are go - ing forth with a glo - rious mis - sion, As am - bas - sa -
5. We are go - ing forth with the bless - ed Spir - it, And the Mas - ter
6. We are go - ing forth with a hope su - per - nal, 'Tis the hope of the

bless - ed feet, We have drunk from truth's ce - les - tial fountain, We have
Pen - te - cost, We have giv'n our - selves in a full sur - ren - der, And been
vine and deep, With a mes - sage clear and a work so glorious, And a
dors for God, We are sent with heav - en's last word of mer - cy, O - ver
al - ways near: He has told us, "Lo I am with you always," And we
"Home, Sweet Home;" We shall not have gone o - ver all the cit - ies, Till the

tast - ed its hon - ey sweet. We are wit - ness - es for our bless - ed
filled with the Ho - ly Ghost. We are go - ing forth as e - pis - tles
charge, such a charge to keep. Let it be our great - est joy, my,
all the world a - broad. We are sent to save from the blight of
need not faint or fear. With the Mas - ter's pres - ence al - ways
Son of Man be come. We are call - ing out the guests to the

Mas - ter In a world where friends are few; And He sends us
ho - ly, And to live as Christ would do; Let us al - ways
broth - er, That the Lord can depend on you, And if all be
sor - row, And the curse of sin un - do; With a work so
near us, Shall we not both dare and do, With the might - y
marriage, We are hasting to meet Him too, May He find us

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Be True.—Concluded.

forth with the watchword ho - ly, What-so - ev - er it costs, Be true.
rep - re - sent our Mas-ter, Let our life be al - ways true.
sides should fail and fal - ter, To your trust be al - ways true.
grand and a trust so ho - ly, Oh, what heart would not be true?
Ho - ly Ghost with - in us, Shall we not be al - ways true?
watch-ing and robed and read - y; May He say "Thou hast been true?

CHORUS.

Be true! be true! Let the ho - ly watchword ring;
We'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true,

Be true to your trust, Be true to your glo-rious King;
We'll be true to our trust, We'll be true,
yes,

Be true! be true! Whether friends be false or few;
We'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true,
we'll be true.

What-so-e'er be-tide, ev - er at His side, Let Him al-ways find you true.

Victory In Jesus.

Avis B. Christiansen. R. J. Oliver.

mf Moderato.

1. When discouraged with fear, And the dark hours appear; When the tempter would try to o'er-throw thee; Fear not! tho' the strife be long, Thou art weak, but Christ is strong; Morning light for thee shall dawn In glorious vic - t'ry!
2. When thy courage doth fail, And the foe would prevail, Trust in God—do not fear or grow wea - - ry: Hearken to the Saviour's call, "I will nev - er let thee fall, Fear thou not, in me is all Thy hope and vic - t'ry!
3. On His might then depend, With the foe He'll contend—He has promised, "I nev - er will leave thee," Strength and pow'r He will supply, Satan's hosts shall flee and die, Vic - to - ry for thee is nigh—The promised vic - t'ry!

would o-ver-throw;
wea-ry in the strife;
His word is sure,

f

accelerando.

ff

CHORUS—March Time

mf

Vic-to-ry in Je-sus, There is vic-to-ry in Him a-lone; For - - Vic - - t'ry in Je - - sus, For-ward to the

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Victory In Jesus.—Concluded.

ward to the bat - tle nev - er fear - ing, Christ has
bat- tle nev - er fear - - - ing, Christ has gone be - fore, the way is

crescendo.

gone be-fore, the way is clear-ing, Hear the voice,
clear - - - ing, O'er the din of strife I hear the voice,

ff *mf*

"I'm with you, I will de - liv - -
Take His word, "I will de - liv - er," Take His word, "I

crescendo.

er," Trust and do not fear the bat-tle's, roar,.....
will de-liv - er," Do not fear the bat-tle's roar,

ff

Go forth to vic - t'ry and re-joice with me for - ev - er - more.

214 When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

Annie Herbert. Arr. Ira D. Sankey.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the
2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wea - ry burdened heart; Oft we
3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to

sun-light fall in glad-ness On the riv - er and the rills, We re- call our
toil a-mid the shadows, And our fields are far a-part; But the Saviour's
face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known: And the song of

Fa - ther's promise In the rain-bow of the spray: We shall know each other
"Come, ye blessed" All our la - bor will re-pay. When we gath- er in the
our re-demp-tion Shall resound thro' endless day When the shadows have de-

rit.

CHORUS.

bet - ter When the mists have rolled away.
morning Where the mists have rolled away. We shall know..... as we are
part- ed, And the mists have rolled away. We shall know

known,..... Nev - er - more..... to walk a - lone,.....
as we are known, Nev- er-more to walk a- lone,

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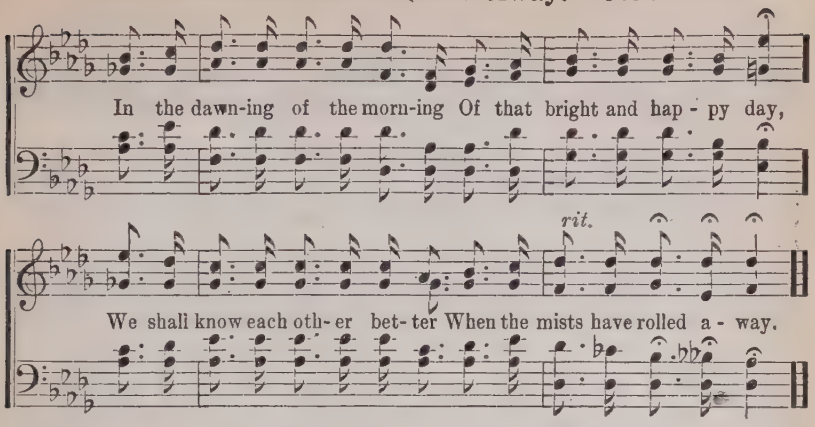
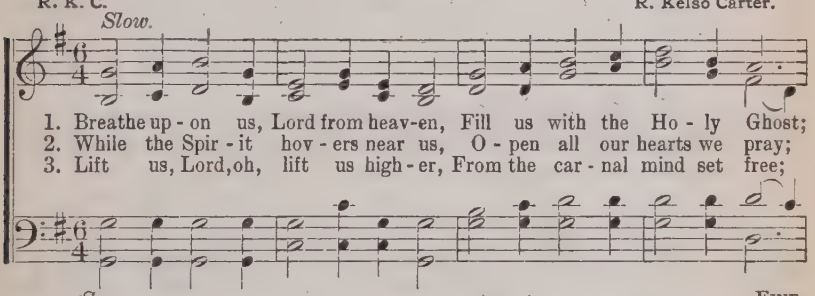
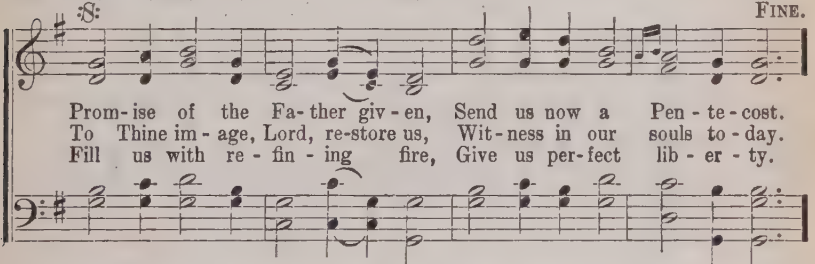
When the Mists Have Rolled Away.—Concluded.



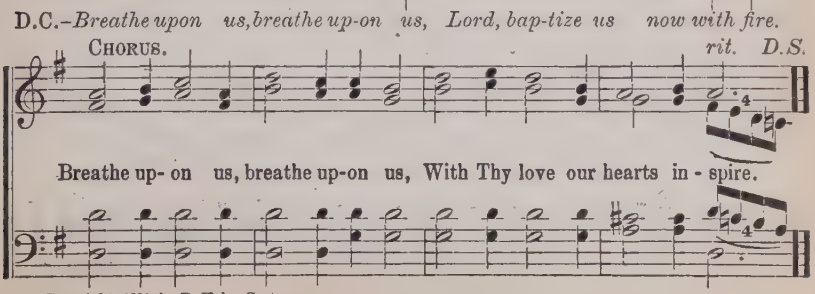
215 Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.





D.C.—*Breathe upon us, breathe up-on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.*



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Jesus is Dearer Than All.

G. B. Geo. Bennard.

1. Je - sus is my lov - ing Sav-iour, He is so precious to me;
2. Je - sus the sweet rose of Shar-on, Je - sus the lil - y so fair;
3. Je - sus was born in a man-ger, wept in the gar-den a - lone;

O, how I love and a- dore Him for all His mer-cies so free;
Je - sus my rock and sal- va - tion, Je - sus the bright morning star;
Poured out His life's blood on Cal - v'ry, died for our sin to a - tone;

When I was lost on the mountains bar - ren and dark and cold,
He is my por- tion for - ev - er, my all in all is He!
Rose from the grave more than con- q'ror, went to His home on high;

He sought the sheep that was straying, He bro't me back to the fold.
With Him I can-not be lone- ly, He ful - ly sat - is - fies me.
Soon He is com-ing in glo - ry, com- ing in clouds of the sky.

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Jesus is Dearer Than All.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, dear - er than all to
Je - sus is dear - er than all to me. yes.

me,..... Je - sus, Je - sus,
dear - er to me, Je - sus is dear - er than all to me,

Thine, on - ly Thine I'll be;..... Where Thou dost lead I will
Thine would I be;

fol - low, Wher-e'er the path may be; Then when life's

jour- ney is end - ed Thy face in glo - ry I'll see.

Wonderful Love.

Avis M. Burgeson. Roger M. Hickman. Chorus by C. S. B.

1. From heav - en's glo - ry Je - sus came, A sac - ri - fice for sin,
2. Un - worth - y tho' I was of grace, For me His blood was spilt;
3. And now in heav'n He waits for me Till life's short way is o'er;

To live and die in bit - ter shame, E - ter - nal life to win:
In love He took my sin - ful place, And bore my shame and guilt:
Ere long His beau - ty I shall see Up - on His gold - en shore:

Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry He shed His prec-ious blood for me,
They nailed Him to the cru - el tree, And there He tast - ed death for me,
O how I long for that blest day, When He shall come to rule for aye,

And saved my soul e - ter - nal - ly,— O praise His name!
That I might live e - ter - nal - ly,— O praise His name!
To wipe all sin and tears a - way! O praise His name!

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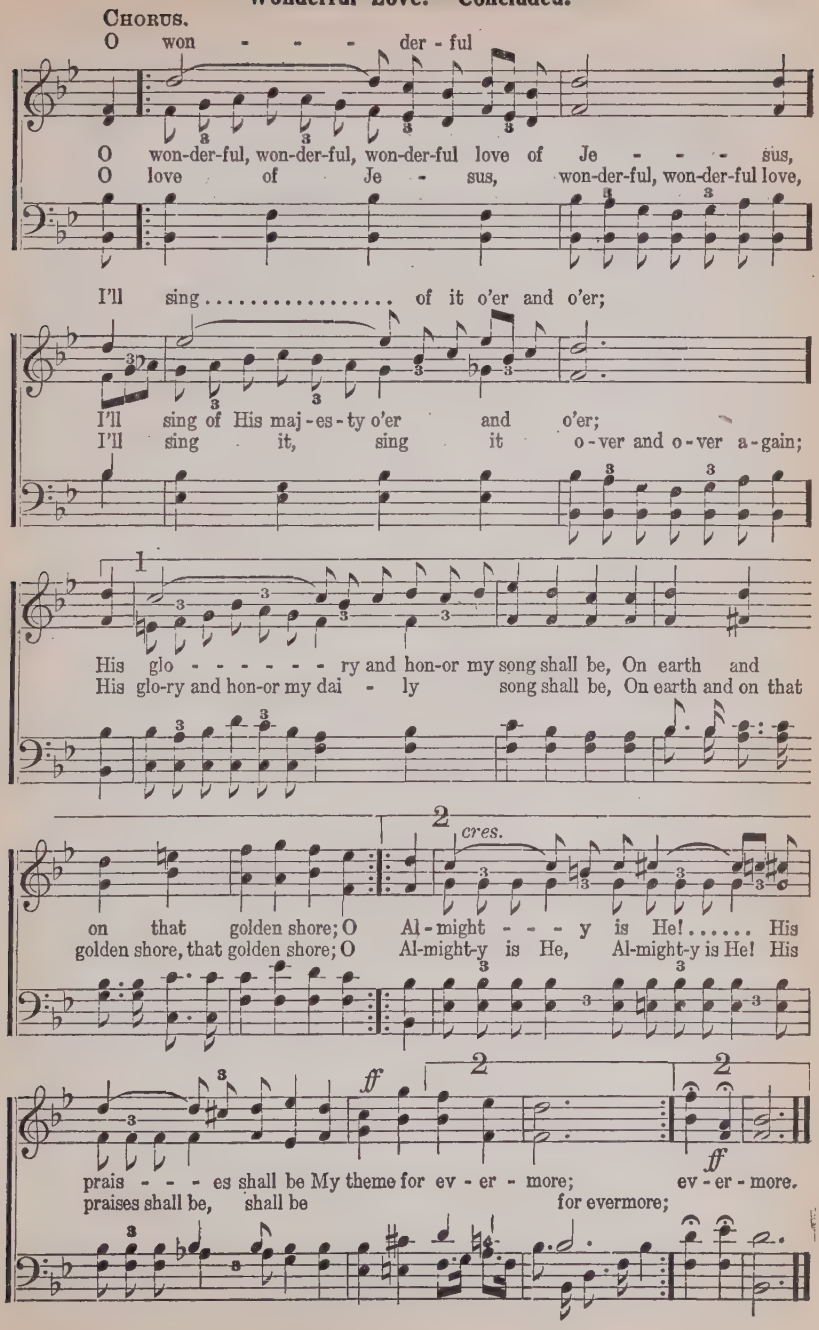
Wonderful Love.—Concluded.



His Love Can Ne'er Be Told.

GIBBEY.

1. The cross, the blood-stained cross be-hold, The Lord of Cal- v'ry see;
2. The nails, the spear, the thorn-y crown He pa-tient-ly en-dured;
3. Death could not keep its vic-tim long, Nor yet the grace con-tain;
4. Oh, Sav-iour dear, no tongue can tell The greatness of that love;
5. Sal - va-tion all by faith may gain, And walk the heav'nly way;

Oh, now be-lieve the sto - ry told—He died to ran-som thee.
'Mid hell-ish wrath and world-ly frown, E-ter-nal life se-cure.
Our Lord the might-y conq'ring One, Vic-to-rious lives a-gain!
Love reach-ing from the mouth of hell To God's own throne a-bove.
Praise Him! the Lamb of Cal-v'ry slain, Thro' one e - ter-nal day.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

An-gels as-sist our might-y joys, Strike all your harps of gold,

Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your high-est notes

His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be told, His

His love can ne'er be told,

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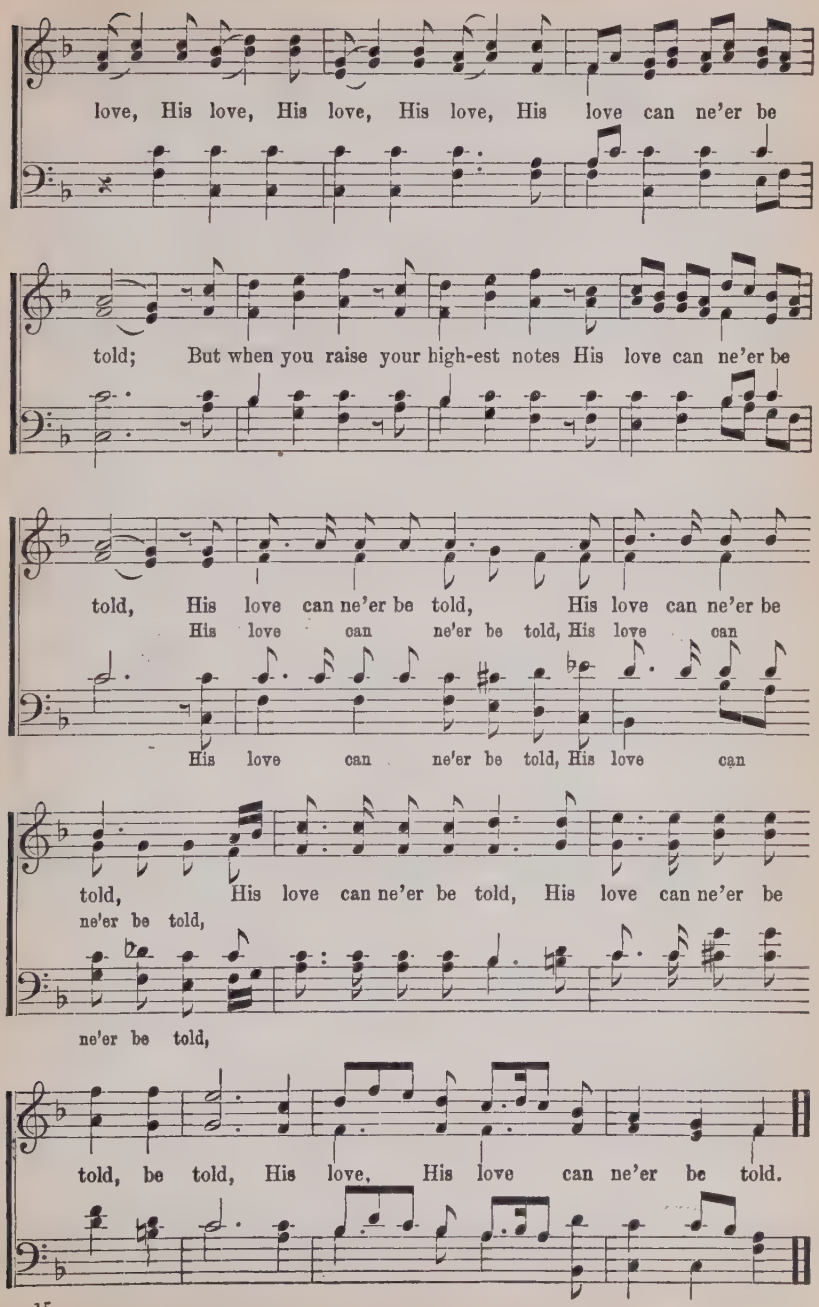
His Love Can Ne'er Be Told.—Concluded.



Saved, Saved.

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me..... His
2. He saves me from..... ev - 'ry sin and harm,... Se -
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,..... In

love is ev - er true;..... I
cures my soul each day;..... I'm
love He said to me,..... "Come

love to tell..... how He lift - ed me,..... And
lean - ing strong... on His might - y arm;..... I
un - to Me,..... I will lead you home,..... To

what His grace can do for you.....
know He'll guide me all the way. .....
live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."..... .....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di - vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

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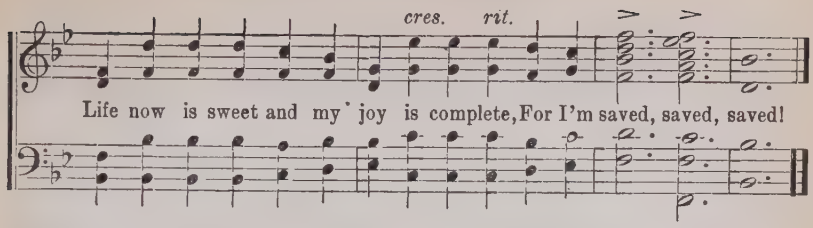
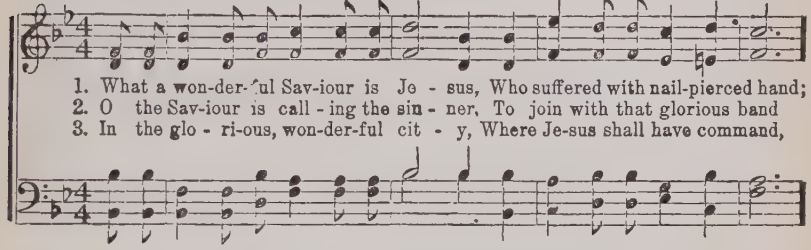
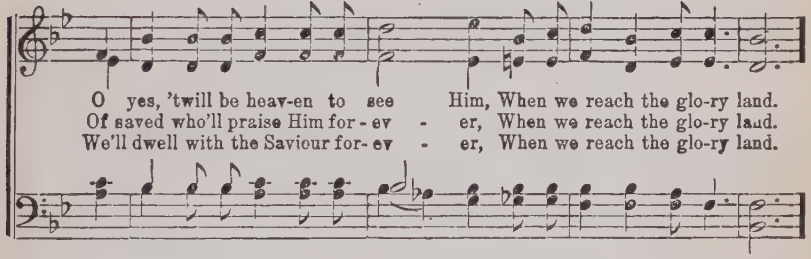
Saved, Saved,—Concluded.



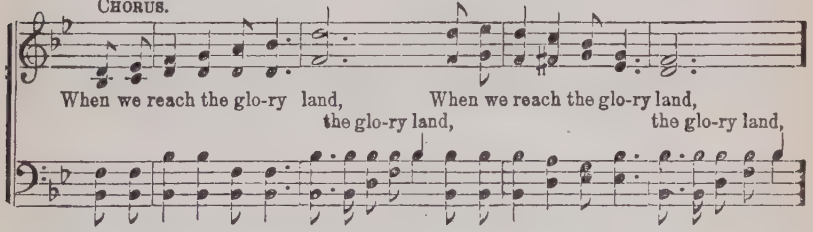
220 When We Reach the Glory Land.

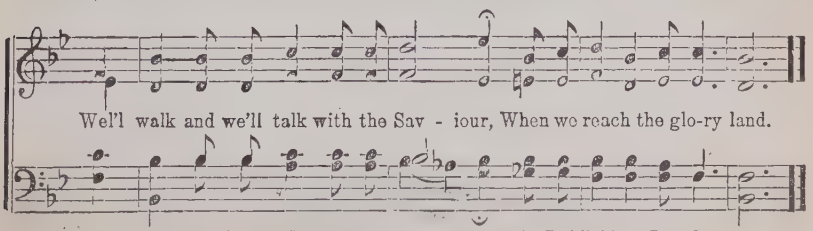
RODNEY CHIRPE. ROGER M. HICKMAN.





CHORUS.





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221 Would Jesus Have the Sinner Die?

ANON. *mp Andante.* NEWTON.

cres. *mf*

1. Would Je-sus have the sin-ner die? Why hangs He then on
2. Oh, let me kiss Thy bleed-ing feet, And bathe and wash them
3. Oh, let Thy love my heart con-strain, Thy love for ev-'ry

p

yon-der tree? What means that strange ex-pir-ing cry? Sin-
with my tears; The sto-ry of Thy love re-peat In
sin-ner free; That ev-'ry fall-en soul of man May

cres. *f*

ners, He prays for you and me, Sin-ners, He prays for
ev-'ry droop-ing sin-ner's ears, In ev-'ry droop-ing
taste the grace that found out me; May taste the grace that

f Allegro.

you and me. "Forgive them, Father, oh, for-give! They know not
sin-ner's ears, That all may hear the quick'ning sound, Since I, e'en
found out me; That all mankind with me may prove Thy sov-'reign

Would Jesus Have the Sinner Die?—Concluded.

that by Me they live, They know not that by Me they live.
I, have mer - cy found, Since I, e'en I, have mer - cy found.
ev - er - last - ing love! Thy sov - 'reign, ev - er - last - ing love!

222 Praise Ye the Lord.

f Allegro moderato.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God, But sol - diers
3. Yea, and be - fore we rise To that im - mor - tal state, The tho'ts of
4. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low; Ce - les - tial

song of sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round the throne.
of the heav'n - ly King, Must speak their joys a - broad.
such a - maz - ing bliss Should con - stant joys cre - ate.
fruit on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

223 His Blood Can Never Lose Its Power.

G. W. C. George W. Cooke.

1. In Ju - de - a long a- go, Je-sus came His love to show To a world that reeked in
2. Thro' the country far He went, Telling all that He was sent To bring hap-pi-ness in
3. Then one day they led Him out, Midst the mob's exciting shout, That Barrabbas be re -
4. Hanging on the cru-el tree, Jesus tho't of you and me, That our souls be pardoned,
5. When they placed Him in the grave, Then He proved His pow'r to save, And with pow'r o'er death came

mis - er - y and shame; He tho't not of earthly gain, Or the place He should at-tain,
place of loss and pain; And to do His Fa-ther's will And Re-demp-tion's plan ful-fill,
leased that very hour: But the Saviour turned not back From the hard and cruel track,
cleansed and sanctified; When He gave His life away, He looked t'ward that glorious day,
forth the ris-en Lord: He can save our souls from sin, And for - ev-er dwell with-in,

CHORUS.

But His Fa-ther's will—lost sin-ners to re-claim.
And that lost de-spair-ing soul's the vic-t'ry gain.
For His way was fraught with ev-er-last-ing pow'r. His blood can nev-er lose its
When we gath-er in the Home-land at His side.
If we trust the blood as prom-ised in His Word,

sav - ing pow'r, His grace can never fail in death's dark hour! Tho' surging billows roll,

He will ev - er keep my soul; His precious blood can nev - er lose its pow'r.

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Nothing Is Too Hard for Jesus.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.

1. Oft there comes a wondrous mes-sage When my hopes are grow - ing dim,
2. When my frame is worn with sick-ness, And with tears my eye - lids swim,
3. When my way is closed in dark-ness, And my foes are fierce and grim,
4. When my heart is crushed with anguish, And the wa - ters reach the brim,
5. Let us claim the might - y prom-ise, Let us light the torch - es dim,

I can hear it thro' the dark - ness Like some sweet and far-off hymn.
I can hear the prom-ise ring - ing Like some sweet and heav'n-ly hymn.
Still it sings a - bove the con - flict, Like some glad, vic - to-rious hymn.
Faith can hear the might y cho - rus, Like some might - y bat - tle hymn.
Let us join the might y cho - rus, Let us swell the glo-rious hymn.

CHORUS.

Noth - ing is too hard for Je - sus, No man can work like Him;

Noth - ing is too hard for Je - sus, No man can work like Him.

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I Have Overcome.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Faint-ing sol - dier of the Lord, Hear His sweet in - spir- ing word—
2. Fear not, tho' thy foes be strong; Faint not, tho' the strife be long;
3. Soon the con-flict will be done, Soon the bat - tle will be won,

"I have con-quered all thy foes, I have suf-fered all thy woes;
Trust thy glo - rious Cap-tain's pow'r, Watch with Him one lit - tle hour;
Soon shall wave the vic-tor's palm, Soon shall ring th'e - ter - nal psalm;

Struggling sol - dier, trust in Me, I have o - ver-come for Thee."
Hear Him call - ing, "Fol-low Me, I have o - ver-come for Thee."
Then our joy - ful song shall be— "I have e - ver-come for Thee."

CHORUS.

"I have o-ver-come, o-ver-come, O- ver-come for Thee;
o-ver-come, o-ver-come;

Thou shalt o-ver-come, o-ver-come, O-ver-come thro' Me."
o-ver-come, thro' Me."

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O Wonderful Love

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

1. I have a Redeem-er, O worship His name, He bore my transgressions, my
2. I have a Redeem-er who calls me His own, He bids me come boldly be-
3. Yes, sweet are Thy mercies, O Saviour di-vine, In ten-der com-pas-sion Thou

sin and my shame, And in His own bod - y on Cal - va - ry's tree, He
fore His great throne; Because I am pardoned and cleansed by His blood, And
mad - est me Thine; With Thee will I jour-ney till life's day is done, And

CHORUS.

took them up - on Him that I might go free.
guilt-less, tho' liv - ing 'mid earth's e - vil flood. O won - der-ful love that
all thro' the a - ges give praise to the Son.

saved me from sin, O wonderful love that cleansed me within; His Spir-it bears

witness with mine that I'm saved, All glory to Jesus, I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved!

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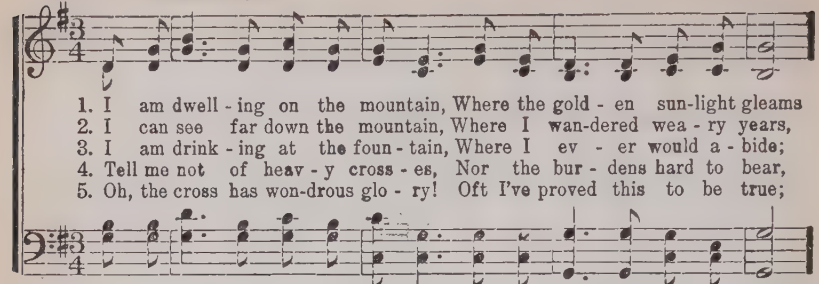
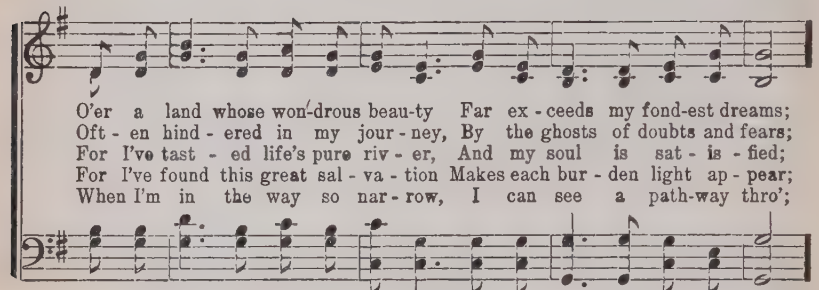
227 Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

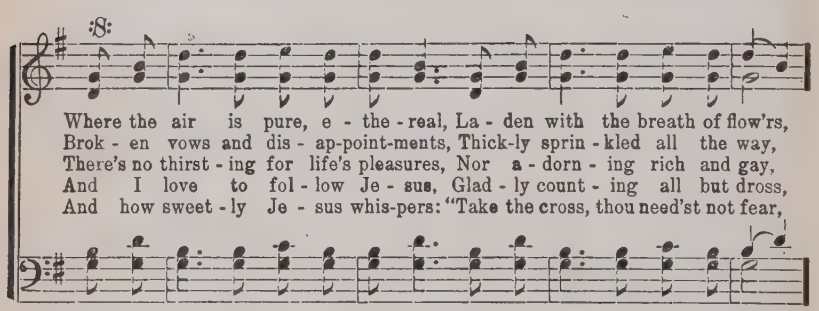
Harriett Warner Re Qua. Rev. J. W. Dadmun.



1. I am dwell - ing on the mountain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea - ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the foun - tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
4. Tell me not of heav - y cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the cross has won-drous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;



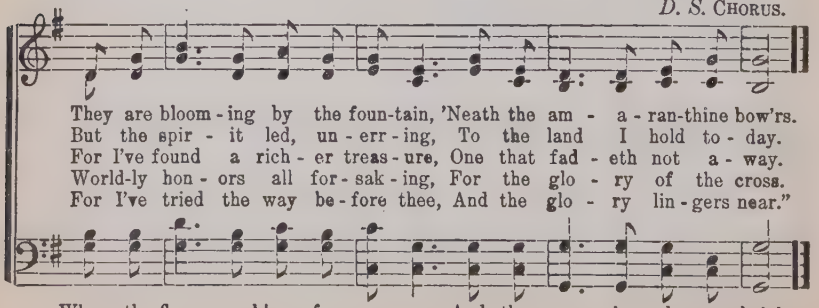
O'er a land whose won-drous beau-ty Far ex - ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft - en hind - ered in my jour - ney, By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear;
When I'm in the way so nar - row, I can see a path-way thro';



Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
Brok - en vows and dis - ap-point-ments, Thick-ly sprin - kled all the way,
There's no thirst - ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,
And how sweet - ly Je - sus whis-pers: "Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,

D. S.—Is not this the Land of Beu - lah? Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light;

D. S. CHORUS.



They are bloom - ing by the foun-tain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bow'rs.
But the spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
World-ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing, For the glo - ry of the cross.
For I've tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near."

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

228

That Beautiful Name.

JEAN PERRY, alt. MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.

1. I know of a Name, A beau - ti - ful Name, That an - gels bro't
2. I know of a Name, A beau - ti - fal Name, That un - to a
3. The One of that Name My Sav - iour be - came, My Sav - iour of
4. I love that blest Name, That won-der - ful Name, Made high - er than

down to earth; They whispered it low, One night long a - go,
Babe was given; The stars glittered bright Thro'-out that glad night,
Cal - va - ry; My sins nailed Him there, My bur-dens He bare,
all in heav'n; 'Twas whispered, I know, In my heart long a - go,—

CHORUS.

To a maid-en of low - ly birth.
And an - gels praised God in heav'n. That beau-ti - ful Name, That
He suf-fered all this for me.
To Je - sus my life I've given.

rit.

beau - ti - ful Name, From sin has power to save us! That beauti - ful,

cres. *ad lib.*

Name, That won-der - ful Name, That matchless Name is Je - sus!

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O Perfect Life of Love.

Henry W. Baker. Clarence W. Jones.

1. O per - fect life of love! All, all is fin-ished now;
2. No pain that we can share But He has felt its smart;
3. In per - fect love He dies; For me He dies, for me:

All that He left His throne a - bove To do for us be - low.
All forms of hu - man grief and care Have pierced that ten - der heart;
O all - a - ton - ing Sac - ri - fice, I cling by faith to Thee.

No work is left un - done Of all the Fa-ther willed;
And on His thorn-crowned head, And on His sin-less soul,
In ev - 'ry time of need, Be - fore Thy gra-cious throne,

His toil, His sor-rows, one by one, The Scrip-ture have ful - filled;
Our sins in all their guilt were laid, That He might make us whole;
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead, Thy mer - it, not my own;

His toil, His sor-rows, one by one, The Scripture have ful-filled.
Our sins in all their guilt were laid, That He might make us whole.
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead, Thy mer - it, not my own.

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Oh, for a Thousand Tongues!

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Psa. ix: 1.

LYNGHAM. C. M.

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deemer's
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-
3. Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows
4. He breaks the power of can - celled sin, He sets the pris-oner

praise, My great Re-deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my
claim, As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread through all the
cease, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the
free, He sets the pris - oner free; His blood can make the

God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The
earth a - broad The hon-ors of Thy Name, The
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace; 'Tis
foul - est clean, His blood a-vailed for me, His

1. The triumphs of His grace. The triumphs of His
2. The hon-ors of Thy Name, The hon-ors of Thy

triumphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
hon-ors of Thy Name, The hon - ors of Thy Name.
life, and health, and peace; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
blood a-vailed for me, His blood a - vailed for me.

grace, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace.
Name. The Hon-ors of Thy Name, The hon-ors of Thy Name.

231 What Will it Be When We See Him?

ADA R. HABERSHON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If sing - ing His prais - es is sweet to us here, What will it be when we see Him? And if to our hearts His own Word grows more dear,
2. How blest are the mo-ments with Him which we spend, What will it be when we see Him? When perfect communion all thought will transcend,
3. If we up - on earth are a- mazed at His grace, What will it be when we see Him? If here, though but dimly, His beau - ty we trace,
4. Our heart burns with - in us when His voice is heard, What will it be when we see Him? And love to Him-self in each bo - som is stirred,

CHORUS.

What will it be when we see Him?
What will it be when we see Him?
What will it be when we see Him?
What will it be when we see Him?
} What will it be when we see Him?

What will it be when we see Him? We shall in an in - stant be whol - ly transformed, We'll know what He is when we see Him.

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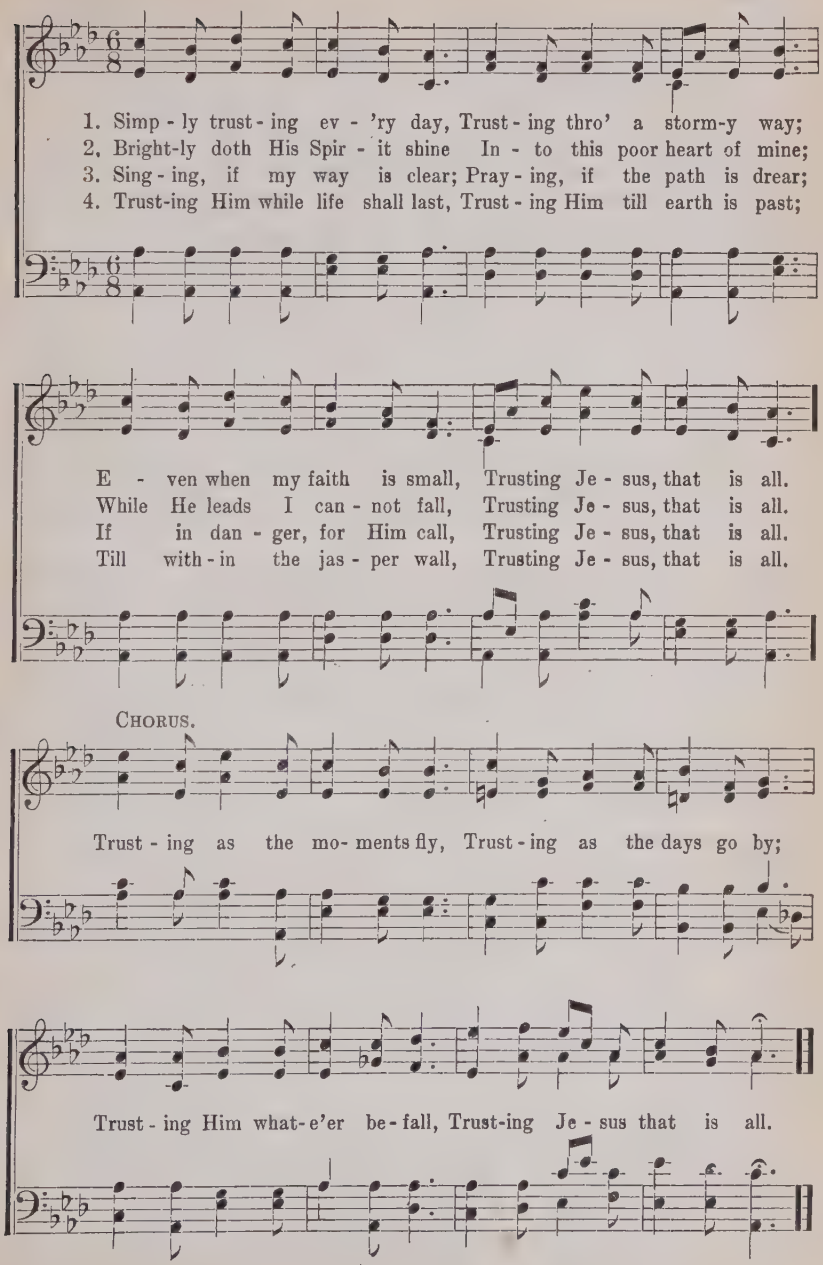
Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. Stites. Ira D. Sankey.



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A Missionary Cry.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.

1. A hun-dred thou-sand souls a day, Are pass-ing one by
2. O Ho-ly Ghost, Thy peo-ple move, Bap-tize their hearts with
3. Ar-mies of pray'r your prom-ise claim, Prove the full pow'r of
4. The Mas-ter's com-ing draw-eth near, The Son of Man will
5. O let us then His com-ing haste, O let us end this
6. They're passing, pass-ing fast a-way, A hun-dred thou-sand

one a-way, In Christ-less guilt and gloom. With-out one ray of
faith and love, And con-se-crate their gold. At Je-sus' feet their
Je-sus'name, And take the vic-to-ry. Your conq'ring Cap-tain
soon ap-pear, His King-dom is at hand. But ere that glo-rious
aw-ful waste Of souls that nev-er die. A thou-sand mil-lions
souls a day, In Christ-less guilt and gloom, O Church of Christ, what

hope or light, With fu-ture dark as end-less night,
mil-lions pour, And all their ranks u-nite once more,
leads you on, The glo-rious fight may still be won,
day can be, This Gos-pel of the King-dom, we
still are lost, A Sav-iour's blood has paid the cost,
wilt thou say When in the aw-ful judg-ment day,

They're pass-ing to their doom, They're pass-ing to their doom.
As in the days of old, As in the days of old.
This ver-y cen-tu-ry, This ver-y cen-tu-ry.
Must preach in ev-'ry land, Must preach in ev-'ry land.
O hear their dy-ing cry, O hear their dy-ing cry.
They charge thee with their doom? They charge thee with their doom?

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A Missionary Cry.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

They're pass - ing, pass - ing fast a - way, In thou-sands
pass - ing, pass - ing, pass - ing, pass - ing,

day by day, They're passsng to their doom, They're passing to their doom.

234 The Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin;
2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire;
3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in pray'r;
4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour;

His pow'r a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
His pow'r a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
His voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
And while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r.

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Yesterday, To-day, Forever.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.

1. Oh, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage, Sim - ple faith may claim;
2. He who was the friend of sin - ners, Seeks thee, lost one, now;
3. Oft on earth He healed the suf - f'rer, By His might - y hand;
4. As of old He walked to Em-maus, With them to a - bide;

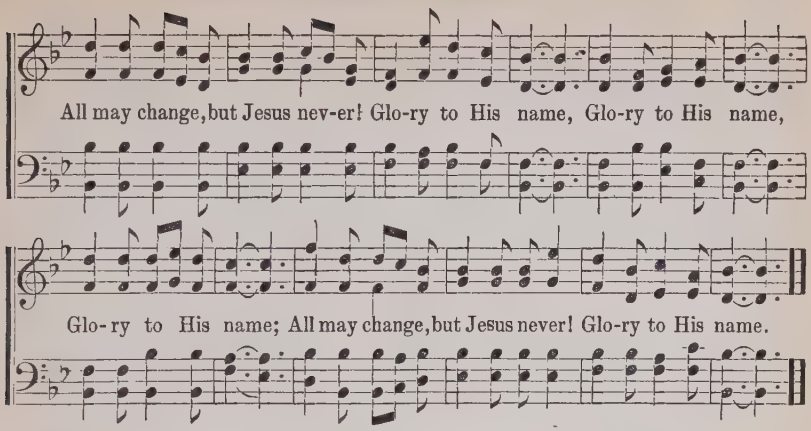
Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same.
Sin - ner, come, and at His foot - stool, Pen - i - tent - ly bow.
Still our sick-ness - es and sor - rows, Go at His com - mand.
So through all life's way He walk - eth, Ev - er near our side.

Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame;
He who said, "I'll not con-demn thee, Go and sin no more;"
He who gave His heal - ing vir - tue, To a wo-man's touch;
Soon a - gain we shall be - hold Him, Has - ten, Lord, the day!

Cheer the mourn-er, still the tem - pest; Glo - ry to His name!
Speaks to thee that word of par - don, As in days of yore.
To the faith that claims His ful - ness, Still will give as much.
But 'twill still be "this same Je - sus," As He went a - way.

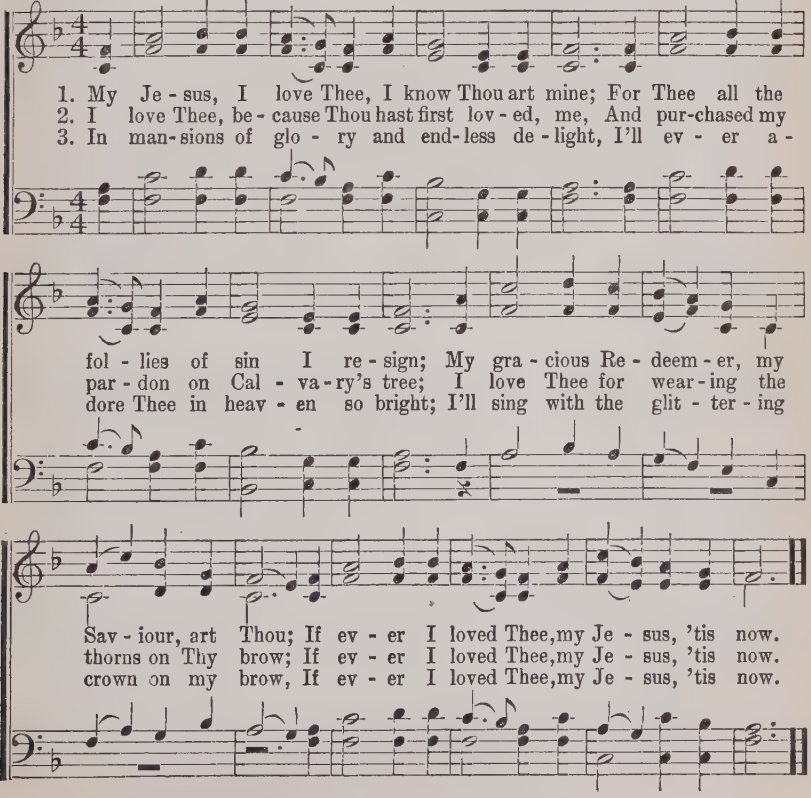
CHORUS.

Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same,



236 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. Rev. A. J. Gordon.



Jesus Is Coming.

James M. Gray. J. C. Trowbridge.

1. The Sav-iour who loves me And suf-fered the loss Of heav - en - ly
2. The an - gels, re - joic- ing And sing-ing His praise To Beth - le-hem
3. The saints will be with Him, O heav- en - ly bliss! How tear - ful the
4. O hearts that are wea - ry, And sin - ful, and sad, We car - ry the

glo - ry To die on the cross, The Babe of the man - ger, Tho'
shepherds Of ear - li - er days, Will come in the glo - ry, At -
part- ing From fa - ces we miss! But clouds are de- scend - ing, And
ti - dings That make us so glad; We pub - lish the Sav - iour O'er

born with-out stain, This Je - sus is com-ing, Is com-ing a - gain!
tend - ing His train, When Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is com-ing a - gain!
we who re- main, Are caught up to meet them With Je- sus a - gain!
moun-tain and plain; The Lord who redeemed us Is com-ing a - gain!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com-ing, is com-ing, is com-ing, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!

My heart is so hap-py, my soul is so glad, For Je-sus is coming a - gain!

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Jesus Met Me There.

A. H. Ackley. Char. H. Gabriel.

1. At the cross I met the Mas-ter, And His smile I'll ne'er for-get,
2. When I reach the si-lent riv-er, I will not em-bark a-lone,
3. O the joy of un-der-stand-ing, Al-ways how, and when, and where,

Or the words of bless-ed greet-ing to my soul; Trusting on, I shall not
But shall meet my ex-pec-ta-tion on its shore; When my Pi-lot, there in
You can find His help so precious and so free; In thy full-est joy or

fal-ter, For I'm trust-ing e-ven yet, In the One who made my
wait-ing, Guides me safe-ly to my home, Where my prais-es shall as-
sor-row, Go to Him in se-cret pray'r, For such serv-ice doth thy

CHORUS.

sin-sick spir-it whole.
cend for-ev-er-more. Je-sus met me there! He lift-ed all my care;
King de-mand of thee.

1 2

I shall rise to meet Him, Meet Him in the air, yes, in the air.

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I Will Praise Him.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. When I saw the cleansing fountain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seems straight and narrow, All I claimed was swept a - way;
3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a - flame;
4. Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad He took me in;
5. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Son,

I o - beyed the Spir - it's woo - ing, When He said, Wilt thou be clean?
My am - bi - tions, plans, and wish-es, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev - er cease to praise Him, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
He's for - giv - en my trans-gres-sions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.
Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Spir - it, Glo - ry to the Three in One.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;
for sinners slain;

Give Him glo-ry, all ye peo - ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.

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Redeemed and Saved.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Redeemed and saved! for me the Sav-iour suffered, Laid down His life, a
2. Redeemed and saved! oh! bless-ed was the moment, When, in de-spair, I
3. Redeemed and saved! no more a wand'ring al-ien, No more the guilt, the

ran-som for my own; Took on Him-self my load of con-dem-na-tion,
found His par-don free; When first I knew the Son of God, in dy-ing,
fears I felt be-fore; But now a peace and joy that nev-er fail-eth;

And trod the cru-el wine-press all a-lone.
Had died for me, had died for ev-en me.
Since I am His, yes, His for-ev-er-more!

CHORUS.

Redeemed! redeemed! my re-

grateful heart keeps singing, Redeemed and saved! How wonderful it seems! My sin is deemed!

gone, I am an heir of glo-ry, O bliss in-deed, beyond my brightest dreams!

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To Eternity.

PAUL RADER. ARTHUR W. McKEE.

1. The riv - er of Thy grace is flow - ing free, We launch up - on its
2. The breezes of Thy love are flow - ing free, They tell Thy love to
3. Thy spir - it calls to all come home to - day, Come back and find the

depths to sail to Thee; In the o - cean of Thy love we soon shall
all hu - man - i - ty; They are sing - ing of the blood of Cal - va-
Sav - iour while you may; Find that Je - sus is the life, the truth, the

CHORUS.

be, We are sail - ing to e - ter - ni - ty.
ry, Mak - ing white thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. Earth-ly joys can - not com-
way, Lead - ing, guid - ing, to e - ter - ni - ty.

pare with all the glo - ry, When our long - ing eyes shall see Thy face, We shall

have Thy fel - low - ship for - ev - er, In the splen - dor of the throne of grace.

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Let the Joy Overflow.

E. E. Hewitt. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. There's a clear fountain flowing From the bright throne above, And its waters are glow- ing With the sun-shine of love; Take the blest con-so - lation, Which the
2. Ma - ny hearts need the sto-ry—Are a-thirst for His grace; Go to them with His glo - ry Shin-ing out from your face; Tell of Je- sus your Saviour! If His
3. Be our lives free-ly yield-ed To the Saviour's command; By His care ev- er shield-ed And up-held by His hand; In the pathways of sad-ness, Sweetest

Lord will be-stow, Take the cup of sal - va - tion–Let the joy o - ver-flow.
mer- cies you know, Show the light of His fa - vor– Let the joy o - ver-flow.
fil - ies may grow; Let us sow seeds of glad-ness–Let the joy o - ver-flow.

CHORUS.

O the joy!.....With this wondrous salvation Be our hearts all a - glow;
O the joy!

O the joy!..... Let the blessing run o-ver, And joy o - ver - flow.
O the joy!

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Speed the Light.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. To the millions liv-ing o'er the deep, deep sea Speed the light,....speed the light; To their cry of pit - y dare we heed-less be? Speed the speed the light;
2. There in anguish millions for the gospel wait, Speed the light,....speed the light; Go and seek their res-cue ere it is too late, Speed the speed the light;
3. Je - sus bids us bear to them the gospel news, Speed the light,....speed the light; Can the souls He ransomed His request re - fuse? Speed the speed the light;
4. We will go, and in our blessed Master's name Speed the light,....speed the light; We will His sal - va-tion and His love proclaim, Speed the speed the light;

CHORUS.

light,.... O speed the light! Speed the light,....the blessed gospel light, Speed the light, O speed the light! Speed the light,

To the lands..... which are in gloom and night; Souls are wait - ing, and the To the lands Souls are waiting,

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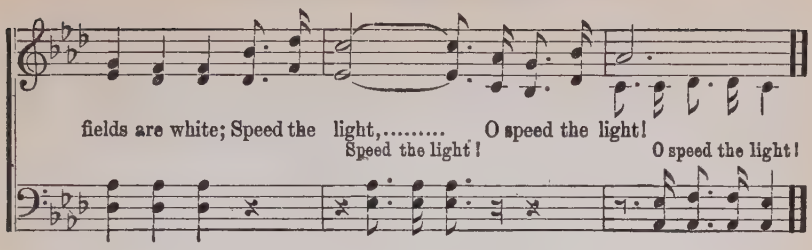

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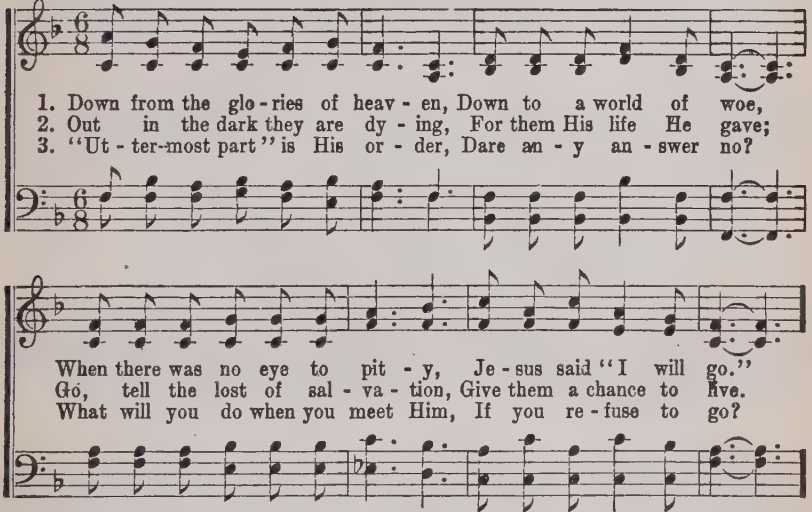
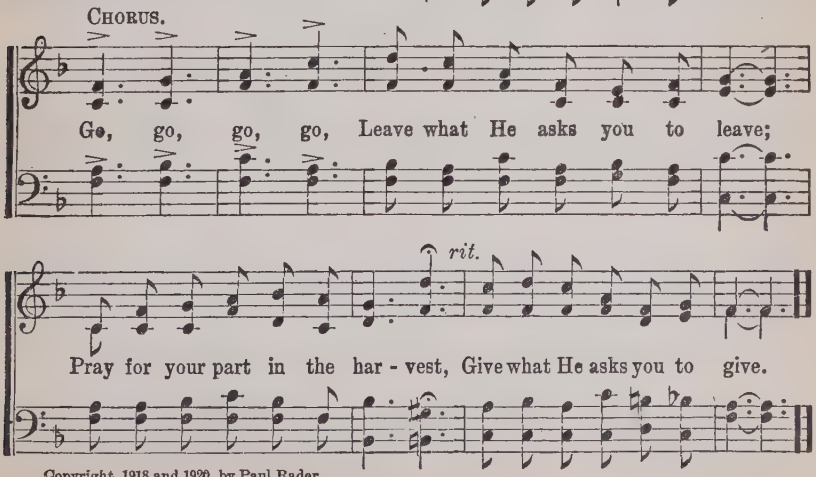
Go!

P. R. Paul Rader.





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He Lifted Me.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.

CHORUS.

From sinking sand He lift - ed me, With ten-der hand He lift - ed me,

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!

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I Would Be Like Thee.

W. A. Schell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I would be like Thee, Je- sus, my Lord, Gen-tle and lov- ing, trusting Thy
2. I would be like Thee, hum-ble in mind, Growing more earnest, faithful and
3. I would be like Thee, speaking the truth, Giv-ing my life to God in my
4. I would be like Thee when I am tried, Crushing out sin, temp-ta-tion, and

word; Low-ly in spir - it, pure in my heart, Liv-ing each day from all
kind; Seek-ing for souls, to save them from sin, And for Thy king-dom their
youth; List-en-ing for Thy mes-sage to me, Spending my best days in
pride; All Thy commandments would I o - bey, Learning Thy will, Thee to

CHORUS.

e - vil a - part.
serv-ice to win. I would be like Thee, filled with Thy grace, Till In Thy
working for Thee. I would be like Thee, filled with Thy grace,
fol- low al- way.

beau - ty I look on Thy face;..... I would be like Thee,
Till in Thy beau - ty I look on Thy face; I would be like Thee,

lost in Thy love, I would be like Thee in heav-en a - bove.
won-der-ful love, I would be like Thee

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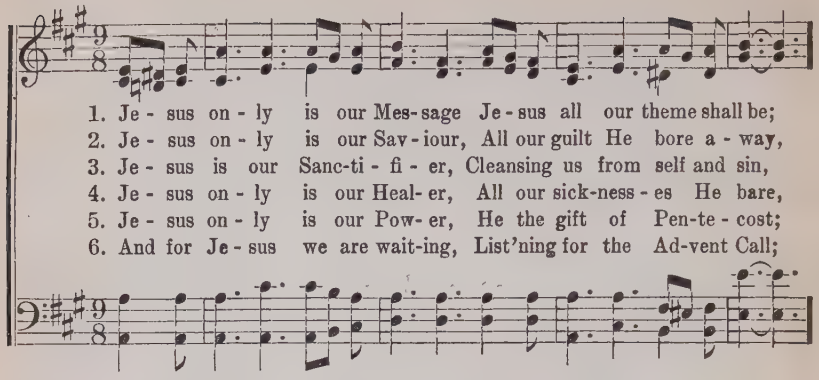
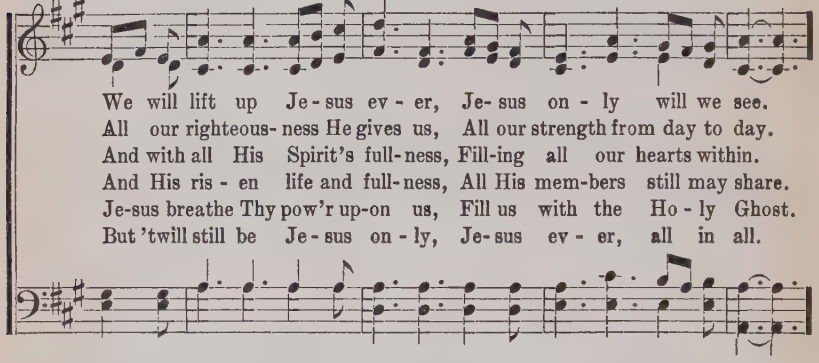
Jesus Only.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.

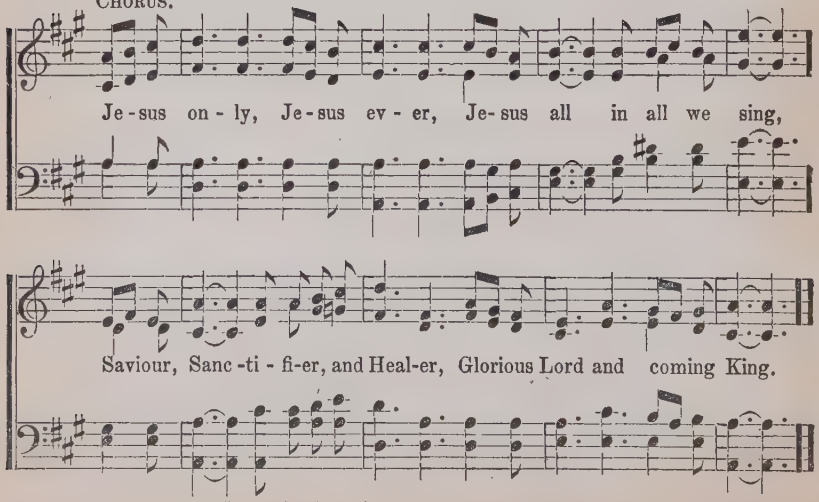


1. Je - sus on - ly is our Mes-sage Je - sus all our theme shall be;
2. Je - sus on - ly is our Sav - iour, All our guilt He bore a - way,
3. Je - sus is our Sanc-ti - fi - er, Cleansing us from self and sin,
4. Je - sus on - ly is our Heal- er, All our sick-ness - es He bare,
5. Je - sus on - ly is our Pow- er, He the gift of Pen-te - cost;
6. And for Je - sus we are wait-ing, List'ning for the Ad-vent Call;



We will lift up Je - sus ev - er, Je- sus on - ly will we see.
All our righteous- ness He gives us, All our strength from day to day.
And with all His Spirit's full-ness, Fill-ing all our hearts within.
And His ris - en life and full-ness, All His mem-bers still may share.
Je-sus breathe Thy pow'r up-on us, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost.
But 'twill still be Je - sus on - ly, Je- sus ev - er, all in all.

CHORUS.



Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus ev - er, Je- sus all in all we sing,
Saviour, Sanc -ti - fi-er, and Heal-er, Glorious Lord and coming King.

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Jesus is Victor.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Je - sus is vic - tor! His work is complete, Crushing all en - e - mies
2. Je - sus is vic - tor! the bat - tle is won, We can do noth-ing, for
3. Je - sus is vic - tor! with-out and with-in, Sav - ing and cleansing and
4. Je - sus is vic - tor! ef - fects of the fall, Tri - als and weakness, Him-
5. Je - sus is vic - tor! the heavens shall ring, Dread king of ter-rors, oh,

un - der His feet; Je - sus is vic - tor! He died not in vain,
all has been done; Je - sus is vic - tor! the foe from the dust,
keep - ing from sin; Je - sus is vic - tor! oh, Heav - en - ly Dove,
self bear them all; Je - sus is vic - tor! tho' sick - ness as - sail,
where is thy sting? Je - sus is vic - tor! we'll shout o'er the grave,

REFRAIN.

Ris - en and glo - ri - fied, Je - sus doth reign.
Nev - er can rise a - gain, if we but trust.
Come to a - bide and make per - fect in love. Je - sus is vic - tor!
He's the phy - si - cian that nev - er can fail.
Glo - ry to God! He is might - y to save.

vic - tor! vic - tor! Ev - er-more His flag's un - furled; Je - sus hath

conquered! conquered! conquered! The dev-il, the flesh, and the world.

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249 It's Just Like His Great Love.

Edna R. Worrell. C. B. S.

1. A Friend I have called Je- sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of troub-le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sor-row's clouds o'ertake me, And break up-on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je-sus' love di - vine, Of all His

fails how- e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned against this
see my Saviour's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der- ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and

love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy- seat, Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts my
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers

CHORUS.

guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way,
clouds be-tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sun-shine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

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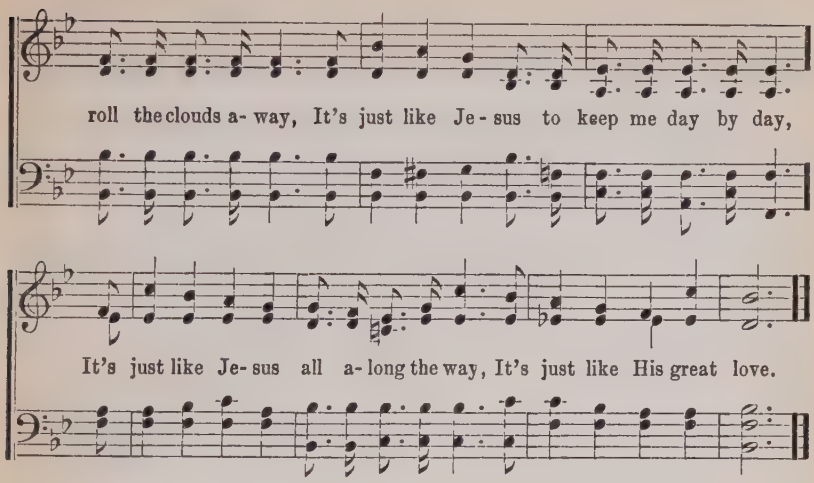
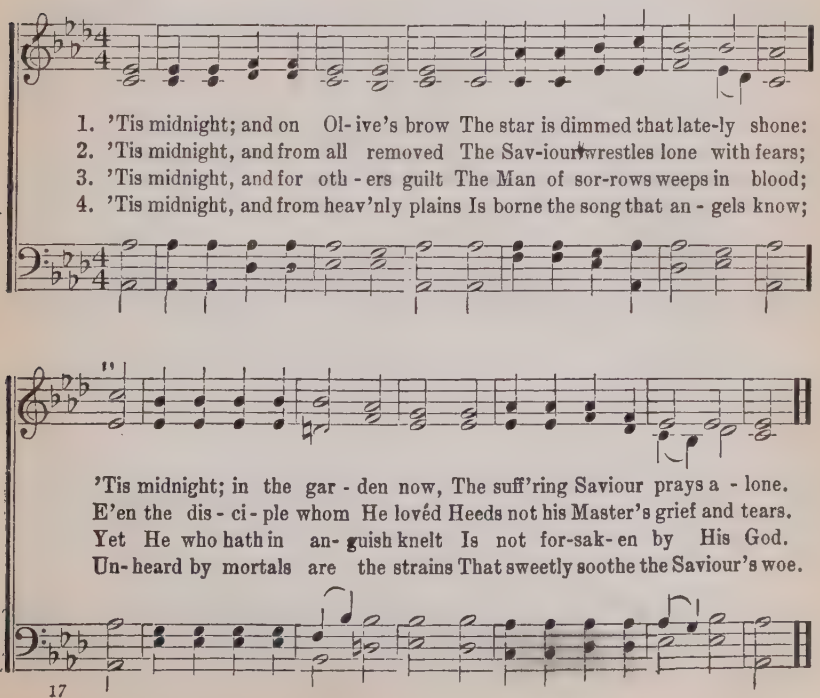
It's Just Like His Great Love.—Concluded.



250 'Tis Midnight.

W. B. Tappan. W. B. Bradbury.



Held In His Mighty Arms.

W. M. W. Macomber.

1. Safe is my ref - uge, sweet is my rest, Ill can - not harm me, nor
2. Press-ing my tear - stained cheek to His own, Hush-ing my grief with His
3. Tempests may rage, sin's sur - ges may beat, Ne'er can they reach my

foes e'er mo - lest; Je - sus my spir - it so ten - der - ly calms.
sweet gen - tle tone; Touch ing my heart with His heal - ing balms,
sheltered re - treat; Free from all dan - ger, from dread a - larms,

CHORUS.

Hold - ing me close in His might - y arms.
Hold - ing me still in His might - y arms. Oh! what won - der - ful,
Rest - ing so safe in His might - y arms.

won - der - ful rest! Trust - ing com - plete - ly in Je - sus I'm blest;

Sweetly He comforts and shields from a-larms, Holding me safe in His might-y arms.

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Cross of Christ! Lead Onward.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Cross of Christ! lead onward, Thro' the Ho- ly War; In this sign we con-quer,
2. Not with pomp and pageant, Not in earth-ly pride; We must fight our battles
3. Pan - o-plied in grac - es, Bold, yet humbly meek; Resting while we're working
4. By a cloud en-compassed, Wit-ness-es a - bove; Saints, Apostles, Prophets,
5. Marching in the pathway That the Mas-ter trod, Walks One daily with us

Now and ev - er- more. Not of man the pow - er, Not to man the fame;
Like the Cru - ci - fied. O -ver-come by suff-'ring, Conquer thro' de - feat;
Strong, but ev - er weak. Tim - id, tho' cou - ra - geous, Gain-ing as we give;
Pre- cious ones we love; While "advance!" is sounding, Mounts the battle thrill.
Like the Son of God. To the end en - dur - ing, Ar-mor ne'er laid down

CHORUS.

We are vic-tors on - ly In our Leader's name.
Tried and test-ed dai - ly In the furnace heat.
Cru - ci-fied with Je - sus, Yet, in Him, we live. Cross of Christ! lead onward,
Cross of Christ! lead on- ward Where the Captain will.
Till the Cross leads up - ward To the blood-bought Crown.

Slightly ritard.

Thro' the Ho-ly War; In this sign we con - quer Now and ev - er - more.

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253 Will the Circle Be Broken?

H. L. Haldor Lillenas. Cho. by N. H. Lines.

1. When the dawn of e-ter-ni-ty shall ap - pear, When the songs of the
2. When we gath-er at last round the great white throne, When the King in His
3. Fa - ther, moth-er and brothers and sis - ters dear, Those we ten-der-ly
4. Friends who nev-er forsook us while here be - low, In that land of the

ransomed fall on our ear, Shall we meet our de-part-ed in garments fair,
beau - ty His bride shall own, Will our loved ones the wedding robe spotless wear,
cherished and loved while here, They the crowns of the pu-ri-fied then shall wear,–
glo - ri-fied we shall know, Shall they with us the rapture of heav-en share,

CHORUS.

Or will the cir-cle be bro-ken o-ver there? Will the cir-cle be broken o-ver

there? Will the cir-cle be bro-ken o - ver there? When the Saviour shall

gath-er His loved ones home, Will the cir-cle be bro-ken o-ver there?

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Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor- row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the pracious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall- ing prostrate at His feet.

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp- ta-tions 'round you gath- er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re- ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precions name, O how sweet, how sweet,

By permission of Mrs. Geo. W. Doane.

255 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Issac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav- iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush- ing face While His dear cross ap-pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de- vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! Grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When He, the Might-y Mak - er, died For man the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank -ful- ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my- self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

256 The Head That Once Was Crowned.

(*Tune above.*)

1 The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly.

257 Forever Here.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Chas. Wesley.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. (Diadem.) James Ellor.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is- rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res- triel ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown..... Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him And crown Him Lord of
And crown..... Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....

crown Him, crown Him,

all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown..... Him,

..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

259 All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. (Miles Lane.) William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je- sus' name! Let an- gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall, Go, spread your
4. Ye chos- en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who
5. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter- res-trial ball, To Him all
6. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall, We'll join the

roy - al di- a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
strength of Israel's might, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
saves you by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
ov - er-lasting song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

260 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (Coronation, Second Tune.) Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

261 I Will Be Like Daniel Bold.

C. G. V. L. C. Voke.

I will be like Dan - iel, bold, The truth of God will firm - ly hold;

Faith in Him will keep me then, Ev - en in a li - on's den.

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262 Jesus is Mighty to Save.

C. G. V. L. C Voke.

Je - - sus is might - y to save, Je - - sus is
Je -sus is, Je - sus Je-sus is, Je - sus

might - y to save; Tell the glad sto - ry wher -

ev - er you go, Je - sus is might - y to save.....
to save.

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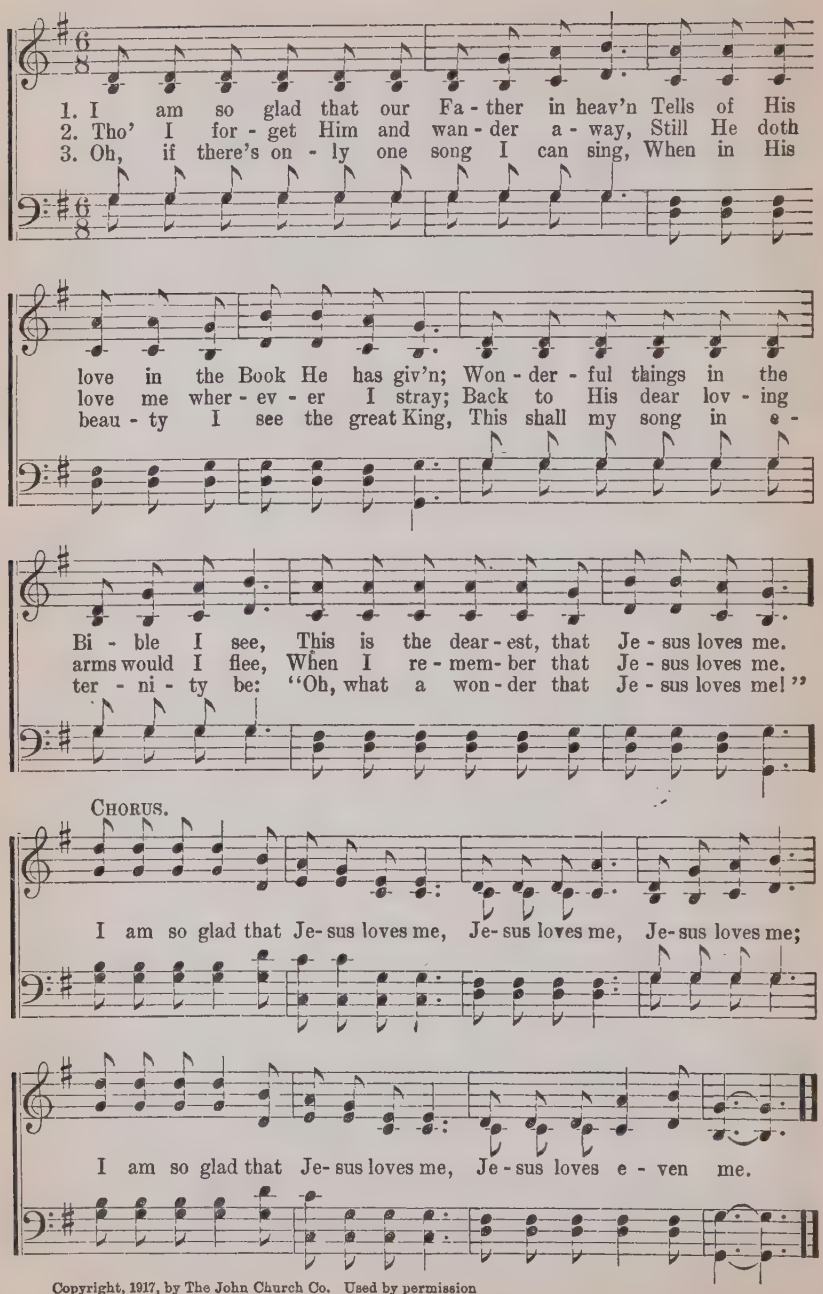
Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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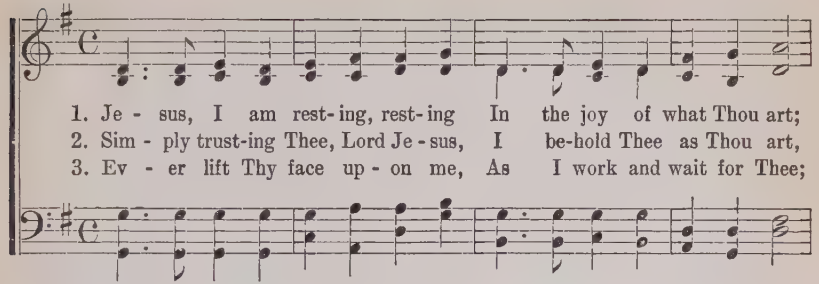
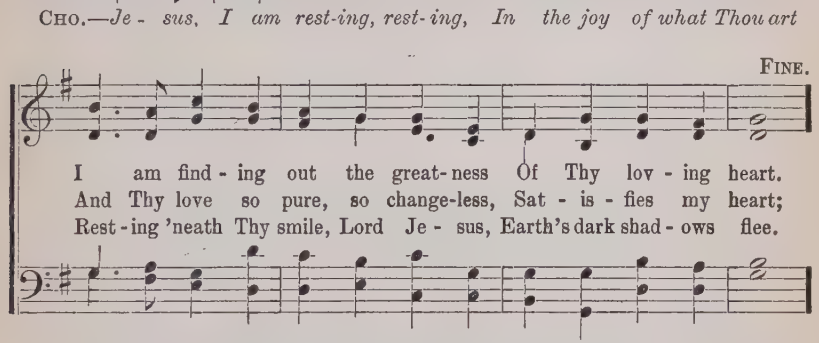
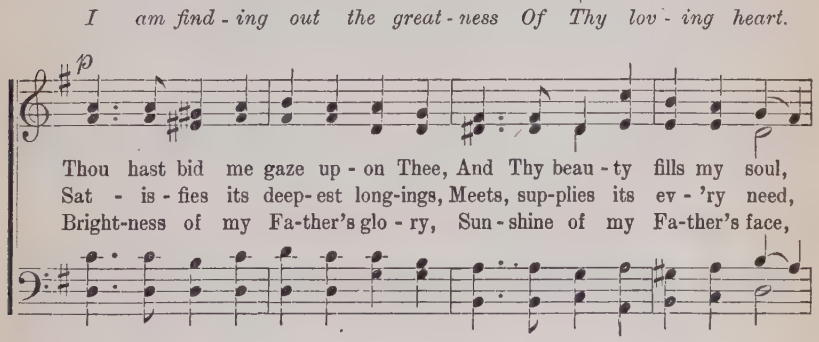
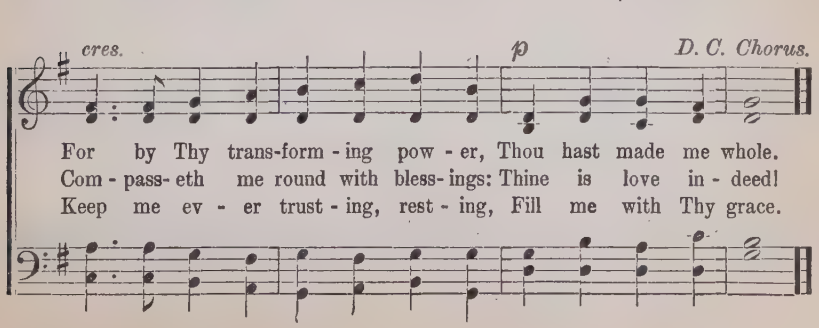
Jesus, I Am Resting, Resting.

Jean Sophia Pigott. J. Mountain.



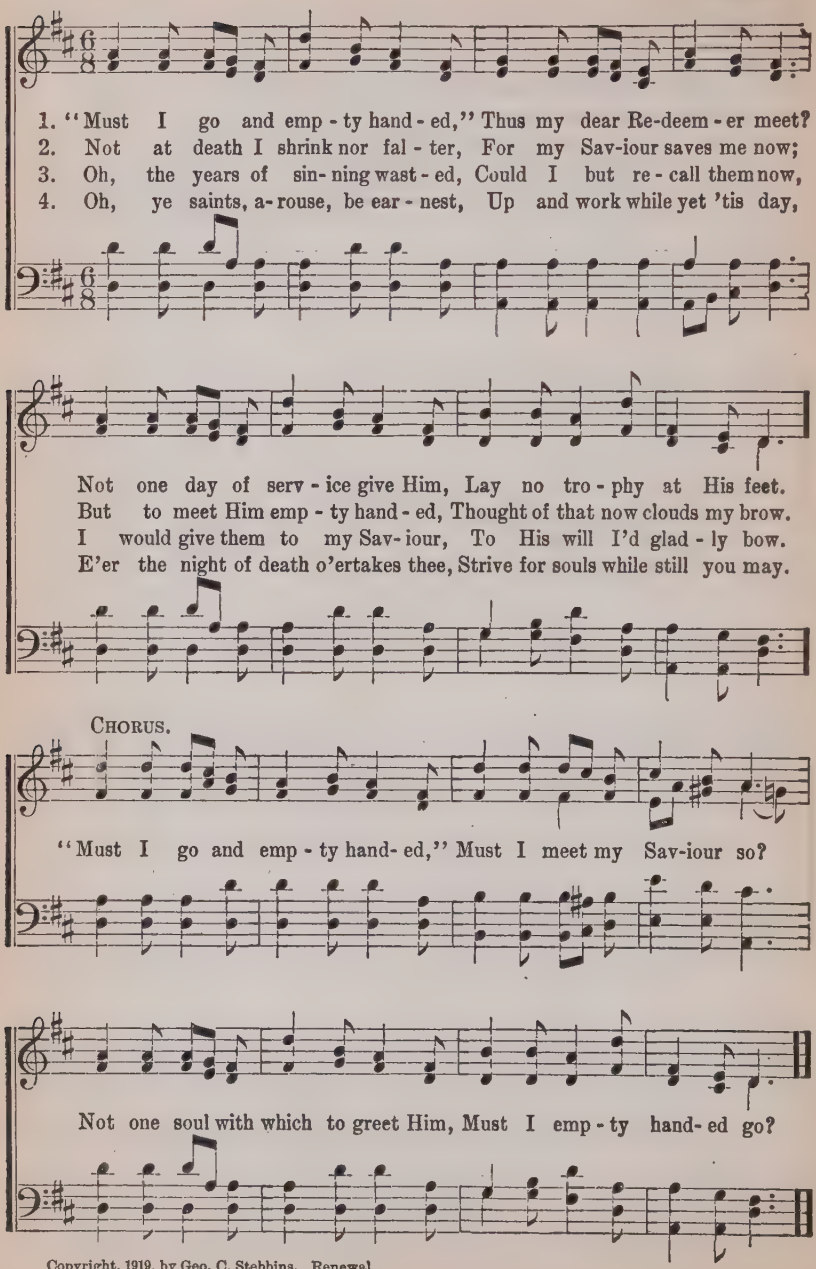






265 Must I Go and Empty Handed.

C. C. Luther. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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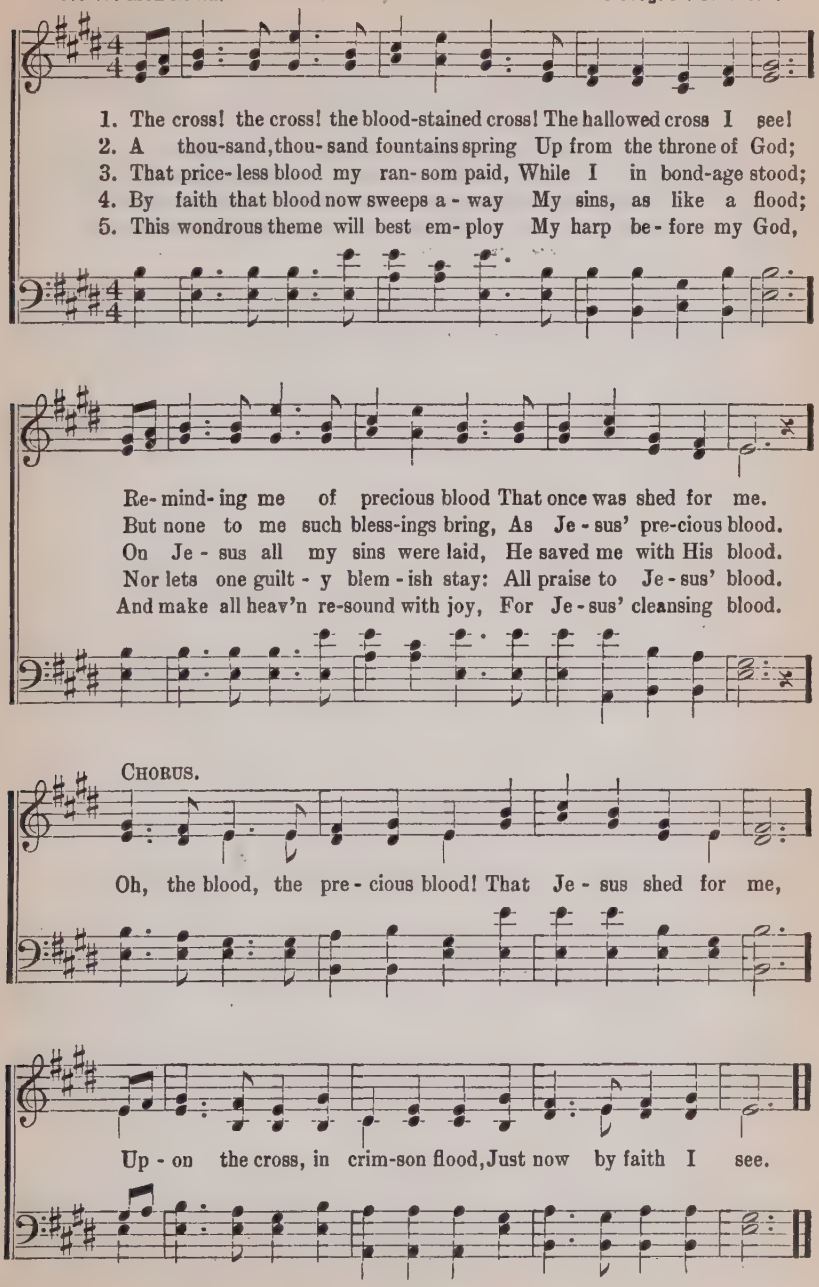
The Precious Blood.

Rev. W. McDonald. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



I Shall Be Satisfied.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must, I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;
4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue pleading; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;

Why art thou for-ev-er plead-ing? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied?
I ac-cept the cross of Je-sus, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied?

CHORUS.

I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I.....
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I a-wake in His like-ness,
I shall be sat-is-fied,

I..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I a-wake in His like-ness.
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

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I Take, He Undertakes.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. I clasp the hand of Love di-vine, I claim the gra-cious prom-ise mine, And
2. I take sal - va - tion full and free, Thro'Him who gave His life for me, He
3. I take Him as my ho - li-ness, My spir-it's spot-less, heav'nly dress, I
4. I take the promised Ho - ly Ghost, I take the pow'r of Pen - te - cost, To
5. I take Him for this mor-tal frame, I take my heal-ing through His name, And
6. I sim - ply take Him at His word, I praise Him that my prayer is heard, And

this e - ter - nal coun - ter - sign, "I take, He un - der - takes."
un - der-takes my All to be, "I take, He un - der - takes."
take "The Lord my Right-eous-ness," "I take, He un - der - takes."
fill me to the ut - ter - most, "I take, He un - der - takes."
all His ris - en life I claim, "I take, He un - der - takes."
claim my an - swer from the Lord, "I take, He un - der - takes."

CHORUS.

I take Thee, bless-ed Lord, ... I give my - self to Thee, And
bless-ed Lord,

Thou, ac - cord - ing to Thy word, Dost un - der - take for me.

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Nearer the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp, by per.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near - er; Near - er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy - seat, I am coming near - er; Feasting my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires I am coming near - er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am coming near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet I am coming near - er; Strong - er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am coming near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.
still would be: Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com-ing near - er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I 'am com-ing near - er.

Standard Hymns.

270 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest— Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a-rise and a-way.

REFRAIN.

Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day,

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271 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. Arr. by D. B. Towner.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms; Now through the blood I'm
2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low; The
pas sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world a-round the peace that He doth give.

Because He first loved me, And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

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272 When I Survey.

Isaac Watts. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
4. His dy-ing crim-son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His bod-y on the tree;
5. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Then I am dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
Love so a-maz'-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

273 Hold the Fort.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Ho, my comrades! see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-in-force-ments
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan leading on: Might-y men a-
3. See the glo-rious ban-ner wav-ing! Hear the trumpet blow! In our Leader's
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle ra-ges, But our help is near; On-ward comes our

CHORUS.

now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone! "Hold the fort, for I am com-ing,"
name we'll triumph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

Je-sus sig-nals still; Wave the answer back to heav-en, "By Thy grace we will."

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274 O Thou, In Whose Presence.

Joseph Swain. (Meditation.) Freeman Lewis.

1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af-flic-tion I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love;
3. Oh, why should I wan-der, an a-lien from Thee, Or cry in the des-ert for bread?
4. Ye daughters of Zi-on, declare, have you seen The Star that on Is-ra-el shone?
5. He looks! and the thousands of an-gels re-joice, And my-ri-ads wait for His word;
6. Dear Shep-herd! I hear, and will fol-low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in this wil-der-ness rove?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my Be-lov-ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone?
He speaks! and e-ter-ni-ty, filled with His voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.
Re-store and de-fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev-er re-joice.

275 Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. Butler. J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a-ges roll.
In cot-tage, or in mansions fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

O hal-le-lu-jah! Yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where! Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

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276 Let Me Come Closer to Thee, Jesus.

Llanthony Abbey Hymns. Organist of Llanthony Abbey.

1. Let me come clos-er to Thee, Je-sus, Oh! clos-er day by day,
2. Let me show forth Thy beau-ty, Je-sus, Like sunshine on the hills,
3. Yes, like a foun-tain, pre-cious Je-sus, Make me and let it be;
4. In all my heart and will, O Je-sus, Be all to-geth-er King;
5. Thirsting and hung'ring for Thee, Je-sus, With bless-ed hun-ger here,

Let me lean hard-er on Thee, Je-sus, Yes, hard-er all the way.
Oh, let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness In joy-ous, spark-ling rills.
Keep me and use me dai-ly, Je-sus, For Thee, for on-ly Thee.
Make me a loy-al sub-ject, Je-sus, To Thee in ev-'ry-thing.
Long-ing for home on Zi-on's mountain, No thirst, no hun-ger there.

277 'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend,

Just to rest up - on His prom- ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me, 'Neath the heal - ing cleans-ing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him, How I've proved Him o'er and o'er;

p

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre- cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

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278 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i-lee:
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy dis- ci-ples lived In Gal - i- lee;

Be - yond the sa-cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.

279 Have Thy Way, Lord.

G. B. Rev. George Bernard.

Effective as Soprano and Alto Duet.

1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, With my sac - ri - fice complete; I am bringing all to Thee, Thine a - lone I'll be.
2. O how patient Thou hast been With my pride and inbred sin! O what mer- cy Thou hast shown, Grace and love un-known!
3. Lord, I loathe my-self and sin, Enter now and make me clean; Make my heart just like Thine own; Come, Lord, take Thy throne. Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way,
4. Lord, Thy love has won my all, Let Thy Spir- it on me fall; Burn up ev - 'ry trace of sin; Make me pure with - in.
5. Praise the Lord, the work is done! Praise the Lord, the vict'ry won! Now the blood is cleans-ing me, From all sin I'm free.

CHORUS.

This with all my heart I say: I'll obey Thee, come what may, Dear Lord, have Thy way.

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280 While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
3. O hear His ten - der plead- ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re - ceive the bless- ing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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281 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be—
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be—
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me

Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

282 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of sin the doub - le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill the law's de - mands; Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone,—Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling; Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace,— Foul, I to the moun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,— Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

283 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, though the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

284 The Solid Rock.

Edward Mote. William B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My anchor holds with- in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id
3. His oath, His cov - e-nant, and blood, Support me in the whelming flood; When all a- round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.

rock, I stand; All oth- er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth- er ground is sinking sand.

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285 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

286 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. (Second Tune.) S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }

D.C.–*Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.*

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

287 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. { If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart;
   { If you de-sire a new life to be - gin, (*Omit*.....)
2. { If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart;
   { Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, (*Omit*.....)
3. { If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart;
   { If there's a void this world nev-er can fill, (*Omit*.....)
4. { If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart;
   { If you would en-ter the mansions of rest, (*Omit*.....)

CHORUS.

Let Je-sus come in- to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-
Last verse—Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-
ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
ject-ing no more; Just now I o- pen the door, And Jesus comes in-to my heart.

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288 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say: "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
gar-ments white, In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow?

289 Give Me Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul:
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me, I can sing though billows roll.
Then throughout my pil-grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

D.S.—*Oh, the full - ness of re - demp - tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!*

CHORUS.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

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290 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee

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291 Glory to Jesus.

J. Wakefield MacGill. From Batiste, har. by C. W. & E. M.

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - iour! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - iour! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - iour! Je - sus will
4, Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - iour! Je - sus will

CHO.—*Glo - ry to Je - sus— won - der - ful Sav - iour! Glo - ry to*

loved me, I can - not tell *why;*..... Came He to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell *how;*..... All that I know is
lead me, I can - not tell *where;*..... But I will fol - low,
crown me, I can - not tell *when;*..... White throne of splen - dor

Je - sus, the One I a - dore;..... Glo - ry to Je - sus—

D.C. for Chorus.

sin - ners all worthless, My heart He conquered—for Him I would die.
He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Cal - v'ry with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun-shine or tempest, sweet peace or de - spair.
hail I with gladness, Crowned 'mid the plau-dits of an - gels and men.

won - der - ful Sav - iour! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

292 O Happy Day.

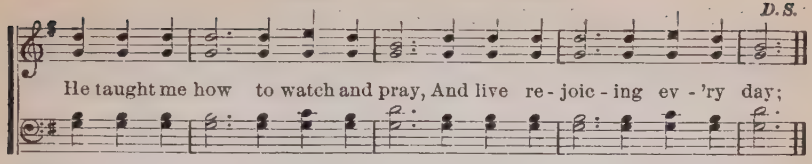
Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all abroad. }
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done this great trans- ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine. }
4. { Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss- ful cen - tre, rest; Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev- 'ry good possessed. }

S. FINE.

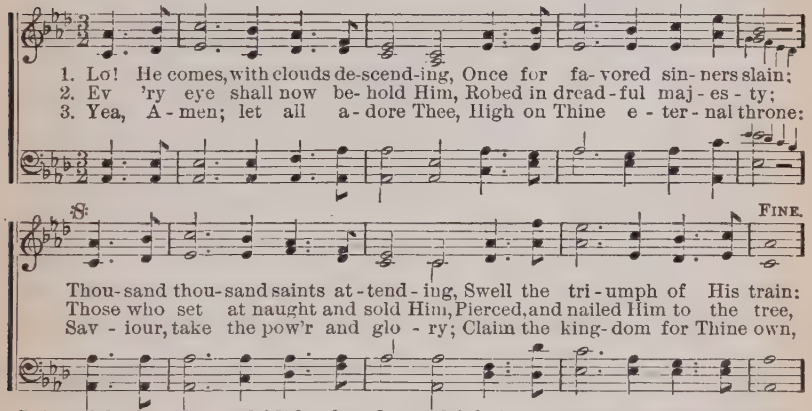
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

O Happy Day.—Concluded.



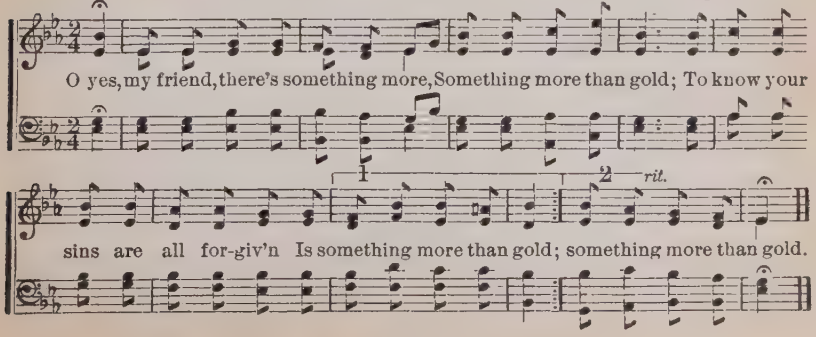
293 Lo! He Comes.

Charles Wesley, alt. Francois H. Barthelemon.



294 Something More Than Gold.

Harmonized by Gordon H. Johnson.



295 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

FINE.

D.S.—*He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.*

CHORUS. D.S.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

296 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
2. Tho' coming weak and vile Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on, To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope and peace, and trust For earth and heav'n a - bove.
4. And He as-sur-ance gives To loy - al hearts and true, That ev - 'ry promise is ful - filled To those who hear and do.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

297 Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so; Lit-tle
2. Je sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver-y weak and ill; If I
3. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o-pen wide; He will
4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close be-side me all the way; Thou hast

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
might from sin be free, Bled and died up-on the tree. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
wash a-way my sin, Let His lit-tle child come in.
bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.

Yes, Je-sus loves me! Yes, Je-sus loves me! The Bi-ble tells me so.

298 Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gra-cious Spir-it, Tho' I can-not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa-cred feet I bow:
4. Cleanse and com-fort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

S. FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D.S.—*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now;

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299 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home:
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;

S. FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

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300 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—come, come to - day! "Al - most per-suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling - ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail; "Al - most—but lost!"

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301 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? O why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way;

Your Sav-iour is waiting to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
O why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Saviour is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

302 Hallelujah! 'Tis Done!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal-va-tion to give Un-to him who on
2. Tho' the path-way be lone-ly, and dan-ger-ous too, Sure-ly Je-sus is
3. Ma-ny loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng; They are safe now in
4. Lit-tle chil-dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There's a part in that cho-rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

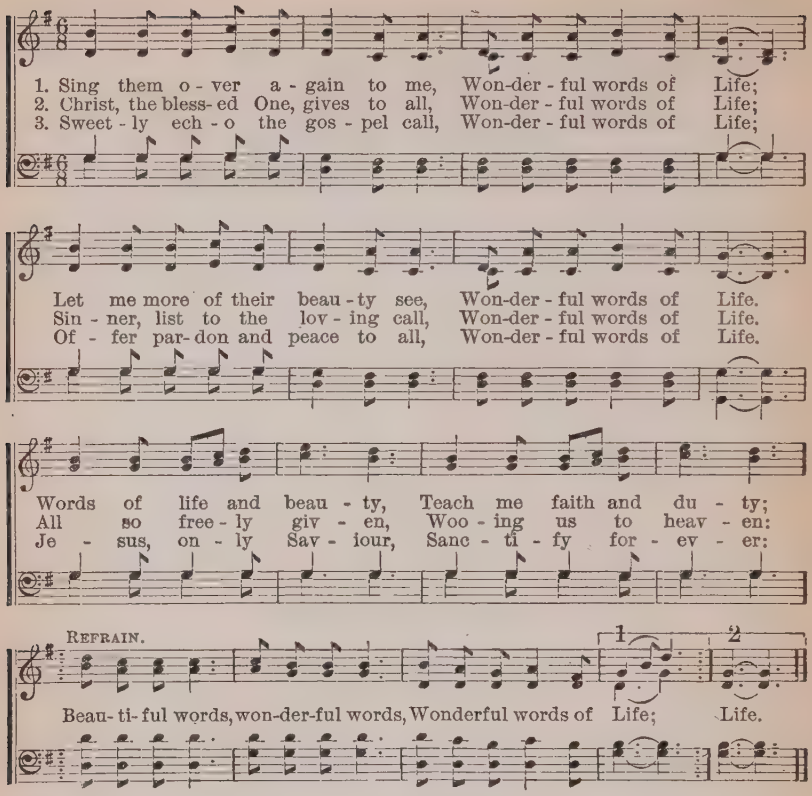
CHORUS.

Je-sus His Son will be-lieve.
a-ble to car-ry me through.
glo-ry, and this is their song: Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on
song of sal-va-tion they sing.
prais-es for-ev-er will be:

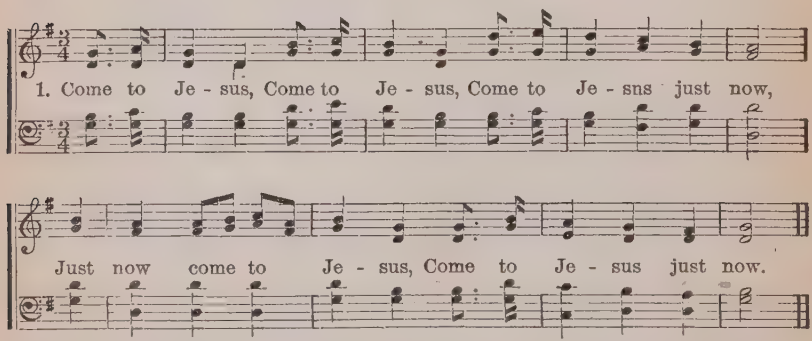
the Son; I am saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One; fied One.

303 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



304 Come to Jesus.



2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 Call upon Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 Look unto Him.
9 He'll forgive you.
10 Only trust Him.
11 Jesus loves you.
12 Don't reject Him.
13 I believe Him.

305 I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je- sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true;
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More wonderful-ly sweet, I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have never heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my longings As nothing else would do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The message of sal-va- tion From God's own holy word.
'Twill be the old, old sto- ry That I have loved so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

306 There Is a Fountain.

Wm. Cowper. Western Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho' vile as
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring

FINE. D.S.

flood Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
he, Wash all my sins a- way, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
theme, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
tongue Lies silent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si- lent in the grave;

307 Take Me As I Am.

Eliza H. Hamilton. Rev. Jno. H. Stockton, Har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
5. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,
6. And when at last, the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vic- t'ry won;

S. FINE.

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D.S.—*bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!*

REFRAIN. D.S.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

308 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*

D.C.

I can hear my Sav-iour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo- ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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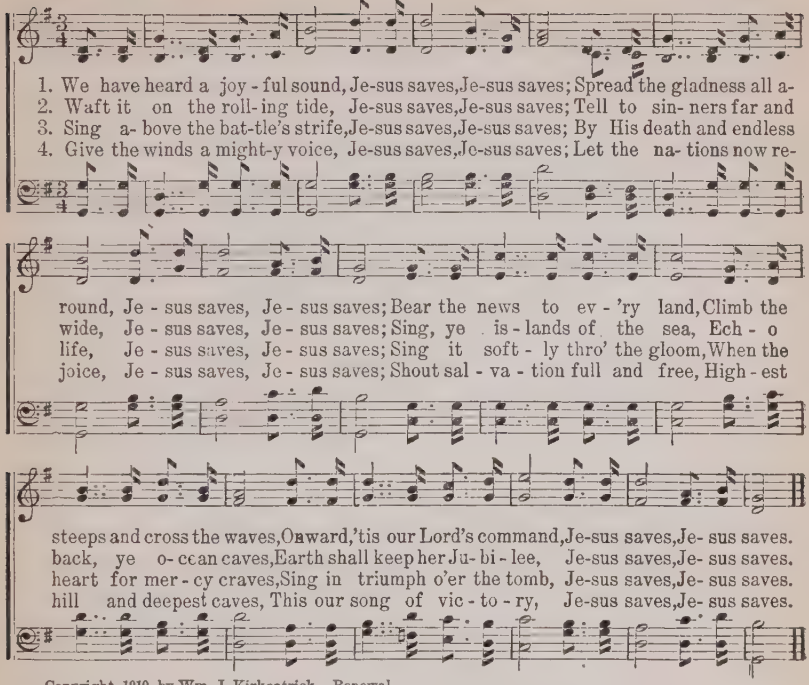
309 Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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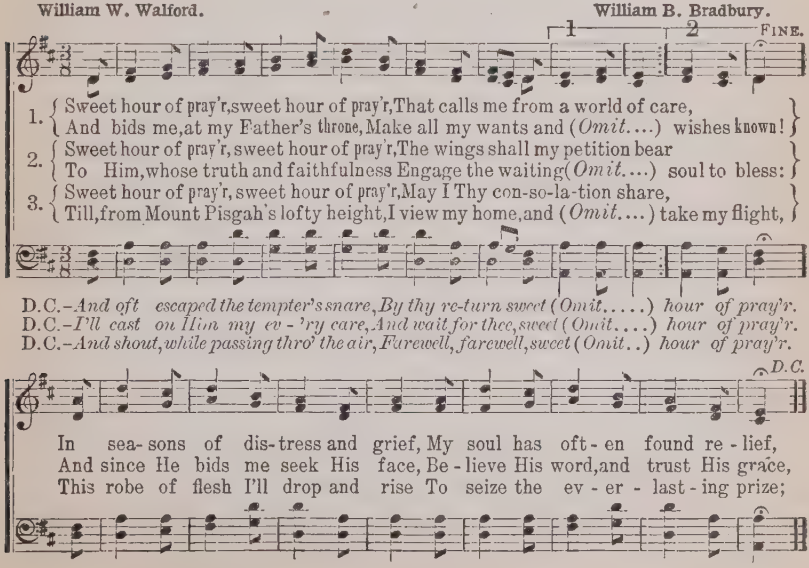
310 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

William W. Walford. William B. Bradbury.



311 How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.

1. How ted-ious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice:
3. My Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,

Sweet prospects sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
His presence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice;
Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?

D.S.—*But when I am hap-py in Him De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.*
D.S.—*No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.*
D.S.—*Or take me to Thee up on high Where win-ter and clouds are no more.*

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
O drive these dark clouds from the sky, Thy soul-cheering pres-ence re store;

312 Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day:
2. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
3. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

D. S.—*than I have found, Lord plant my feet on high-er ground.*

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith on heaven's table-land; A higher plane

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313 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thos. Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Go ask the in - fi - del, what boon He brings us, What charm for
4. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel, Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure: Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
ach - ing hearts he can re - veal, Sweet as that heav - en - ly
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal."
ten - der - ly say - ing—"Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
prom - ise Hope sings us: "Earth has no sor - row that God can - not heal."
come, ev - er know - ing, "Earth has no sor - rows but heav'n can re - move.

314 We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. Fr. F. Mendelssohn.

1. We would see Je - sus— for the shad - ows length - en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus— the great Rock - foun - da - tion, Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long

lit - tle land - scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
feet were set with sov - 'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
years we have re - joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil - grim -

faith to strength - en For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
age are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

315 Joy to the World.

I. Watts. G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
fields and flocks, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And

1. And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.
Sing, ...

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

316 Jesus, the Very Thought.

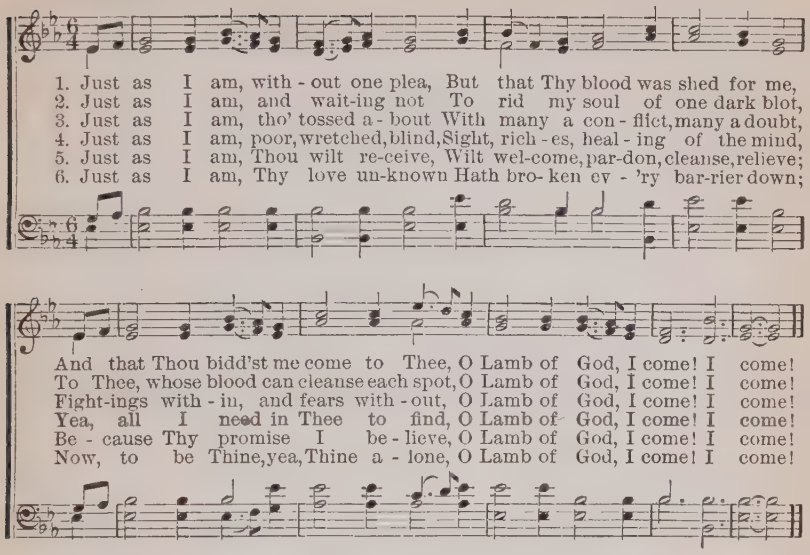
E. Caswall, tr. J. B. Dykes.

1. Je-sus, the ver-y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. Oh, hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart! O, joy of all the meek!
4. And those who find Thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je-sus! our on-ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

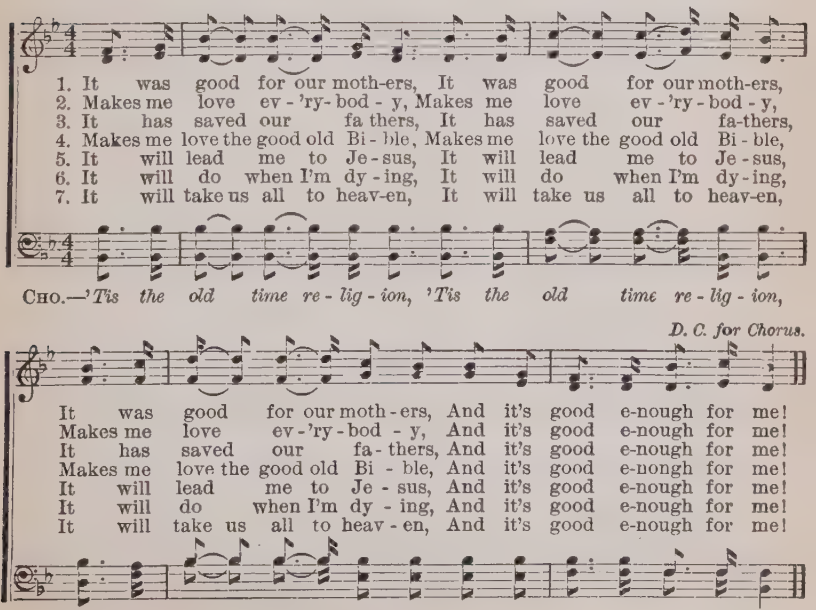
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.
The love of Je-sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.
Je-sus! be Thou our glo-ry now, And thro' e-ter-ni-ty.

317 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.



318 The Old-Time Religion.



319 Jewels.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His jew - els,
All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His (*Omit.....*) own,—

2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His (*Omit.....*) own.

3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,
Are the jew - els, precious jew - els, His loved and His (*Omit.....*) own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty, (*Omit.....*) His loved and His own.

320 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully. FINE.

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Welcoming His weary wand'ring child.

2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is rec-on- ciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sin-ful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.

3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joy-ful ti-dings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a - gain.

D.C.—*'Tis the ransomed ar-my, like a mighty sea, Peal-ing forth the anthem of the free.*

CHORUS. D.C.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an- gels sing; Glo - ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

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321 I Do Believe.

Charles Wesley. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en- dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
4. How would my faint - ing soul re-joice Could I but see Thy face!

CHO.—*I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;*

I Do Believe.—Concluded.

D.C. for Chorus.

If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
O may I now re - ceive that gift! My soul with - out it dies.
Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice, And taste Thy pard-'ning grace.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

322 From Every Stormy Wind.

Rev. Hugh Stowell. **Dr. Thomas Hastings.**

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend:
4. There, there on ea - gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense mo- lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re- treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy-seat.

323 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. **Thomas Hastings.**

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Jeho- vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
   I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'rful hand. } Bread of heaven,
2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
   Let the fie - ry, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey thro': } Strong Deliverer,
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side.
   Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side: } Songs of prais-es

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.

324 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour; Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more! His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

325 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. J. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D.C.—*Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
D.C.—*Wondrous Sov - ereigh of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
D.C.—*May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."*

D. C.

Un known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves, o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twix me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

326 Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. Clark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In maj-es-ty su-preme;
2. His name a-bove, all names shall stand, Ex-alt-ed more and more,
3. Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Friend of man, Once ru-ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel-lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms, con-quer-or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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327 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me
5. Since from His boun-ty I receive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave. And saves me from the grave.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

328 God Be With You!

Jeremiah E. Rankin. William G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain!— By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain?
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!

CHORUS.

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet again! Till we meet!

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet again!

329 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness.

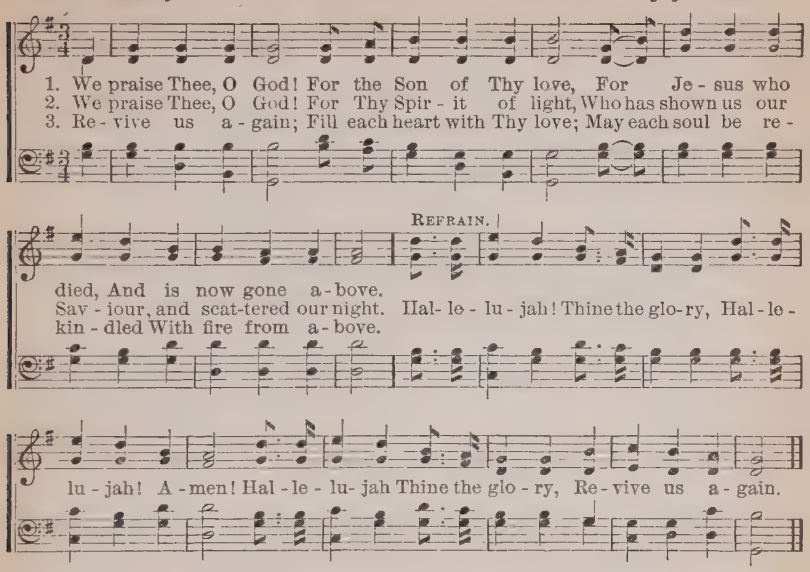
John Wesley, tr. Isaac Baker Woodbury.

1. Je-sus, Thy Blood and Righteousness My beau-ty are, my glorious dress;
2. Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,—Which, at the mer-cy-seat of God,
3. This spotless robe the same ap-pears, When ru-ined na-ture sinks in years;
4. Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice; Bid, Lord, Thy mourning ones re-joice;

'Midst flaming worlds, in these ar-rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
For ev-er doth for sin-ners plead—For me, e'en for my soul was shed.
No age can change its glo-rious hue, The robe of Christ is ev-er new.
Their beau-ty this, their glorious dress, Je-sus, the Lord our Righteousness.

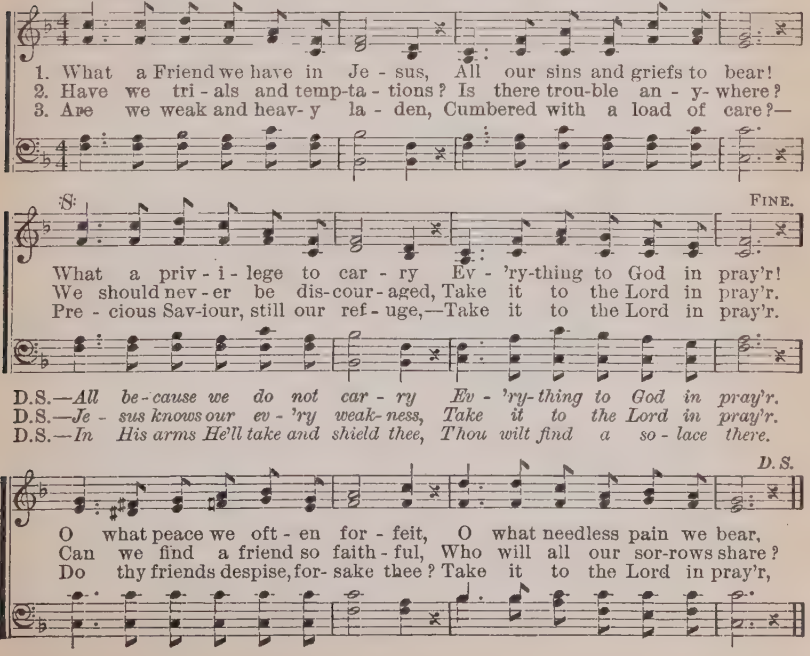
330 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



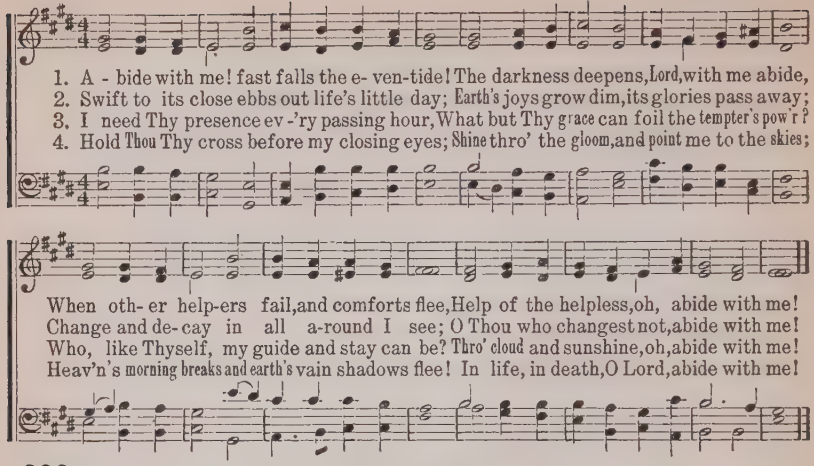
331 What a Friend.

"Faith Hymns." C. C. Converse.



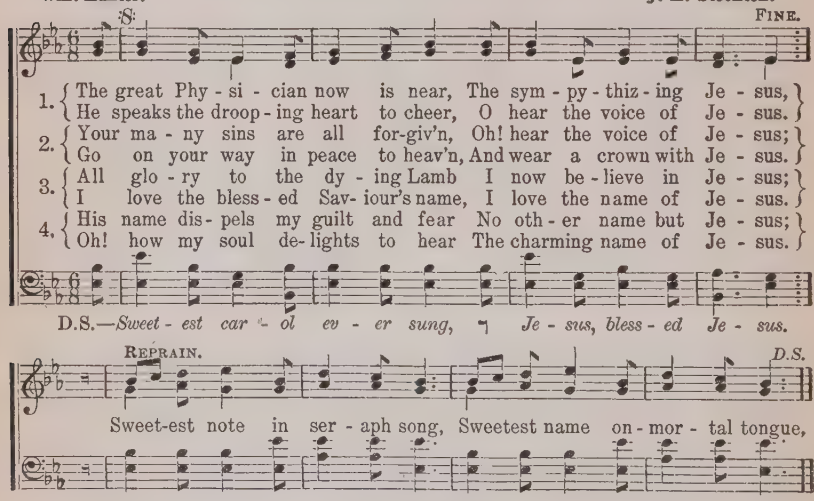
332 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



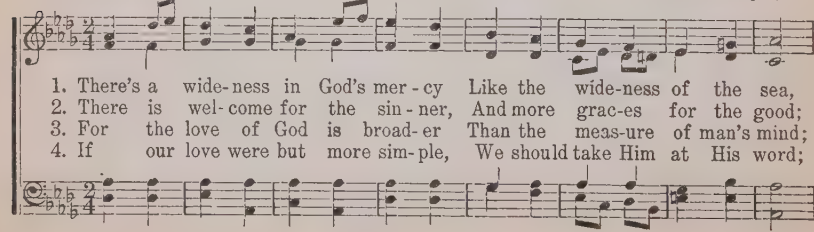
333 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



334 There's a Wideness.

Fredrick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.



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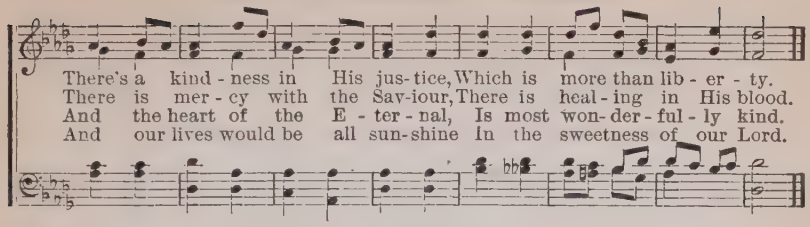
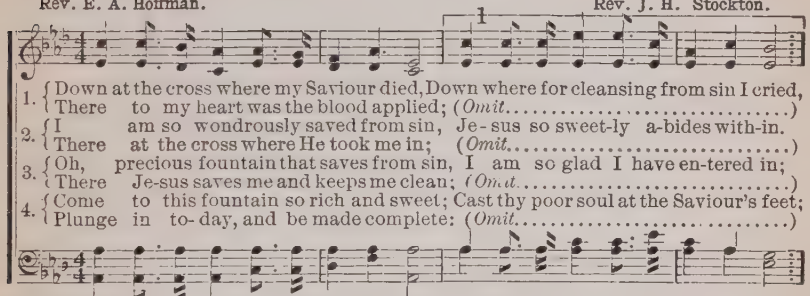
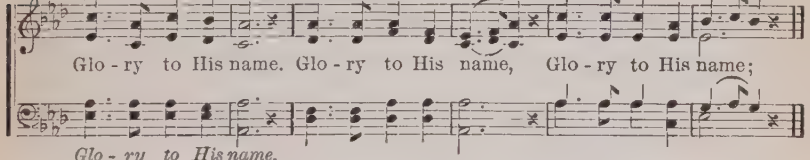


335 Glory to His Name.

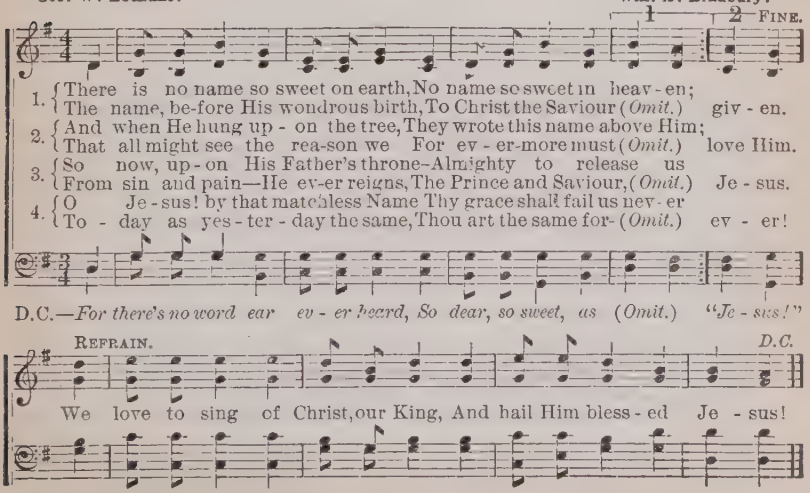
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.





336 The Sweetest Name.

Geo. W. Bethune. Wm. B. Bradbury.



337 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o-ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;

In the mansions bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav-'ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

1. for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.....
When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.

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338 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. Ho-ly Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side, Gen-tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev-er present, truest Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt or fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—*Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."*

D.C.

Pil-grims in a desert land; Weary souls for-e'er rejoice, While they hear the sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in darkness drear, When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wandering if our names are there; Wading deep the dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;

339 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers we are treading
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. On-ward, Christian
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be-fore.

340 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

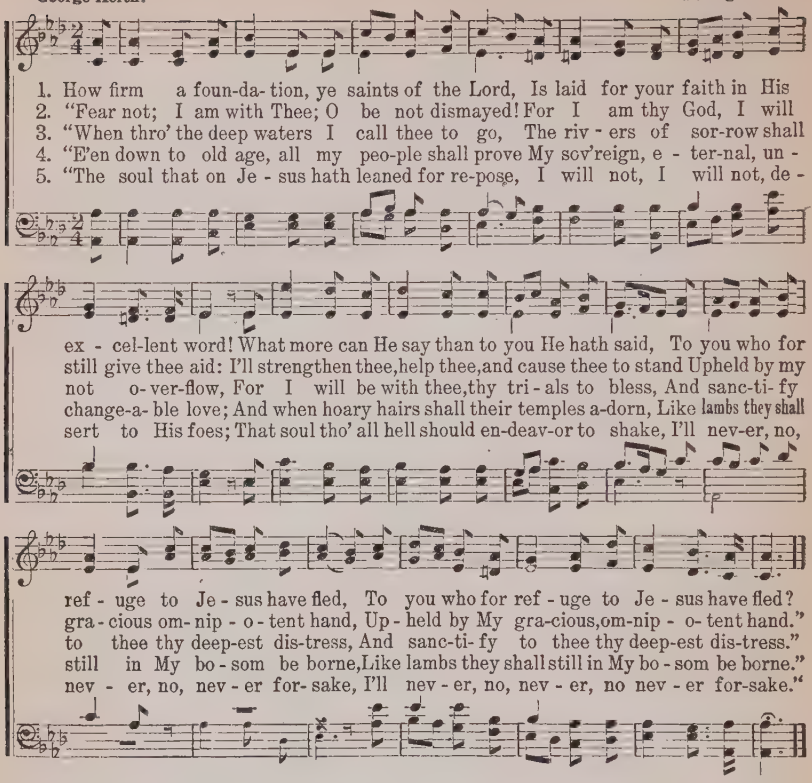
Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se-crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
4. Up - on the crys-tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.

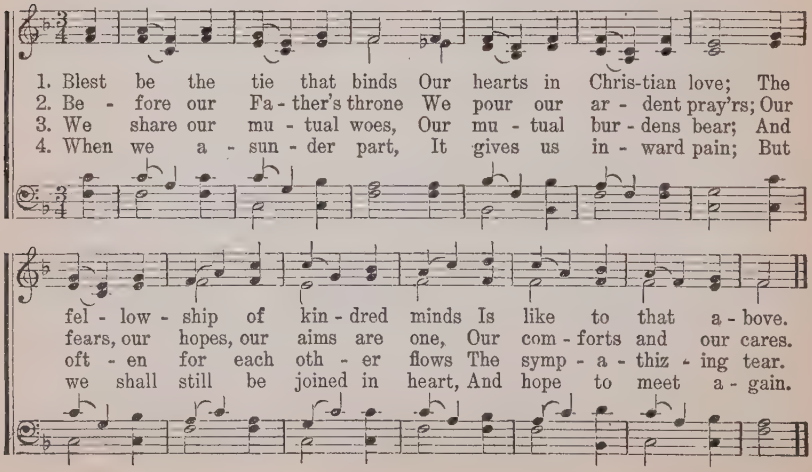
341 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Portogallo.



342 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Nageli.



343 Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed as- sur-ance, Je- sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo - ry di - vine!
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight,
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-iour am hap- py and blest,

Heir of sal- va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir -it, washed in His blood.
An - gels descend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, look-ing a -bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long;

This is my sto - ry, this is my song; Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

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344 Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt- y heart of mine,
3. Ho - ly Ghost with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with- out con- trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su- preme—and reign a - lone.

345 Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. John Wyeth.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
   Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise: }
2. { Here I'll raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home: }
3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
   Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee; }

D.C.—*Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.*
D.C.—*He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.*
D.C.—*Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.*

D.C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove:
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

346 In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

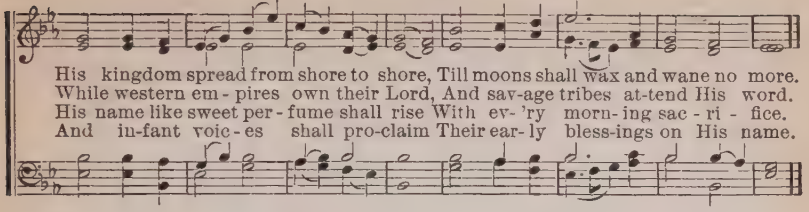
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo it glows with peace and joy.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

347 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.

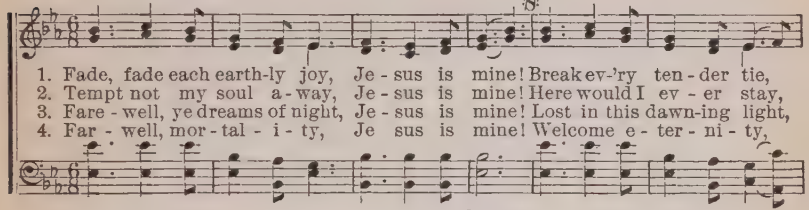
1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at His feet:
3. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And endless prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo-ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue, Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,

Jesus Shall Reign.—Concluded.

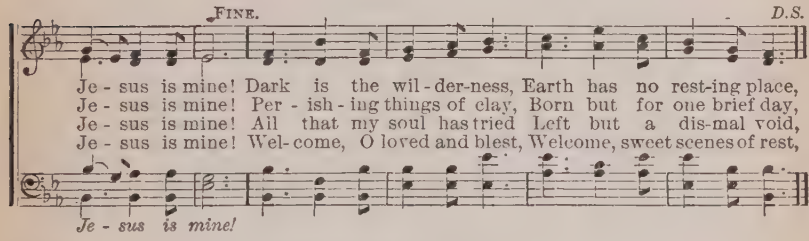


348 Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

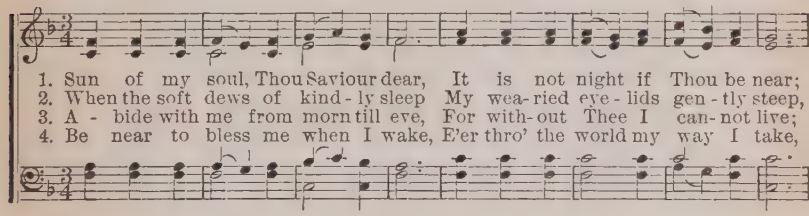


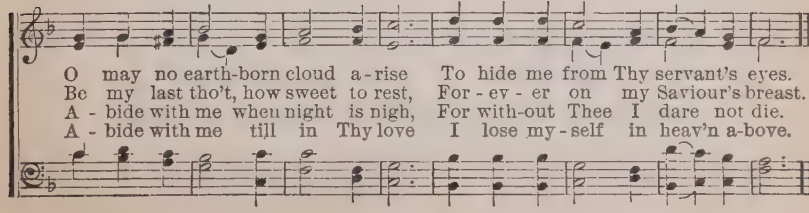
D.S.—*Je - sus a - lone can bless,*
D.S.—*Pass from my heart a - way,*
D.S.—*Je - sus has sat - is - fied,*
D.S.—*Welcome, my Sav-iour's breast,*



349 Sun of My Soul.

John Kable. Arr. by W. H. Monk.





350 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100. Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to our Lord with cheerful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With-out our aid He did us make;
3. O en - ter then His gates with joy, With- in His courts His praise proclaim;
4. Be-cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be- fore Him and re- joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Let thank-ful songs your tongues employ, O bless and mag-ni - fy His name.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en- dure.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son and Ho- ly Ghost.

351 Praise God.

Thos. Ken. Rev. George Coles.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be-low;

:S: FINE.

Praise Him a-bove ye heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

D.S.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be-low.

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